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Yours truly,
Fitz-Greene Halleck

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The Life & Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON & COMPANY
1869

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THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BY

JAMES GRANT WILSON.

Moi, sur cette rive déserte
Et de talents et de vertus,
Je dirai, soupirant ma perte :
Illustre ami, tu ne vis plus !
La nature est veuve et muette !
Elle te pleure !—*Le Brun.*

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
90, 92 & 94 GRAND STREET.
1869.

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JAMES DIXON,

OF THE UNITED STATES SENATE,

THIS BIOGRAPHY OF

A BROTHER-POET

IS INSCRIBED,

WITH SENTIMENTS OF HIGH ESTEEM AND GRATEFUL REGARD,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

In preparing the following memorials of Fitz-Greene Halleck, it has been the author's aim throughout to so link his graceful letters and charming conversations as to let the poet himself tell the story of his uneventful career. The life that is devoted to literature, says Dr. Johnson, passes silently away, and is little diversified by events. This remark is certainly true of the career of him whose "lyre told of Athenian lands"—one of that noble brotherhood upon whom Wordsworth bestowed his benediction:

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares!
> The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

To a young friend, who applied to Mr. Halleck, in 1859, for material for a biographical sketch, he replied, with his characteristic modesty: "I have published very little, and that little almost always anonymously, and have ever been but an amateur in the literary orchestra, playing only upon a pocket flute, and never aspiring, even in a dream, to the dignity of the bâton,

the double bass, or the oboe. My every-day pursuits in life have been quite opposite to those of authors; and if, among them, there is one who deems me worthy of a biography from his pen and a place in the future, he must be a very clever fellow himself to make out of my 'Life and Adventures' any other than an exceedingly dull and unsalable book!" If, haply, the poet's prediction should be unfulfilled, the author begs that to Mr. Halleck's entertaining letters—for he assuredly possessed *l'éloquence du billet*—and to his sparkling *commensalia*, interwoven in this volume, may be awarded the credit for rescuing it from the unhappy fate assigned to it by its subject. To borrow the quaint words of worthy old Chaucer: "Now pray I to hem alle that herkene this tretyse or rede, that yf ther be ony thing that liketh hem, that thereof they thank him, of whom procedeth al wit and goodnes. And yf ther be ony thing that displese hem, I praye hem also that they arrette it to the defaute of myn unkonnyng, and not to my will, that wold fayn have seyde better if I hadde knowing."

Whatever exaggeration there may be in Dr. Channing's remark, that "one anecdote of a man is worth a volume of biography," the writer is of the opinion that it very often gives a better idea of individual character than an essay or a eulogy. Entertaining this belief, he has introduced numerous well-authenticated anecdotes of the poet, notwithstanding they may possibly appear to some readers trifling, and unworthy of the notice of a biographer.

The author, who has been so fortunate as to recover a large number of unpublished poems—for the most part written during Mr. Halleck's boyhood—is well

aware that many of the youthful lines admitted into the second chapter of this volume may, by some, be deemed of insufficient merit to entitle them to preservation; but, as merely tentative, "the flights of a noble bird for the first time essaying his own wings," the writer trusts his desire to preserve these spring-time memorials may meet with the approbation of the judicious. The author has but followed his own judgment in adopting the advice of an honored and venerable friend, who said, "Give us every line that you can discover, either in prose or verse, for Halleck's chaff is better than other people's wheat. No scrap of writing which ever fell from his pen but is worthy of preservation."

In addition to the numerous juvenile pieces and several later poems by Mr. Halleck, now published for the first time, the author has obtained from various sources original letters and notes, written by Samuel Rogers, Joseph Rodman Drake, Charles Dickens, Edgar A. Poe, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Kirkland, and Major Jack Downing; also unpublished poems by Halleck's friends Dr. Drake and Mrs. Sigourney, which, together with several poetical tributes addressed to him, will be found interwoven with the memoir.

It was the peculiar good fortune of the author of this volume to have been honored with the friendship of Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was *la vieille cour personnifiée*. Deeply attached to him since the writer's schoolboy days, filled with admiration which all felt for his genius, he may truly adopt Lord Erskine's words in closing the preface to Mr. Fox's speeches, that he "regards it as the most happy circumstance of his life to have had the opportunity of thus publicly expressing veneration for his memory." What was written of

another is even more applicable to Halleck: "Search the wide world over, and you shall not find among the literary men of any nation one on whom the dignity of a free and manly spirit sits with a grace more native and familiar; whose acts, whether common and daily, or deliberate and much considered, were wont, at all times, to be more beautifully impressed with those marks of sincerity, of modesty, and of justice, which form the very soul of worth in conduct."

The author returns his thanks to the many kind friends who have in various ways contributed to this biography; and he would particularly acknowledge his indebtedness to the poet's sister; to Mr. Halleck's kinsmen Dr. Ellsworth Eliot and the Rev. William A. Hallock, for information concerning their ancestry; to Ralph D. Smith, of Guilford, for facts connected with the early history of that town; to William Cullen Bryant, Charles P. Clinch, Benjamin R. Winthrop, and to the poet's friend and physician, Dr. Edward G. Ludlow, for details relating to his residence in New York.

To those who have furnished the author with data not contained in this work, but which will be made use of hereafter, he would also express his grateful acknowledgments. Among the material received at too late a day to be incorporated in this volume are several unpublished poems from Mr. Halleck's graceful pen; reminiscences of his always delightful and brilliant table-talk; and some fourscore letters of general interest, extending over a period of nearly half a century.

51 St. Mark's Place, New York,
December, 1868.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

CHAPTER I.

1603–1789.

The Poet's Ancestry.—The Hallecks.—The Eliots.—The Indian Bible.—Israel Halleck and Mary Eliot.—Their Marriage.—Guilford.

"EVERY Scottishman," said Sir Walter Scott, "has a pedigree. It is a natural prerogative, as unalienable as his pride and his poverty," a remark equally applicable to the New-Englander. Fitz-Greene Halleck's ancestors were among the earliest of the Pilgrim Fathers—not a bad genealogy for an American; and some literary admixture was in his blood from both his paternal and maternal ancestry. The poet claimed a more ancient descent than I, as a conscientious biographer, can assign to him, when he said that "the country-seat of his remote ancestors was at Mount Halak,[1]

[1] Joshua xi. 17, also xii. 7.

in Palestine;" referring his incredulous listener to Dr. Robinson, the distinguished traveller, who had visited the old homestead, and had assured the poet that "it still bore the same name, or some one near enough like it to serve the purpose of identification."

Peter Hallock, the ancestor of Fitz-Greene, was one of twelve heads of families who, in search of civil and religious liberty, sailed from England for the New World, with their pastor, the Rev. John Youngs, and landed at New Haven, Connecticut, November 21, 1640. There Youngs "gathered his church anew," under the auspices of Rev. John Davenport, minister, and Theophilus Eaton, Governor of the New-Haven Colony. In the same autumn the little company embarked for the eastern shore of Long Island, and were at first intimidated, by the sight of the savages on the shore, from landing, until Peter Hallock, a bold, stalwart, and strong man, sprang into the water and "adventured up among them." The spot in the township of Southhold has ever since been known as "Hallock's Neck," and the beach extending from it as "Hallock's Beach." Peter purchased from the Indians the tract of land, since called Oyster Ponds, now Orient, and soon after returned to England for his wife, who, when he married her, was a comely widow with one son by her former husband, Mr. Howell. His pretty wife, it appears, was unwilling to go to the Western wilderness, and so Peter promised her that, if she now

accompanied him, her son should share with his, in his property. On his return, finding that the Indians had resold his lands, he made a second purchase of land, lying about ten miles west of Southhold village, and extending from Long Island Sound, on the north, to Peconic Bay, on the south, on which he settled at Aquebogue, about two miles from Mattituck village and creek. The original homestead and that of his wife's son, Howell, are still standing, and are owned and occupied by their respective descendants, Benjamin Laurens Hallock and Sylvester Howell. Other families of Hallocks, most of whom are prosperous farmers, and all descendants of the courageous Peter, reside in the vicinity of Aquebogue and elsewhere on Long Island. The facts connected with the landing of Peter Hallock, and the location and history of the thirteen first settlers, are given with great accuracy by Rev. Epher Whitaker, successor of the Rev. John Youngs in the church at Southhold, in a sermon preached two hundred years after their arrival on Long Island. The place where they buried their winter's provisions and the cellar of the parsonage built for Mr. Youngs are still to be seen, as is this early preacher's carefully-cherished grave.

William, the only son of the pilgrim and his wife the Widow Howell, left a will,[1] dated February 10,

[1] Vide Records of Suffolk County, at Riverhead, Long Island, and of New-York City.

1682, being two years before his death: "I commit my soul into the hands of Jesus Christ, my gracious Redeemer, and my body to the earth by decent burial, in assured hope of the resurrection at the last day." He gives his property to his wife Margaret, his four sons, John, Thomas, Peter, and William, and his five daughters. The will implies deep sorrow that his eldest son, John, had married into and joined the proscribed Society of Friends, who in that age were regarded by civil enactments almost as outlaws, and, accordingly, sadly persecuted: and has the proviso that, if any one of his sons "shall apostatize from the Protestant doctrine and faith," or "wilfully and of set purpose contemn and neglect the public worship of God suitable thereto," what is here willed to him shall pass over to "the next lawful heir that shall steadfastly profess and own the said doctrine and faith." He, however, relents sufficiently to add the following clause: "also, my will is that my son, John Hollyoake, whom, as an obstinate apostate, I do reject and deprive of all other estate, yet I do hereby give unto him, his heirs and assigns forever, my second lot at Wading Creek, with the appurtenances thereunto belonging, which is all that he is ever to have of my estate." The will also exhibits the stanch Cavalier tendencies of its maker, who, entirely ignoring the interregnum of Cromwell, dates it the thirty-fourth year of King Charles the Second.

The name Hallock, or Halleck (for it is written both ways, and, though the majority of the family use the former spelling, Fitz-Greene followed his father's example in adopting the latter mode, also used by his kinsman, General Henry W. Halleck, of the United States Army), which underwent various transformations in the town records and legal documents of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, through the corrupt orthography of those periods, as Hollyoake, Halioke, Halliock, Hallick, Hallack, belongs, under its olden spelling, "Holyoak," to the best class of England's country gentlemen.

John, the grandson of Peter, and the eldest son of William, did not inherit the homestead. "The land where I now dwell at Aquebogue," and the lane dividing it, he wills to Thomas and Peter, giving Thomas the western half, "except the swamp lot," near his house, and giving Peter "the eastern half, with the swamp lot," and his dwelling. To his son William he gives lands in or near Southhold village, and to John land on Wading Creek. The latter appears to have left Aquebogue with his pretty Quaker wife soon after his father's death, and to have taken up his residence elsewhere, as the list of the total inhabitants of Southhold township in 1698 does not contain his name or the names of his children, but does include that of his mother and those of his three brothers and their descendants—in all, twenty-three persons bearing the

name of Hallock.[1] The Westbury monthly meeting of Quakers records the death of John Hallock, grandson of Peter, and that of his wife, Abigail, at Setauket, in Brookhaven, during the year 1737, "both very ancient and in unity with Friends." It is a curious circumstance, worthy of mention, that one of John's descendants inserted in his will a bar to his children's leaving, as his ancestor William did to his joining, the Society of Friends. Of the poet's opinion of business Quakers we have the testimony of William Cullen Bryant, who said, at a public dinner in 1868: "I remember what a witty acquaintance of mine said, some twenty years since, of certain persons engaged in trade, who were of the denomination of Quakers—and none the worse for that, I hope. He said: 'They are the most dangerous of dishonest men. They will never cheat you, not they; but, by the help of plain, friendly, and apparently sincere manners, they will manage so that you will cheat yourself.' The person who said this was the poet Halleck."

Deeds still preserved at Riverhead name four sons of John, the second being called Peter, all of whom settled at Setauket. The neat dwellings, covered with cedar, of John and of his eldest son, bearing the same name, are still to be seen there. Peter, born in 1689, removed from his native village to Nine Partners, in Dutchess County—now Washington Hollow and vicin-

[1] Documentary History of the State of New York.

ity, near Poughkeepsie—about the year 1750, leaving, at the time of his death, in 1772, six sons. The eldest, bearing the same name, and, like all his American ancestors, a farmer, had a daughter, who married Richard Keese, the original proprietor of Keeseville, New York, and four sons, the second of whom, called Israel, was the father of Fitz-Greene.

Israel Halleck was born at Nine Partners, also the birthplace of the poet's friend, James Kirke Paulding, December 25, 1755. Brought up on a farm, after receiving the usual limited education common among farmers' sons at that day, he, like his father, who had abjured the Quaker faith, adopted that of the Church of England. Both father and son were stanch loyalists, espousing, as the Episcopalians very generally did, on the breaking out of the Revolutionary War, the cause of the Crown against the colonies. Israel Halleck left his native place, the inhabitants of which, according to the authority of Captain Paul Ricaut, of the British army, were "a riotous people and Levellers by principle," and made his way, with several comrades of loyalist tendencies, to New York City, after it was occupied by the British in 1776. Early in the war he became acquainted with Colonel Tarleton, and accompanied that fiery *sabreur* in his various campaigns. There is no evidence that he ever occupied any place or position in the British army, and the presumption is, that Tarleton, becoming attached to him as a friend

and companion, made him a member of his military family. Tarleton's mess-table was enlivened by Halleck's songs and stories, and by his remarkable conversational gifts and charming manners, which the few survivors who remember him, as he was some sixty or seventy years since, pronounce to have even surpassed those of his gifted son. The young Duke of Clarence, afterward King of Great Britain, who now and then came, in his midshipman's roundabout, to Tarleton's quarters to dine, and who lived with Admiral Digby in the old Beekman House, in Hanover Square, was one of his distinguished friends, and many a skating-bout did the Dutchess-County boy have with the young Duke, on the Collect, near where the Tombs now stand, and on one occasion saved him from a watery grave, by helping his Royal Highness out of a hole in the ice through which he had fallen.

The accomplished and unfortunate Andre and young Percy, the "major of dragoons," who fought at Lexington, were also among Mr. Halleck's familiar friends and associates. The poet's father was deeply attached to the daring and dashing Tarleton, and, in his conversations regarding the events of his early life, often spoke admiringly of the smooth-faced, dark-complexioned, and active young soldier, with the small, piercing black eye, and pleasant smile.

Israel Halleck was one of "Nature's gentlemen," as the poet Moore said of his father. He was punc-

tiliously polite, with the well-bred, high-born courtesy which characterized the gentleman of that day, and with a never-failing *bonhomie*, that only ceased with the pulsations of his kind heart. With young and old he was alike a favorite. One who knew him intimately for fifty years informed the writer that he never saw him angry but on one occasion, and that was caused by some one doubting his word. The same gentleman[1] stated to me that one of Mr. Halleck's peculiarities was an intense dislike which he entertained against the Jews, concerning whom he once remarked that "God had more trouble with them than with any other people."

"My father," said the poet to a friend,[2] "was a British commissary. But I am inclined to believe that this high-sounding title was a fiction. British and other commissaries usually accumulate fortunes; but, as my father made nothing by the war, I think he must have been a *sutler*. And my opinion is that, as a sutler transacts his business upon his own capital, and a commissary draws his funds from the military chest, the chances of being an honest man are greatly in favor of the sutler."

Soon after the termination of the Revolutionary War, Israel Halleck settled at Southhold, Long Island, and, forming a partnership with James Peters, began business there as a country merchant. A few years

[1] George A. Foote. [2] Frederick S. Cozzens.

later he went to the West Indies, returning in a vessel bound to Guilford, Connecticut, at that period a place carrying on a very considerable trade with the West India Islands. Detained there for several days, awaiting an opportunity of returning to Southhold, Halleck was so much pleased with the appearance of the place and its people, but more especially, I suspect, with the bright eyes and rosy cheeks of a certain young lady whom he saw there, that he sold out his share of the business at Southhold to his partner, and removed to Guilford, where he opened a store. His engaging manners, his tall and erect figure, and his fine dancing, with other accomplishments not common among the rural swains of that day, rendered him an object of admiration among the belles of the town. He, however, remained faithful to his first love, the daughter of a substantial farmer of Guilford, by whom he was accepted, and, on the 30th of September, 1787, he leads to the altar of the Episcopal Church, at her native place, where her family have resided for more than two hundred years, Mary Eliot, a descendant of the godly man, John Eliot.

"A people," says Macaulay, "which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve any thing worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants," and Edmund Burke remarks that "those, who do not treasure up the memory of their ancestors, do not deserve to be remem-

bered by posterity." In full sympathy with these views, the poet always took great delight in speaking of his ancestors, and in particular of the "Apostle to the Indians," and "no title more honorable than this," writes the present Earl of St. Germans, "illustrates any pedigree."

John Eliot was born at Nasing, Essex County, England, in 1603, and was educated at the University of Cambridge. In the twenty-eighth year of his age he sailed in the ship Lion, in company with Governor Winthrop's wife and children, and some sixty others, for the New World, and on the 2d of November, 1631, landed at Boston, Massachusetts; four months later he was settled as a preacher and teacher at Roxbury. Acquiring the language of the red-men, among whom he labored with great success, converting many to Christianity, he gained for himself the title of the "Apostle to the Indians." "The apostle—and truly I know not who, since Peter and Paul, better deserves that name," said Edward Everett, in an oration delivered by him a few years before his death. Eliot's translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue was first published in 1663, and there is now but one person living[1] who can read or understand a single verse in any of the few perfect copies still preserved in the Astor, Harvard, Yale, and other American libraries,

[1] J. Hammond Trumbull, of Hartford, late Secretary of the State of Connecticut.

and that person is not of the race for whom the translation was made by the devoted and faithful missionary. They have, alas! all long since passed away.

Holy old relic! how the years departed,
Shrouded in dark and painful memories, rise!
How many a tear has o'er these pages started,
How many a prayer ascended to the skies!

No human eye can glean its holy meaning,
Though practised long o'er ancient scrolls to range,
Or rend the veil its deep-sealed mysteries screening
'Neath unknown accents, dissonant and strange.

"*Up Biblum God!*" The message of salvation
To the poor Indian's disappearing race;
Bidding hope, though men forget his nation,
In heaven his people have a name and place!

And though his tongue be evermore unspoken
Among the mountains where he loved to dwell,
Still let us trust by this sublime old token,
Some souls in heaven might comprehend it well!

"*Up Biblum God!*" Full many a melting story
Didst thou unfold to the stern red-man's ear;
Full many a truth of high celestial glory,
Out from this cumbrous dialect rose clear!

"*Up Biblum God!*" And is thy work now ended?
Not so—while thou canst move our holiest tears,
And rouse the soul where Love and Faith are blended
To spread thy Light in these millennial years!

O Death! O Time! O Change! are ye not ever
A triune wonderworker, stern and dread?
Ye can blot nations out and tongues, but never
The Book of God, the soul's perennial Bread![1]

UP BIBLUM GOD, which means the Book of God, is a portion of the title of Eliot's Indian Bible. "Wutappesiltukqussunuookwehtunkquoh," *kneeling down to him*, is a single word, while one of the shortest verses runs as follows: "Nummelsuongash asukesukokish assneannean zenzen kesukod." The original edition was one thousand copies, of which not more than fifteen are known to be preserved in the United States. A copy was sold in New York, in May, 1868, for one thousand one hundred and thirty dollars ($1,130), the highest price ever paid for a printed book in this country. It was the first Bible in any language printed in America, and it would seem, from the astonishing sums which have been paid for them during late years, that books increase in price in proportion as they lack readers. These sales of Indian Bibles have resulted in attracting attention to the vast and unselfish labors of the distinguished and devoted missionary to the Massachusetts Indians. Any history of this country would be incomplete without an extended notice of his meritorious acts, and well might Mr. Halleck have been proud of an alliance with such excellence.

[1] *Putnam's Magazine*, September, 1868.

GIFT OF CARNEGIE CORPORATION

It is a singular fact that the first work printed or published in America should have been a volume of poetry, and that one of Fitz-Greene Halleck's ancestors should have taken a prominent part in its preparation. The "Bay Psalm Book," the earliest New-England version of the Psalms, and the first book printed in America, was the joint work of Rev. Richard Mather, of Dorchester, the Rev. John Eliot, and his associate in the ministry, Rev. Thomas Weld. It is certainly remarkable that the first book in stern and practical New England should be a collection of rough-hewn and quaint verses, which are certainly forcible, if they fail of poetic excellence. But for this the translators made no pretensions. On the contrary, they avow that if "the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our pollishings, Ex. xx., for wee have respected rather a plaine translation, than to smooth our verses with the sweetnes of any paraphrase, and soe have attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather than poetry, in translating Hebrew words into English language and David's poetry into English meetre."

While tracing talent and worth from one generation to another, it is natural to be on the *qui vive* for prominent characteristics, especially if, in any instance, there has been a remarkable manifestation of genius. "The poet is born," says the old Latin proverb. There-

fore he inherits his art, which persevering culture may make famous. The biographer of the apostle, Rev. Convers Francis, D. D., says: "Mr. Eliot appears sometimes to have indulged the rhyming vein for his own amusement. A few specimens of this sort, with the anagrams so common in that age, are found in the ancient book of records belonging to the church in Roxbury."[1]

Having presided over the church at Roxbury for nearly sixty years, the evangelist of the savages, who, by Atlacan labor, performed a greater undertaking than any translators of the Bible before or since, and who first preached the Word of God to the American Indians in their own tongue, calmly ended his earthly existence on the 20th of May, 1690, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, leaving a son and a daughter. Three years before his death he was called to mourn the loss of his heart's companion, who hovered around him like a ministering angel. "In this year, 1687," says the apostle, "died mine ancient and most dearly beloved wife. I was sick unto death, but the Lord was pleased to delay me, and retain my service, which is but poor and weak." His eldest son, John, had been taken away in 1668. He was a graduate of Harvard College, then established at Cambridge, and his ministerial abilities are said to have been pre-eminent. He also, like his father, preached to the Indians in their own

[1] Sparks's "Library of American Biography."

tongue, and, like the apostle, his faith, piety, humility, and zeal, shone with distinguished lustre. The historian Hammond says: "For one of his years, he was *nulli secundus* as to literature and all other gifts, both of nature and grace, which made him so generally acceptable to all that had opportunity of partaking of his labors, or the least acquaintance with him."

Joseph, the second son, was born 20th of December, 1638, and graduated at Harvard College. He received ordination, December 23, 1663, and the year following settled at Guilford. Though not the earliest, he was, so far as can be ascertained, the first ordained minister in Guilford, having been put in charge of the church in that ancient town in 1664, where he remained until his death in 1694. Rev. Thomas Ruggles says that he was, "for many years, the conspicuous minister of the town of Guilford, whose great abilities as a divine, a politician, and a physician, were justly admired, not only among his own people, but throughout the colony, where his praises are in the churches to this day." [1]

For many years after the first settlement of Guilford, the dead were buried in the central plot of the town, where the church had been built, in which the people met to worship with "prayer and psalm." Here his body was laid to rest, but his grave, like Halleck's mother's, cannot be pointed out, for the ancient

[1] Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit."

and crowded burial-ground has been transformed into the beautiful green—the graves have been levelled, the stones removed, and thrifty grass and gigantic trees give no indication of ancestral dust beneath. Macaulay "cannot refrain from expressing his disgust at the barbarous stupidity which has transformed this most interesting little church" (St. Peter's Chapel, in the Tower, London) "into the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town." A feeling akin to this must arise in the breast of every one who treasures up the memory of his ancestors, when he sees their graves obliterated, and their tombstones, perhaps,

"'Mid uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture decked,"

used for flagging or for fences, or, it may be, crowded into the corner of some fashionable cemetery.

Should any person inquire for the grave of Joseph Eliot, the reply would be, "He was buried on the green"—tradition says in the southwest part. A descendant had in mind to erect a monument to his memory, and went so far as to compose an inscription in rhyme, the last line of which was to read as follows:

"And was buried on the green—the Lord knows where."

His monument is, however, to be found in the history of his adopted State, which frequently conferred upon him positions of honor and trust, and in one in-

stance rewarded him with a grant of land, a proof that he was a pillar of the state as well as of the church.

Joseph Eliot married, for his second wife, Mary, daughter of Hon. Samuel Wyllys, of Hartford, Ct. She was the grand-daughter of Governor John Haynes, by his second wife, Mabel Harlakenden, who came to New England in 1635, and whose ancestry has been traced by an enthusiastic genealogist to the royal family of Great Britain.[1] It is, however, a greater honor to his descendants, that their ancestor was of the family and nearly related to one of the purest patriots and most eloquent statesmen of England, and a martyr to the tyranny of Charles the First—Sir John Eliot of glorious memory.

Rev. Jared Eliot, eldest son of Joseph, was the distinguished divine, physician, and agriculturist at Killingworth, now Clinton, Conn. Dr. Thacher, in his "American Medical Biography," says: "He was, unquestionably, the first physician in his day in Connecticut, and was the last clerical physician of eminence probably in New England. He was an excellent botanist, and was equally distinguished as a scientific and practical agriculturist. He introduced the white mulberry into Connecticut, and with it the silk-worm; and published a treatise on the subject. He was also a mineralogist, and, in 1761, received from the London Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures,

[1] "New-England Historical and Genealogical Register," vol. xvii.

and Commerce, a gold medal, as a premium for his discovery of a process of extracting iron from black sand. He was the personal friend and correspondent of Bishop Berkeley and Benjamin Franklin, and of several other philosophical characters, both in Europe and America. He was, however, in his lifetime, better known to the public as a physician, and was very eminent for his judgment and skill in the management of chronic complaints. In these he appears to have been more extensively consulted than any other physician in New England: frequently visiting every county of Connecticut, and being often called to Boston and Newport. He was a good linguist, and, from the libraries left by him and his contemporaries, it is evident that he was in the habit of reading and studying Hippocrates, Galen, Aretæas, etc., in the originals. Some very humorous anecdotes are still related, which serve to show that he managed melancholies and maniacs with great ingenuity and success. He published agricultural essays, and devised various ways for draining swamps in the interior, and also for reclaiming marshes from the sea. He was very peculiarly industrious and methodical, and was careful that whatever he undertook should be well executed."

He "resided on the main road from New York to Boston, and was always visited by Dr. Franklin, when he was journeying to his native town, as well as by most of the literary and religious characters of the day,

who always met with a very affectionate reception in his hospitable mansion."

"An ardent friend of his country, a great patron of improvements," a clergyman, philosopher, physician, and trustee of Yale College, his influence with the public was very great, and his opinions and advice were much esteemed. It is also recorded that "he had a turn of mind peculiarly adapted for conversation, and happily accommodated to the pleasures of social life. No less agreeably charming and engaging was his company, accommodated to every person under every circumstance; nothing affected, nothing assuming; it was all nature and shined with wisdom; that perhaps no person ever left his company dissatisfied, or without being pleased with it."[1] He died at Killingworth—a corruption of Kenilworth—on the 22d of April, 1763, and was styled by the Rev. Thomas Ruggles, of Guilford, who preached his funeral sermon, "The great and venerable Dr. Jared Eliot."

Abial, the second son of the Rev. Joseph Eliot, was born in 1686. He married Mary, a descendant of William Leete, one of the founders of the town of Guilford, who was elected to the highest position in the New-Haven Colony, and was subsequently Governor of the State of Connecticut. Dr. Trumbull says, "he presided in times of the greatest difficulty, yet always with such integrity and wisdom, as to meet the public

[1] Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit."

approbation." Of Abial, who was a farmer in Guilford, a Revolutionary soldier, not many years dead, is authority for the statement, that he was noted for his powers of versification. He was in the habit of amusing his friends by making rhymes with any word they might mention. Other members of the Eliot family have possessed the same trait, but it was not until their blood was mingled with that of Israel Halleck, that the poet was born.

Nathaniel, the eldest son of Abial, who died in 1776, was born August 15, 1728, and, like his father, was a farmer. He married Beulah, daughter of Joseph Parmelee, of Guilford. They had two children, William, who died unmarried in 1833, and Mary, born May 1, 1762, the mother of the poet, described to the writer by one who was at her wedding, as being "plump as a partridge, and as pretty a girl as there was in Guilford." Miss Eliot was a lady of superior intellect, and was noted for her love of reading, with a particular fondness for poetry, of which, both before and after marriage, she read every thing that came in her way. She added to her native gifts a better education than young women generally had in those early days, and heartily appreciated the poetical genius of her gifted son, although she died before he gave to the world those poems which will be by his countrymen cherished "heir-looms forever."

Fitz-Greene Halleck was, therefore, as will be ob-

served by the foregoing, of the sixth and seventh generations from Peter Hallock and the Rev. John Eliot, the order being as follows:

1. Peter Hallock,
2. William Hallock,
3. John Hallock,
4. Peter Hallock, 2d,
5. Peter Hallock, 3d,
6. Israel Halleck.

1. Rev. John Eliot,
2. Rev. Joseph Eliot,
3. Abial Eliot,
4. Nathaniel Eliot,
5. Mary Eliot.

It is worthy of mention that the American Hallecks as a race have retained the characteristics of their common ancestor. The sturdy, self-reliant, and religious traits of character, as well as the stalwart form of the intrepid Peter, are strongly developed in the family to this day. They are no less remarkable for their great longevity than for their fine *physique*. The poet's father was six feet, many other members of the family have been even taller; and, like the courageous Pilgrim, noted for their great physical strength. Edward Hallock, a son of one of the poet's ancestors, had nine daughters, all large and handsome ladies. Six were Quaker preachers, of whom one who saw them together at a Friends' meeting said, they were the noblest and fairest looking women she had ever seen grouped together. Halleck often spoke with pride and pleasure of a venerable kinswoman of fourscore and ten, also a Quaker preacher, as the most dignified and handsome old lady he had ever met. The famous

divines, Jeremiah and Moses Hallock, the well-remembered editor, Gerard Hallock, and Henry Wager Halleck, late General-in-Chief of the United States Armies, are all connections of the poet. Several members of the family were killed in the Revolutionary struggle, also in the second contest with Great Britain, and in our late war many of his kinsmen fell; among them, three of his own immediate branch of the family gave their young lives for their country, of whom a touching memorial now lies before me, entitled "The Fighting Quakers." One, as handsome and dashing a cavalry officer as could be seen in the Army of the Potomac, fell in a successful charge at Front Royal, another poured out his life's blood at Gettysburg, while the third sank a victim to the horrors of Libby Prison, Richmond. Another kinsman, Barnabas Hallock, has lately published a volume of poems that does no discredit to the name. Israel Halleck lived to the age of eighty-one, and his mother lacked but three days of having lived a century; while many other members of the family have survived even beyond that period of time.

In addition to the distinguished members of the poet's maternal ancestry already mentioned, many others might be cited, were it necessary. The annals of New England exhibit a record of valuable services rendered by his mother's family, and the catalogues of Harvard and Yale Colleges contain a long list of gradu-

ates of the name of Eliot, many of whom, like the poet, claim kindred with the Apostle. The Eliots also, like the Hallocks, exhibit a noble war record of gallant services performed on land and sea. Both lines of his ancestry have retained their landed possessions for more than two centuries. A Hallock owns a portion of the original purchase made by Peter from the Indians in 1640; and the poet's cousin, Charles Eliot, owns and occupies the same ground bought by the Rev. Joseph Eliot on his arrival at Guilford, in 1664, and on which he built the house in which he lived and died. The original mansion was removed to give place to the present residence, now nearly a century old. In one of its spacious rooms is to be seen an antique buffet that came from England in the same ship that brought to these shores, two hundred and thirty-seven years ago, John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians.

In pausing to give some account of Guilford, the poet's birthplace, I trust I shall not be charged with rivalling the Greek traveller, who began his chapter on Athens with a disquisition on the *formation* of the Acropolis rock. The poet, on more than one occasion, playfully boasted to the writer that there were none but gentlemen in his native town. Its early history shows, whatever may be the character of the Guilford people of the present day, that the town was certainly settled by a very superior class of young men collected in England, chiefly from the counties of Kent

and Sussex, with a few from Huntingdon and Cambridgeshire: all were educated, and several were graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. They embarked for the New World in company with the Rev. Henry Whitfield, who had been a clergyman of the Church of England, accompanying the eloquent preacher from a feeling of attachment to him and to his teachings. He was a younger son of an eminent lawyer of the courts of Westminster; and, after graduating at Oxford, was first fitted for the bar at the Inns of Court, at London. His own predilections, however, induced him to become a clergyman, and he obtained the rich living of Ockley, in Surrey, where he officiated for twenty years. He became the friend and associate of such men as Cotton, Hooker, Goodwin, Nye, and Davenport, which led to his being cited before the Court of Star-Chamber and Bishop Laud, so that eventually he became a Congregationalist, and found it convenient, if not necessary, to depart hastily for New England. He had formed an acquaintance with a number of young gentlemen, who had become attached to his ministrations, and they organized a company for the settlement of a plantation on the north shore of Long Island Sound, in connection with George Fenwick's company. They assembled at London, in May, 1639, and sailed together in a vessel of 350 tons, for New Haven, in company with Governor Fenwick and his newly-married wife, the widow of

Lord Botcler. While on shipboard, on the 1st of June, 1639, Whitfield drew up and signed their plantation covenant, which is still preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society, at Boston.

After a long voyage, they arrived at New Haven, about the 1st of July. Mr. Whitfield and his company purchased of the Indians in August the lands comprising the present town of Guilford, employing the Rev. John Higginson—who soon after became his son-in-law—as an interpreter. The contract with the Indians was made August 26, 1639. The deed is dated September 30, 1639. These papers, with a map, made by the Indians, of the territory sold and the coast adjoining, are preserved in the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. Whitfield and his company commenced the settlement immediately, and soon after Mr. Higginson came to the new settlement; and in the organization of the church he was constituted one of the seven pillars on which the church was founded. These were the

Rev. Henry Whitfield.

Rev. John Higginson, afterward of Salem, and at one time the first minister perhaps of New England.

Samuel Disborow, the magistrate, and afterward the famous Lord Chancellor, whose life is given in Noble's members of the Cromwell family.

Rev. William Leete, afterward Governor, first of the New-Haven Colony and next of Connecticut Colony.

Rev. Jacob Sheaffe, afterward the wealthiest merchant of Boston.

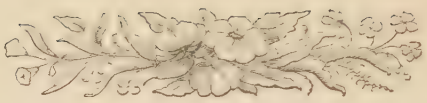
Rev. JOHN MEPHAM, the friend and relative of Governor Fenwick.

Rev. JOHN HOADLEY, a graduate of Cambridge, and grandfather of Bishop Benjamin Hoadley and Archbishop John Hoadley, of Armagh.

This was June 19, 1643, O. S. Mr. Whitfield returned to England, November, 1650. Mr. Higginson was his successor, and remained until 1660, when he went to Salem, Mass. The Rev. Joseph Eliot succeeded him, and was settled in 1664, remaining until his death, May 24, 1694.

The first settlers of Guilford came to New England when the hold of the Dissenters was broken from the mother-country, so that they settled the place as an independent republic. They drew up their constitution, which is on record in the handwriting of Mr. Disborow, and entirely independent of any other power whatever. This beautiful document is complete in all its parts; providing for its executive, legislative, and judiciary departments, the order of its courts, manner of holding its meetings, provisions for electorship, etc.

The same spirit of local independence has survived to the present day, and characterized the inhabitants during all the past, and it appears in the writings of the poet, of which a striking instance is the fragment "Connecticut," which is more particularly a description of the characteristics of Guilford.



CHAPTER II.

1790–1810.

Birth and Boyhood.—At School.—Love of Reading.—Passion for Poetry.—Juvenile Verses.—Clerk with Andrew Eliot.—Visits New York.—Enters the Militia.—Teaches an Evening School.—Epistle to Carlos Menie.—The Rainbow and other Poems.

THE second child and eldest son of Israel and Mary Eliot Halleck, called FITZ-GREENE, was born July 8, 1790, in a pretty cottage on the east side of the Guilford village green, at that time the common burial-place of the town. The name Fitz was given to the child in honor of a friend of his father's; his second name he received from his grandmother Halleck, *née* Annie Green, who, at her death, lacked but three days of being a century old, and to the last read and recited passages from the "Lady of the Lake" and other of Scott's metrical romances. When two years old, an accident happened to Fitz-Greene, from which he ever afterward suffered. Two drunken militiamen, on a "training-day," passing by his father's door, near which they saw him at play, thought they would aston-

ish the little fellow by discharging their guns, loaded only with powder. They did so, one of them, unfortunately, placing his piece so near the side of the child's head, that it ruined the hearing in his left ear for life. Among the many ineffectual experiments made in after-years to restore the organ, he, in 1820, tried the moxa[1] remedy, highly recommended by an eminent French physician then in New York, who performed the operation. The burning cylinder of cotton, saturated with oil, was applied behind the ear, and, after scorching the skin for some time, was withdrawn, the poet inquiring of the doctor, "If it was done to a turn!"

Among the few remembered incidents of the poet's childhood, is, that he was in the habit of going every afternoon to the Guilford district school, and escorting his sister Maria home. On one occasion, a mischievous young cripple, called Jack Ward, who, it appears, had a habit of frightening the girls when they issued out from the school-house, by raising his crutch in a threatening manner, as if about to bring it down upon their heads, unfortunately for himself, made one of his feints against Maria Halleck, when the chivalrous little fellow of four summers, supposing his sister to be in danger, seized a hammer which happened to be at hand—the property of a carpenter at work near the

[1] Moxa is a term derived from the Chinese, to designate a cylinder of cotton, which is employed in a state of combustion to cauterize the skin.

spot—rushed forward, and struck the boy Ward such a blow as knocked him to the ground.

Fitz-Greene was sent to school when he was six years of age, and a year later he took part in one of the public exhibitions, or "quarter days," as they were termed, an honor not usually shared in by lads of his tender years. In the presence of a large audience—his proud mother and happy sister among the number—the diminutive scholar of seven summers, with his bright morning face, was mounted on a chair, and delivered with great success the famous little poem, so often attributed to Edward Everett, but which was written by a distant relative, the versatile David Everett, beginning—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

As soon as he was taught to write, he took to rhyming. As one of his school-companions remarked to the writer, "He couldn't help it." The following lines were written when a mere child, probably previous to the year 1800. The first two pieces illustrate the young poet's studious habits, mentioning, as they do, so many persons and events of which, at that day, few lads of his tender years would have been likely to possess any knowledge. The third of his juvenile productions is unfinished, and, if of a less historic, is of a more affecting character, than the lines on New England and his View of the United States:

A VIEW OF THE UNITED STATES.

From wild Canada's cold and frozen shores
To where the gentle Mississippi pours
Along the tide, as through the woods it bends,
So far the seat of liberty extends:
Here all the gentle virtues are combined
Which form the pure and the enlightened mind;
Here live content the hero and the sage,
Here the old soldier droops under his age,
Not, as in Europe, wretched, forced to roam
Without a shelter and without a home;
But here each peasant for himself has got,
And for his aged sire, a little cot,
Where, blessed with happiness, he lives secure
From tyranny and from ambition's lure.
While peace does crown America's domain,
And while all Europe is in peace again,
Here let me sit and ask the smiling fates
To heap up blessings on the United States;
Here let me sit and view the peaceful band
Of towns and countries scattered round this land.
First with my native State I will begin,
The State which I was born and nourished in.
Ah! fair Connecticut, all thy sisters' pride,
Through whose majestic woods large rivers glide,
Thou to thy country hast great heroes brought,
Who for thy liberty have bravely fought.
Putnam and Wooster ever grace thy name,
And Humphries' pen does shout aloud thy fame.

From thee we turn to Massachusetts' plains,
Where wealth and plenty show the laboring swains.
Here in vast flocks a numerous nation strays,
And endless herds the beauteous meadow graze,
Where smiling plenty crowns the laborer's pain,
And blooming beauty weds the industrious swain.
Here first to quench her once-loved freedom's flame,
With their proud fleets Britannia's warriors came;
Here, sure to conquer, she began her fires,
Here sent her lords, her lordlings, and her squires,
All, all too weak to effect the vast design
That swelled, poor Gage, that puny heart of thine.
But let us turn to Hampshire's blooming fields,
Where earth all, all her virgin sweetness yields;
Where the blithe peasant, rising with the dawn,
Drives his white flocks to yonder verdant lawn;
Here, seated down under some shady tree,
He smiles and says, "None are so happy as me."
And when the setting sun invites him home,
He to his grazing flocks does cheerful come,
And, singing, pens them safe within their fold,
And thinks himself richer than all the gold
That lies on Peru's plains. Then hastens home
And to his thatched cottage does safe come;
Where, joining his gay children on the hearth,
He shares in all their innocence and mirth.
His wife, the faithful partner of his cares,
The homely feast for her husband prepares.
Thus living, cheerful, gay, and innocent,
The peasant always is with his lot content.

From him we turn to Vermont's verdant mount,
Where health, content, and innocence are found;
Thy lofty woods uprising, mock the sky,
And charm the curious observer's eye.
Bennington's plains thy wondrous courage prove,
While the Green Mountain echoes it above.
But mount, my muse, expand thy beauteous wings,
And fly where Vernon courts Potomac's springs,
Where once Columbia's glorious chief did live,
His country's glory, which, when he died, did give
A tear of tribute to his memory due,
And o'er his grave a wreath of laurel threw.
O Washington! thrice ever-glorious name,
Still always foremost on the list of fame,
Columbia, weeping, mourned for thy loss,
But thou still livest within the hearts of us.
And O, great God! when future foes draw near,
May future Washingtons like him appear!
And ah! Virginia, whose fruitful soil
Produced the man who shared in all our toil,
In all our danger. But enough is said—
No, not enough to grace the hero's head;
Volumes cannot contain his wondrous deeds;
Then my poor pen more inspiration needs.
Princeton to the skies his name shall raise,
While Yorktown's siege shall shout aloud his praise.
O, Yorktown! on thy plains great deeds were done
By Laurens, D'Estaing, and Washington.
O! Laurens, on these verdant plains thou'st died,
Thy country's champion, thy father's pride:

A youthful hero slain before thy time,
In all thy glory and in all thy prime.
After thy death fair peace was soon restored,
And every warrior sheathed up his sword:
Fair peace continued till a bloody train
Of Gallia's traitors crossed the Western main,
Attacked our commerce and dispersed our trade,
And all our glory in oblivion laid,
Until Columbia, swearing to be free,
Attacked these pirates of the raging sea,
Dispersed them, drove them to their native land,
And there, fixed there forever, bade them stand,
Ne'er to invade Columbia's blest right,
Nor mock her infant state nor rising might.
And now, while peace does fair Columbia kiss,
Here let me sit and ponder on thy bliss.
With galling fetters and with iron chains
Once thou wast scourged by England's perjured trains;
Thy independent spirit would not them bear,
And now to stop them thou didst soon prepare.
Great Britain seeing this, sent over fleets,
Which crossing the sea, fair Boston harbor meets.
They there did murderous scenes of blood commit,
The first of March, I say, dares witness it.
Now on the mount Columbia's sons are seen,
Brave Warren striding firm with glorious mien,
Britannia's warriors marching on the plain,
And certain victory expect to gain.
But ah! alas, they gained their victory dear,
Thrice were repulsed, and thrice again drew near.

But now Dame Fortune on Columbia frowns,
Her Warren dead, lay weltering on the ground.
Her valiant sons exhausted, weep,
And leave the field unto Britannia.
Soon after this, Columbia's sons declared
Their independence, and Great Britain dared.
After a struggle of seven long years,
Britannia's army at length disappears.
Tired of the struggle and longing for his ease,
The British king at length agrees for peace.
Long has it remained, and long may it remain,
While virtue with Columbia's sons does reign.
And now, while health and vigor still remain,
Toil, toil, my lads, to purchase honest gain;
Shun idleness, shun pleasure's tempting snare,
A youth of folly breeds an age of care.

THE HISTORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

Where the Green Mountain lifts its head on high,
And where Connecticut's silver streams do lie,
Where woods for miles do cover all the ground,
And where the frogs do make a noisy sound,
Even this our forefathers chose for their abode,
And left their country to enjoy their God.
Persecuted till they were most of them dead,
For their religion they to Holland fled;
But there the holy Sabbath was profaned,
And their young children vicious ways were trained.
In this their misery they formed a plan,

Made by a bold and enterprising man,
Which was to leave their much-loved home and go
Where the brown Indian travels o'er the snow,
And, graced with spoils of many a warrior slain,
Brave in his mind, he traverses the plain.
A ship is hired, and soon on board they go,
And leave the place where they had seen such woe;
A long time passed—at length they get on shore
And on their knees their thanks to God do pour;
Now round the coast they cast their eager eyes,
And saw all round them naught but wilds and skies.
Their nearest neighbors Indian hostile tribes,
Not to be stopped but by force or bribes;
These they had not. Weakened by fatigues,
Which they had got by sailing so many leagues;
Provisions had the ground covered with snow,
Their weary limbs ready to sink with woe;
These they surmounted, and chose for the first year
A man good, just, with piety sincere,
For Governor. They began to look for now
Some shelter to cover them from snow;
Some days after, they arrived at a place
Which was a very good thing in their case,
Which they call Plymouth in commemoration
Of the last town they had left in their nation.
They behaved prudent, not setting at defiance
The Indians which brought their friends and allies.
In the year sixteen hundred arose
A great conspiracy, made by some Indian foes;
But on the night when it should have been done,

An Indian, named John Sagamore, did come,
Revealed the plot and saved the English lives,
Their sons, their daughters, fathers, friends, and wives.
The English, alarmed, great preparations began,
And fired the great guns, so that the Indians ran
Dispersed, made peace, and themselves declared
Friends of the people to whom they thus had done.
In peace they have since lived, but they now have gone
Where Susquehanna's rivulets do run,
Nor left the English in any apprehension
Of an attack from their once warlike nation.
The Revolution set the Americans free
From Parliamentary and British tyranny.
Thus, by their industry, rude wilds were made
From a barren wilderness to a fruitful shade.
Under a good government and in a righteous cause
They live in peace, protected by their laws.

THE FORTUNATE FAMILY.

On Vermont's hills, remote from riot,
A happy pair once lived in quiet.
Their names did through the country sound,
As good and just they passed around.
Two boys they had, two girls likewise,
With rosy cheeks and fine blue eyes;
An homely cot, shaded by trees,
A little brook, well stored with geese,
A garden filled with vegetables,
An orchard rich with pippin apples,

Composed their wealth, composed their store,
No less they wished, nor yet no more.
Thus years rolled on, and nothing came
That stopped their peace or 'sturbed their fame.
At length a chaise, the first they'd seen,
Came rolling on the verdant green.
Dick saw it first and holload, "Come,
Come see this thing—oh run, pray run!"
Away ran Bill with all his might—
Sall followed him, to see the sight.
At length the chaise drove up to the house,
And, stopping, out jumped man and spouse.
A servant came and ope'd the door
(Mrs. Bonce had entered the room before),
When straight came in two of her friends,
Namely, Mr. and Mrs. Rigmalends.
After their usual salutations,
They 'gan to talk about their stations.
Mrs. Bonce began: "I live a life
Remote from care, remote from strife;
Four children I have, look and see
If you don't think they look like me."
"They are all handsome, it is true,
But that one there is most like you;
If you are willing, that there one
Shall live with us at Bennington."
At this the father in was called,
And Dick immediately at him bawled:
"O, father! pray, pray let me go
And live with him—oh, don't say no!"

The father soon gave his consent,
And in the carriage off Dick went.
As soon as he had gone away,
Bill said that now he would not stay,
And said he did not think it fair
That he should stay and Dick go there.
Determined not to stay at home,
He took his clothes and off did come.
He reached a ship, to his great joy,
And got on board as cabin-boy,
Where we shall leave him for to see
What happened to the family.
As soon as they found that Bill had gone,
His mother round the house did run,
Screaming, yelling, * * *

Of Fitz-Greene's boyhood it may be said, as would be true of his whole career, that it was uneventful. As a lad he was noticeable for the same quiet, studious, refined habits and associations which characterized his mature years. He had no taste for the rough sports and adventures in which most boys find delight, but preferred to wander alone in the fields and woods, by the river's banks, or on the shores of Long Island Sound, with a copy of Campbell's poems or some other favorite volume, with which he would beguile the hours. The only boyish pastime in which he took part with the other lads was in a mild game of marbles, or a quiet fishing excursion in one of the

streams that wind their tortuous course through Guilford. He was the best scholar in the school, and a very great favorite with the teacher, Samuel Johnson, a gentleman by birth and a graduate of Yale College. During Fitz-Greene's whole career at school, he invariably knew his lessons, and was never on any occasion called up for misconduct or delinquency of any description. Many a pleasant ramble did the master and scholar take together after school-hours, the gentle and diffident boy drinking in with eagerness the teacher's conversation about poetry and other literary topics. The first volume, aside from his school-books, which the young poet ever possessed, was a copy of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," presented to him by his attached teacher, Samuel Johnson.

In the story of the life of a fellow-townsman,[1] whose sister became the wife of Lyman Beecher, in 1799, occurs the following mention of the youthful poet: "Among the lay visitors at Nutplains at that period, Fitz-Greene Halleck was one who excited much interest. He was a young lad of very modest and pleasing demeanor, and of remarkably precocious talents. His earliest poetical efforts were submitted to the critics at Nutplains,[2] and highly commended. Many pieces, which he did not consider as possessing sufficient merit

[1] "Memoirs of the Life of Samuel E. Foote." By his brother, John P. Foote.

[2] The residence of the Foote family, near Guilford.

to be included among his collected works, were preserved, and some of them published many years afterward. They were more highly estimated by the public than by the author."

Speaking of those days, Halleck said to a friend: "I fastened like a tiger upon every romance and collection of poetry that I could lay my hands on." The poet appears to have used almost the identical language of Sir Walter Scott, who, in his autobiography, remarks: "I fastened also upon every collection of old songs or romances which chance threw in my way, or which scrutiny was able to discover on the dusty shelves of James Sibbald's circulating library in the Parliament Close." Books in the days of Halleck's boyhood were less common in country towns than at present, and so, after reading every thing contained in the family library, Fitz-Greene had recourse to a public collection, of which he once assured me that he had read every book, as his father had done before him. The Guilford Library contained, among its four hundred volumes, the works of many of the standard English poets and novelists, essayists, and historians, with other volumes published prior to 1800. The old dog-eared and well-thumbed copies of Goldsmith and Gibbon, Josephus and Joseph Andrews, Pope and Plutarch, of Shakespeare and Smollett, with numerous less-used and heavy volumes of still heavier sermons, by old and approved British and New-England divines, are still to

be seen over a grocer's shop at Guilford, now quite out of date, forgotten, and fallen into disuse, and covered with dust to such an extent, that plain, gilt, marble, or red-edged volumes, present one uniform dull, dingy aspect.

The verses which follow are evidently more mature productions than the three pieces already given, and were written in the poet's twelfth year. The first is addressed to his sister, the title running as follows: "Inscribed with all reverence to Miss Maria Halleck, by her brother, Fitz-Greene Halleck," and is dated May 20, 1803:

Stern winter is gone: no more it snows,
But lambkins briskly play;
They skip about the verdant fields,
And hail returning May.

The robin sits on yonder bough
And tunes his whistling lay,
While sweetly throbs his little throat
To hail returning May.

The sun, just rising in the east,
New gilds the smiling day;
With noises gay the hills resound,
And hail returning May.

The plains are dotted in verdure green,
The hills and dales look gay;

The shepherd sings along the plain,
And hails returning May.

Maria rose at early dawn,
And took her lonely way
Where bleating herds skip lightly round,
And hail returning May.

Maria, gayest of the plain,
To you I tune my lay;
May you fore'er enjoy the sweets
Of verdant, blooming May.

EVENING.

How sweet along the green gay turf to rove
When twilight spreads her mantle o'er the grove;
When down the western hills the sun retires,
And evening dewdrops cool his noonday fires!
How sweet to view upon the mountain's brow
The grazing ox, the loudly-lowing cow,
The milkmaid, with her overflowing pail
Upon her head, loud singing down the vale;
The feathered songster's cheerful songs so gay,
The moon's pale beams that dart a faintful ray;
The purpling rill, as down the hill it falls,
Meandering slow along the cottage walls;
The flowers which deck the field, the hill, and dale;
Each mountain-rose and lily of the vale,

And all the charms which fairest nature yields,
Which deck the hills, the plains, and fruitful fields:
These natural beauties charm the ravished sight,
And wrap the enraptured soul in fond delight.

The following appears in Halleck's handwriting, with his name attached, and is dated January 17, 1805. If, as I presume to be the case, the lines are his, the subject may have been suggested to him by Monsieur Enard, a French refugee, who was then and for a year or more previous an inmate of his father's household. He was a fine musician, and used to delight the family circle with his exquisite playing on the violin. To Mr. Halleck's house at that period often came Lyman Beecher to listen to Enard, and sometimes to borrow his fiddle. On one occasion Dr. Beecher called on a Sunday evening, and, on throwing off his cloak, what should appear but the violin, which he had borrowed the previous day, and, as he handed it to its owner and laid his cloak on a chair, which he had only worn for the purpose of screening the instrument from the lynx-eyes of the good people of Guilford, he remarked: "You know, my friends, we must respect the prejudices of the weaker brethren."

"Claude Sanguin, a French poet, who died at the close of the seventeenth century, having had his house consumed by lightning, sent the following ingenious card to Louis the Fourteenth on the occasion. The

monarch at once felt the delicacy of the poet's verses and the distress of his situation, and cheerfully ordered him the one thousand crowns, which were the object of his demands:

'To engage in your matters belongs not to me,
This, sire, inexcusable freedom would be:
But yet, when reviewing my miseries past,
Of your majesty's income the total I cast,
All counted (I've still the remembrance quite clear),
Your revenue 's *one hundred millions a year;*
Hence *one hundred thousand per day* in your power,
Divided, brings *four thousand crowns to each hour.*
To answer the calls of my present distress,
Which lightning has caused in my country recess,
May I be allowed to request, noble sire,
Of your time, fifteen minutes, before I expire.'"

The young poet, having completed his studies, by passing through the four departments which then existed in New-England schools, at the age of fifteen, entered the store of his kinsman, Andrew Eliot, of Guilford, with whom he remained as a clerk for six years, residing in his family, in accordance with the customs of that day. Here he learned to keep accounts by double entry, and soon took the entire charge of the books. They were kept in a correct and business-like manner, were well written, for even at that early date Halleck wrote a neat and dainty hand; and it is related

that the only mistake ever discovered in the young clerk's book-keeping at Andrew Eliot's was in opening duplicate accounts in the Ledger with the same person. A large portion of the time Fitz-Greene had sole charge of the store, the principal being absent, attending to his farm, situated near Guilford. He was noted as a clerk for celerity, correctness, and courtesy, the latter a characteristic which he retained to a marked degree through life. In passing with the poet through the streets of his native town in August, 1867, a friend, observing that he touched his hat or removed it entirely, in his gracious and graceful manner, to many persons, some of whom gave but a slight nod in return to his polite salutation, remarked, "Mr. Halleck, your courtesy seems to be thrown away on those boors." "Yes, perhaps 'tis so," he replied, "but yet, that's no reason why I should be a boor." Sixty years earlier, an eye-witness relates that while returning with a number of young people from a picnic at Nutplains, the party passed his home, and Fitz-Greene, seeing his father standing in the door, stood up, and, raising his hat, made a graceful bow, Mr. Halleck returning his son's salutation in an equally courteous manner. It is a pleasing reminiscence of the same gentleman,[1] that at the parties and picnics at which they were present together in life's green spring—a time when it was the custom for young men to drink—the young

[1] George A. Foote, of Guilford.

poet could never be induced to touch wine or spirits of any kind.

In addition to his more ambitious attempts in poetry, Halleck, during his boyhood, wrote innumerable acrostics, rebuses, and poetical epistles, to his fair young friends, among whom his handsome face and figure, his sprightly and entertaining conversation, and his talent for rhyming, had combined to render him a very great favorite. The poet-clerk's communications to the young ladies were rarely made in prose, but in the manner of the following, written when about fifteen, to his *inamorata*, or, at least, to one of the number, who still resides at Guilford, and recalls most vividly the gentle and poetic companion of her youth. It is addressed to "Dear Sarah," dated April 17th, and signed, "Yours, F. G. H.":

"I beg leave to ask you in what I've offended?
To merit neglect and that glance of your eye;
For certain it is, I have never intended
The smallest affront that could cause you to sigh,

"Though I know not my crime, yet I pray you have pity,
And accept my sincere and heart-rending contrition;
For is not this letter a most doleful ditty?
Yet more doleful still is the author's condition!"

Another of his juvenile notes, addressed to the same "Dear Sarah," who, a few years later, became the reigning belle of Guilford, runs as follows:

"If it's pleasant to-night,
And the stars should shine bright,
Will you take a short sleigh-ride with me?
Now, do not say "No,"
For if you don't go,
You can't think how vexed I shall be."

"The Tempest," which is included in the last edition of Halleck's Poems, was, with other pieces, appended to this chapter, written during this period. The long and almost constant confinement in a country store could not prevent the young clerk from composing many beautiful stanzas, for, as has been said of another poet of the old motherland:

"He was one
Who could not help it, for it was his nature
To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
To leaf itself in April."

It was during the second year of his clerkship that an incident occurred which put an end to his habit of reading in bed until midnight, and in some instances, when deeply interested in a favorite author, until an even later hour. He was in the habit of placing his candlestick on a chair by the side of his bed, and it appears that one night he placed an additional candle, without a holder, on the chair, and so deeply absorbed did he become in his book, that he failed to observe

that it had burned itself down to the chair, setting it on fire and communicating the flame to the bed-clothing, until the heat at length aroused him, and, springing up, he tumbled it and all the bedding out of the window, and so saved the house from destruction. From henceforth Halleck was obliged to retire without a light, as Mrs. Elliot would no longer trust him with candles in his chamber. Deprived of this retreat, and, not wishing to be disturbed in his reading by the visitors who were frequently in the parlor and sitting-room, he sought refuge in the kitchen, the *sanctum* of Leah Norton, the housemaid, who to this day preserves as a memento the poet's chair, with the hole in it, made by the burning candle. So, for several winters the favorite retreat of the poet-clerk was the kitchen, and there, with Leah near him, occupied with her sewing, or, perhaps, a book, he pursued unmolested his reading, study, and composition. With the exception of a few verses written under his father's roof, and several composed during moonlight or Sunday rambles in the vicinity of Guilford, all the juvenile poems which follow in this chapter were produced in Leah Norton's *sanctum*. Leah was the first person who saw the young poet's writings, which were usually read to her as soon as completed.

In the spring of 1808 Halleck visited New York, then a city of less than ninety thousand inhabitants. He went on business for Mr. Elliot, and, during his

few days' sojourn, he visited the Park Theatre, at that time under the management of Price and Cooper, the actor, whom he saw in a play called, I think, "The School of Reform." Halleck afterward became acquainted with this distinguished player, whose popularity waned on the arrival, two years later, of the celebrated George Frederick Cooke. It was on the occasion of this, his first visit to a theatre, that the poet saw young Oliff, the actor, afterward introduced by him in two of the "Croakers."

To Leah, the pretty housemaid, who committed the piece to memory, I am indebted for the following lines, supposed to be written near the grave of an Indian warrior, killed by an ambush while hunting on the banks of one of the lakes of Canada:

Tread light on the turf which yon dark wood encloses!
Where, o'er the blue waters, the wild willows wave;
For there, pale and breathless, a warrior reposes,
The pride of his nation! the dread of the brave!
Ye spirits, who high on the red clouds are lying,
When the battle roars loud and the death-shafts are flying,
Say, where was your power when the chieftain was dying,
When, bleeding and cold, he was laid in his grave?

At morn from the mountain the hunter descending,
Trod alone the wood-path in pursuit of the deer,
Unconscious that woe o'er his head was impending,
He thought not of danger, nor harbored a fear.

Afar through the low-winding vale had he bounded,
Ere night's sable robe the horizon surrounded,
When sudden a shout through the forest resounded,
And pealed like the loud note of war on his ear!

He listened—it ceased—and he stood boldly daring,
When again rang the wood with the same deadly yell;
The warrior his bow for defence was preparing,
As an arrow unseen pierced his breast, and he fell.
For, concealed in the gloom which the night was bestowing
On the glade, where the lake's rolling waters were flowing,
A traitor, revenge in whose bosom was glowing,
Had directed an arrow too faithful and well!

Ah! how sad was that hour when his life-blood was starting,
And his pale, ghastly visage was crimsoned with gore!
How glared his dim eye when his breath was departing,
And a deep groan declared that the last pang was o'er!
Around him the dank dews of midnight were falling;
The grim, prowling wolves their companions were calling,
And their loud, moaning outcry, so wild and appalling,
Was the death-song which told that the chief was no more.

Ah! long shall his friends of the forest be mourning,
And many a tear for the warrior shall flow;
For never again shall they see him returning
From the chase of the deer or the death of the foe.
Dark and deep is the grave where his bones are decaying,
And oft, when its grass on the night-breeze was playing,
A sound of dread import, the wanderer dismaying,
Is heard on the spot where the valiant lies low.

This piece appeared anonymously in a New-Haven paper during the winter of 1809-'10, and was the first poem published by Fitz-Greene Halleck, a fact that he himself had apparently forgotten. The poet wrote in 1863 to a correspondent, who inquired the title of his first printed poem: "I hasten to say that I have no documents at my disposal enabling me to answer your question. All I can now state is, that I began early and left off early."

In the summer of 1808, Halleck joined the militia, and was soon made a sergeant, filling the position with credit to himself and to the general satisfaction of his comrades. His experiences in the militia of Connecticut, as well as his later campaign with

"Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,"

was a never-failing subject of fun with Mr. Halleck, both in his correspondence and in his conversation. During the following winter he opened an evening school for instruction in writing, arithmetic, and book-keeping, and, by thus adding to his limited income, was enabled to indulge his passion for the purchase of books. Among his most prized possessions of this character were the Philadelphia edition of Campbell's poems, containing a memoir of the poet, written by Washington Irving, a copy of Burns, and Addison's "Spectator." Even at that early period his marvellous memory was displayed in his poetic recitations and quotations from favorite authors, which he introduced in his conversation.

One of Halleck's favorites at this time was a young girl, Lydia Cezanne, the daughter of a French merchant then residing in Guilford. Among the many lines addressed to Lydia by her admirer were the following, forwarded to her with a present of some kind:

You think, perhaps, that I've forgot
My promises forever;
But this will prove that I have not—
'Tis "*better late than never.*"

The following, dated March, 1809, is one of several poetical epistles sent to Carlos Menie, a native of Havana, with whom Halleck was intimate during the handsome young Cuban's residence for upward of a year at Guilford, where he was sent by his father, a West-Indian merchant, to learn our language:

Though stormy billows roll between,
And raging winds unite;
And leagues of ocean intervene,
To hide you from my sight:

Though days and months have rolled away,
And many a circling year,
Since that lamented, mournful day,
That caused the parting tear:

Yet still, by fond remembrance taught,
Your pleasing form I view;

And in my hours of lonely thought
I muse and think of you.

Time, whose destroying, wasting hand
Bears all before its sway,
As marks imprinted on the sand
The ocean sweeps away—[1]

Yet hath its circuit rolled in vain
Your memory to efface;
Still every feature I retain,
And every gesture trace.

Oft in the stillness of the night,
When slumbers close mine eyes,
Your image bursts upon my sight;
I gaze in glad surprise!

And oft when evening's mantle gray
Is o'er the valleys spread,
With pensive steps I musing stray
By roving fancy led.

Her wild, romantic flights unfold
Events of former days;
And scenes on memory's page unrolled,
Her backward glance surveys:

When, by youth's cheering smiles caressed,
We passed the social hours;

[1] "Time, that wears out the trace of deepest anguish, as the sea smooths the prints made in the sand, hath passed o'er thee in vain."—YOUNG.

When calm enjoyment, sportive, dressed
Life's opening path with flowers.

And say, my friend, does memory bring
These pleasures to *your* heart?
Can thoughts, which from remembrance spring,
A rapturous charm impart?

Ah, yes! that gentle heart I know,
At friendship's touch it beats;
I feel the sympathetic glow,
My breast the throb repeats.

Then let us cherish well the flame
Of friendship and of love;
Let peaceful virtue be our aim,
Our hopes be placed above.

There, in affliction, may we find
A refuge ever nigh;
May time our friendly union bind,
And years cement the tie.

Wherever on life's varied stage—
A devious maze—you go,
Whether where winter's tempests rage
Or summer's breezes blow:

Yet in your hours of solitude,
When the calm mind is free,
Let the remembrance oft intrude
Of friendship and of me.

Secure along Life's winding stream,
Calm may your moments glide;
And may the Almighty Power supreme
Your wavering footsteps guide.

May He preserve you free from woe,
Through time's few fleeting years;
And never-ending bliss bestow
Beyond the vale of tears!

Carlos, adieu! within my heart
Your memory firm shall dwell;
Till, pierced by death's unerring dart,
I bid the world farewell!

A young lady had borrowed a pocket-handkerchief of a female friend, and, having kept it a long time, through negligence, at length returned it with the following billet, enclosing a white violet:

"MISS ELIZA BURR: Do pardon my remissness with regard to your handkerchief, and accept the little blossom enclosed as a peace-offering for my crime—or, I may rather say, neglect.

"ELIZA CAPLAND.

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA."

Miss Burr, to whom the billet was addressed, sent a copy of it to an acquaintance in Guilford, requesting a poetical answer, by whose desire the young poet wrote the following lines:

And does Eliza, then, suspect
That her "*remissness and neglect*"
Displease me, or offend?
And does she think that I require
Her plea for pardon? or desire
The homage of my friend?

While in your gentle heart, I know,
Exists fair virtue's fervid glow,
Its guilt I cannot see;
Nor do I wish you to atone
For injuries I've never known,
By offerings paid to me.

Yet, pleased, your little gift I take:
I'll prize it for the donor's sake,
A sacred pledge of peace!
And may its recollection prove
A cement of our mutual love,
And bid it never cease.

The "little blossom" seems designed
To indicate the ties that bind
Your faithful heart to mine;
Its color, fair as mountain-snows,
Denotes the purity that glows
In friendship's flame divine.

Yet ah! how transient is the flower!
Short-lived, and with'ring in an hour,
Its beauties pass away.

But soft affection in my breast
Through every scene of life shall rest,
And never can decay.

Yet though the flow'ret's vernal bloom
Too soon must meet its hapless doom,
It blossoms not in vain:
Long shall it pleasing thoughts impart,
And long, imprinted on my heart,
Its memory shall remain.

And when, through time's succeeding years,
The annual bloom of spring appears,
I'll call this hour to view;
And when, within the flow'ry vale,
I see the modest violet pale,
'Twill bid me think of you.

The poet soon after addressed the following lines to a young lady, in return for the present of a ring, formed of her own hair:

Need I tell how beat my heart,
When my hand your ring received?
Need I tell how keen the dart,
Pierced by which my bosom heaved?

When the unexpected prize
Round my finger you entwined,
Marked you not my raptured eyes?
They bespoke the raptured mind.

Let the proud and powerful boast
  Rings that bright with splendor shine,
Rich in gems from India's coast
  Or Peruvia's sparkling mine.

Ah! a brighter splendor dwells
  In this lock of Laura's hair,
And its worth by far excels
  All the gold that glitters there.

Language cannot paint the pleasure,
  Filled with which your gift I take;
Long I'll prize the little treasure,
  Long I'll keep it for your sake.

Readers will, I think, fail to find in the following verses any indications of early maturity of poetic genius on the part of the young poet, notwithstanding the testimony of one of the most illustrious lawyers of the land, who said to the writer, that the perusal of the lines to Memory, published with a magazine article a few months after Halleck's death, "brought the tears to my eyes;" also adding, "I have not in many a day met with more tender and touching lines." Halleck was not, certainly, as regards precocity, the peer of Coleridge, whose "Ancient Mariner" was printed at seventeen; of Cowley, whose first volume appeared when he was a boy of thirteen; of Byron, a part of whose "Childe Harold" was published at twenty-four;

or of poor Keats, who died at the same age. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" came out at twenty-one; Akenside's "Pleasures of the Imagination" at twenty-three, and Wordsworth's first volume of poetry appeared at the same early age. To take examples from among American poets, he cannot for a moment be compared with Drake, who wrote the "Culprit Fay" at twenty; with Bryant, who, at seventeen, gave to the world a poem which he has not since surpassed; to Brainard and Dana; to Pierpont, Percival, and Poe; to Sands and Sprague; or to many of our younger poets of the present day. Halleck wrote no poem that he deemed worthy of a place in his earliest volume, until he was twenty-seven years of age.

In addition to the juvenile poems contained in this chapter, Halleck composed, while residing in Guilford, his "Ode to Good-Humor," "The Vision of Eliphaz," "The Bluebird," "Memory," "Religion," "The Tempest," and "Lines written in a blank leaf of Ossian's Poems." These seven pieces, having already appeared in the new edition of his Poems, are omitted in this work. It will be observed that the subjects of several of the following stanzas, written during a series of years preceding the date of his departure from Guilford, are taken from the Bible, of which, from his earliest boyhood to the closing year of his life, he was a constant reader. He had read it through several times before he attained to manhood. During his residence of

nearly forty years in New York, a day seldom passed that he did not peruse several chapters; and five times after his retirement to Guilford, his sister informs me, he read the Scriptures from beginning to end.

1 SAMUEL xviii. 6, 7, PARAPHRASED.

As David from the war returned,
With martial pomp, in proud array,
Philistia's weeping daughters mourned,
In sorrow deep and wild dismay.

Sad was their bitter plaint of woe;
Their army fled, their champion slain,
And many a dear-loved friend laid low,
Extended on the fatal plain.

Far different strains, from transport flowing,
Did Israel's fairer daughters sing;
In joyful notes loud praise bestowing
Upon their valiant warrior-king.

Their white robes waving to the gale,
In measured graceful steps they move;
And, pleased, their victor brothers hail
With shouts of gratitude and love.

The tuneful harp and psaltery,
In soft harmonious strains resound;
While to the pleasing melody
Th' exultant maidens danced around.

Loud with the king's victorious name
The arched heavens echoing rang;
And louder to young David's fame
The sister band responsive sang:

"Saul hath slain his thousands!"
Triumphantly they cried;
"And David his *ten* thousands!"
The echoing choir replied.

LINES

OCCASIONED BY THE PERUSAL OF A LATE PUBLICATION, ENTITLED "THE STAR IN THE EAST."

Hail! tidings of joy and of rapture, all hail!
On the Eastern gales wafted from far,
The powers of the Gospel in India prevail,
And the *East* is illumed by its *Star!*

This surely will pleasing enotions impart
To every benevolent mind;
And gladness and transport convey to the heart
Of each sincere friend of mankind.

Where the waters of Ganges meandering roll,
The sound of the Gospel is heard;
And the beams of that light which illumines the soul
On Indostan's green vales have appeared.

What joyful events do these tidings presage!
The banner of truth is unfurled,
Which, erected on high, shall enlighten the age,
And, broad-streaming, encircle the world!

The shades which envelop the horizon, fly,
And futurity's visions unfold;
How sacred the rapture that gleams in the eye
Which these omens of bliss can behold!

For the day is approaching—the hour is at hand,
When joy from on high shall descend;
When the blessings of Heaven o'er earth shall expand,
And Peace her green branches extend.

The wild plaint of woe and the loud shricks of pain
Shall no longer pollute the mild air;
And the glad sound of slavery bursting its chain
Shall succeed to the groans of despair.

The dread sword of war shall be brandished no more,
The shrill sound of its trumpet shall cease;
And the plains which so late heard the loud battle's roar
Shall resound to the echo of peace!

The hour is approaching, when bliss shall resume
Her empire and seat here below;
Again shall the flow'rets of Paradise bloom,
Again Eden's waters shall flow.

Inspired with the theme, with the prospect elate,
We behold the glad day-star appear;
While hope, as our bosoms impatiently wait,
Proclaims that the bright orb is near.

Already its beams o'er the mountains arise,
Already the East feels its ray;
Ah! soon shall its radiance brighten the skies,
And blaze in the splendor of day.

Then hail! ye glad tidings of rapture, all hail!
On the Eastern gales wafted from far;
The powers of the Gospel in India prevail,
And the East is illumined by its Star.

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID OVER SAUL AND JONATHAN.

(Paraphrased from 2 Sam. i. 1–19, etc.)

How are the mighty fallen low!
Oh, bid the tear of anguish flow,
And heave the mournful sigh;
Awake the sad, the plaintive strain,
For hapless Israel's chieftains slain,
Breathless, on Gilboa's fatal plain,
Her bravest warriors lie!

Oh, cease the wild complaining wail,
Oh, cease the bitter cry!

Tell not, aloud, the dreadful tale,
Lest, wafted on the eastern gale,
To Gath the tidings fly.
Lest, through the streets of Askelon,
The tale, too sadly true, should run,
How Israel's army was undone
On Gilboa's mount afar;
And that, amid the battle's din,
Philistia did the victory win,
The laurels of the war.
Then shall her boasting maidens, proud,
The song of rapture raise;
And shouts of triumph, long and loud,
Shall ring the conqueror's praise.

Ye Gilboan mountains! on your head
No more the gentle dews of heaven
Their soft, refreshing balm shall shed,
And drops of rain no more be given.
Never again your crimsoned road
By human footsteps shall be trod,
No more the pious pilgrim there
With holy offerings shall repair
To pour the penitential prayer
Or sacrifice to God.
For there, on that lamented day,
The valiant bands of Israel lay;
Stretched o'er the valley, far and wide,
Along the running streamlet's side,
They formed the lengthened line;

High wave their plumes in martial pride,
And glistening in the silver tide
Their burnished helmets shine.
Inspired by valor's daring power,
Dauntless they hailed the battle's hour;
But when the war-shout arose,
Struck pale with terror, filled with dread,
Across the plain they wildly fled,
And fell before their foes.
And on thy fatal field,
Cold on the blood-stained valley's bed,
Numbered among the silent dead,
The mighty Saul is lowly laid,
Extended on his shield.
Death's conquering arm has forced to yield
A chief of high renown;
The hand that once a sceptre held,
The head that wore a crown.

High on the roll of martial fame
Stood Jonathan's illustrious name;
Nor less the father than the son
In feats of gallant prowess shone.
Terror their dread attendant rode
Through seas of gore and fields of blood;
Their fame to distant nations flew,
And conquered foes their valor knew;
When raised on high the sword of Saul,
Breathless, contending champions fall
Before the deadly blow.

He never from the war returned,
But orphans dropped the tear of woe,
And helpless widows mourned.
And when, contending with the foe,
Where carnage strewed the plain,
The youthful warrior's dreaded bow
Was never drawn in vain.

By natural bonds of kindred joined,
Affection's dearer ties combined
The father and the son;
Their souls in mutual union meet,
Their hearts to love congenial beat,
Their hearts, their souls were one.
And, as connected in their life,
So in the war's disastrous strife,
Unitedly they fought;
And arm to arm, and side to side,
Long did they stem the battle's tide,
And warlike wonders wrought.
And where the son resigned his breath,
There, slumbering in the arms of death,
The mighty father lies;
Entwined by valor's crimson wreath,
Extended on the fatal heath,
They closed their dying eyes.
Interred within one common grave,
One cypress o'er their tomb shall wave—
Peace to the memory of the brave!
Their memory never dies!

Loud did the warriors' names resound,
For strength and swiftness far renowned!
Swift as the mounting eagle's flight,
When, far above the empyrean height,
Beyond the bounds of mortal sight,
She cuts the liquid skies;
And stronger than the lion's rage,
When fierce the bloody war to wage,
Across the plain he flies.

Daughters of Israel! weep,
And pour the bitter tear!
For in a mansion dark and deep
Your gallant friends and heroes sleep,
To pleasing memory dear.
Oh weep, lament, and mourn,
They never can return;
Then raise pale sorrow's plaint sincere
Around their lowly urn.
For gratitude and love are due
To him whose generous hand bestowed
The costly robes of scarlet hue,
That graceful o'er your shoulders flowed.
Who gave you ornaments so fair,
That sparkled, beauteous to behold!
And bound with wreaths your flowing hair
Of glittering gems and radiant gold.

How are the mighty fallen low!
Amid the battle's rage,

When sword to sword, and foe to foe,
And charge for charge, and blow for blow,
The mingled hosts engage.
There Jonathan, amid the flight,
Shone in his glittering armor bright;
Impelled by glory's dazzling fire,
When hardiest warriors did retire
Before the battle's dreadful ire,
He still maintained his ground;
Till, in the fiercest of the flame,
Unseen the fatal arrow came
That gave the deadly wound.

My fainting spirit is opprest!
Corroding anguish fills my breast.
And is my loved companion gone
And left me friendless and alone?
Alas! pale Death has aimed his blow,
And laid the youthful warrior low;
But long within my mind shall dwell
The memory of our last farewell;
And long his name shall be revered,
By former kindnesses endeared.
Yes! gallant youth, my spirits feel
A wound that time can never heal.
A mutual flame our bosoms fired,
A mutual love our breasts inspired,
Our pleasures and our cares the same;
We felt sweet friendship's hallowed flame,
Purer than that which warms our hearts

When pierced by the fatal darts
That flash from beauty's eye.
Affection twined our souls around,
And virtuous love our union bound
With every sacred tie.

The warlike weapons are no more,
The din of battle now is o'er;
No longer on our peaceful shore
Its dreadful sound I hear.
How are the mighty fallen low!
Oh raise the bitter plaint of woe,
And bid the tear of anguish flow
Around the warrior's bier.

"NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

The blooming Rose whose foliage fair
With splendor decks the vale;
Whose sweets perfume the morning air,
And scent the evening gale;
Though rich and dazzling to our eyes,
The tints its leaves adorn,
Yet, ah! beneath its beauty, lies,
Concealed, a treacherous thorn.

The moral muse a theme may find
In this delusive flower;
It strongly pictures on the mind
Life's desultory hour:

Whose prospects, opening to the view,
Seem fair as summer's morn;
Yet mingled sorrows prove too true,
"No rose without a thorn!"

When, flushed with youth, we first appear,
Hope paints, in colors gay,
Long hours of peace and rapture near,
Along the devious way;
Till, disappointed of our aim,
Its flattering smiles we mourn,
And, sighing at our lot, exclaim,
"No rose without a thorn!"

When Beauty's smiles our hearts allure,
And tune the soul to joy,
We fondly hope to find secure
Pure bliss without alloy.
Yet when the heart, enchained by love,
With jealous fears is torn,
Too soon the hapless lovers prove
"No rose without a thorn."

The brightest prospects lure our eyes,
Of power, of wealth, and fame;
Eager we grasp the glittering prize,
But find an empty name.
And when the gilded phantom's known,
Dejected and forlorn,
The mournful truth our bosoms own,
"No rose without a thorn."

Such is the destined lot of all,
Along this vale below;
Now Pleasure's sweetest showers may fall,
And now the storms of woe.
To scenes of sorrow and of pain,
The human race is born;
Then cease expecting to obtain
"The rose without the thorn."

But let us learn Life's ills to bear,
To Heaven's will resigned;
Its joys partake, its sorrows share,
With calm content of mind.
For he who murmurs at his fate,
Deserves contempt and scorn;
He'd find, in Life's most envied state,
"No rose without a thorn."

SONG.

How sweet at that hour, when the moon, mildly beaming,
Illumes with pale lustre the murmuring grove,
And each star in the blue arch of heaven is streaming,
To wander alone with the maid that I love!

Let the rich and the great boast their pomp and their splendor,
Their midnight carousals and gay revelry;
Ah! fleeting and faint are the pleasures they render,
Compared with the calm of the evening to me.

To their wealth, and their pride, and their grandeur a stranger,
Mine be the rapture this hour can impart;
As slow o'er the woodlands and valleys I wander
With her who, alone, shares my joys and my heart.

While I view the sweet smile on her countenance glowing,
As wave her dark locks to the soft evening air,
I feel Love's tender power on my bosom bestowing
A charm for all grief, and a balm for all care.

MALVINA'S DREAM.

(Paraphrased from Ossian's Crorna, "It was the voice of my love," etc.)

Was it my Oscar struck my view,
Darting along the sun's bright beams?
It was his voice—but ah! how few
His visits to Malvina's dreams!

Fathers of Toscar! from on high,
Ah! open wide your airy halls;
Bend from your clouds that gild the sky,
For 'tis your loved Malvina calls!

The hour of my departure's near;
A voice has summoned me away;
The sound was pleasant in my ear,
Nor will my fluttering soul delay.

Why did the murmuring blast arise
From the dark rolling of the lake?

It filled my heart with sad surprise,
And bade my slumbering eyes awake.

Its rustling wing was in the trees
That waved their branches o'er my head,
And, wafted on the distant breeze,
Afar the pleasing dream had fled.

But yet Malvina saw her love
Upon a shadowy cloud reclined;
Slow through the air he seemed to move,
His dark locks floating on the wind.

At times, dim gleaming through the cloud
The mists that veil his form unfold;
The sun-beams decked his airy shroud,
It glittered like the Stranger's gold.

Say, was it Oscar struck my view,
Darting along the sun's bright beams?
It was his voice—but ah! how few
His visits to Malvina's dreams!

PARAPHRASE OF AN EXTRACT FROM THE ITALIAN BY MRS. RADCLIFF.

"Call up the spirit of the Ocean—bid him raise the storm. The waves begin to heave, to curl, to foam. The white surges run far upon the darkening waters, and mighty sounds of strife are heard.

Wrapped in the midnight of the clouds sits Terror meditating woe. Her doubtful form appears and fades. Like the shadow of Death, when it mingles with the gloom of the sepulchre, and broods in lonely silence. Her spirits are abroad. They do her bidding. Hark to the shrieks! the echoes of the shores have heard."

Spirits of the stormy deep!
In your caves no longer sleep!
Bid the slumbering billows roar,
And the winds be still no more!

Hark! the dreadful voice they hear,
It forebodes the tempest near;
Starting at the threat'ning sound,
The dark-blue waves roll wild around:
Loud on the craggy rocks they beat,
Now rise, now fall, now part, now meet;
The foaming surges, mounting high,
Far on the darkening waters fly;
And while the storm increases fast,
Borne distant on the howling blast,
Dread sounds, commingled, chill the waves,
And louder still grim Horror raves.

Wrapped in the midnight of the cloud,
Concealed within her sable shroud,
Sits Terror—meditating woe,
In awful accents, muttering low.

Now dim her doubtful form appears,
While shuddering Nature starts and fears:
Now fades along the darksome gloom,
Like shadows o'er the dead man's tomb,
When, mingling with the awe profound,
They watch, in silent state around.

Her spirits, on the midnight air,
To do her dread commands, prepare;
While Echo, to the farthest shore,
Bears, on the gale, the thundering roar.

"MATILDA."

(Imitation of "Lochaber no more.")

When the dew-drops of evening impearl in the shade,
And moonbeams illume with mild lustre the glade,
Matilda oft wanders alone through the vale,
And tells, in faint murmurs, her sorrowing tale.

False love has deprived her, forever, of rest,
And despair's dreaded frenzy prevails in her breast;
Her peace is departed, her joys are all o'er,
And hope can enliven her bosom no more.

Her soul-piercing accents, and eyes glaring wild,
Declare that the maiden is Misery's child;
Not a gleam of enjoyment her heart can retain,
It beats but to anguish, it throbs but to pain!

Though often remembrance calls her to view,
Her pleasures, that vanished like morn's early dew;
Yet ah! it but tells her those pleasures are o'er,
And that joy will enliven her bosom no more.

Compassion, Matilda, thy wounds cannot heal,
Nor assuage the deep pangs fate has doomed thee to feel;
Yet our bosoms will melt at thy sad tale of woe,
And will bid the soft tear of sweet sympathy flow.

And that Power will preserve thee, who, seated on high,
Regards the afflicted with merciful eye;
Ah! soon in the grave will thy sorrows be o'er,
And memory torture thy bosom no more.

THE RAINBOW.

How fair the rainbow meets the view!
Far livelier tints, of every hue,
Than e'er the artist's pencil drew,
Are pictured there;
And form, around the horizon blue,
An arch in air.

Vain beauties! for how soon they die!
How swift they fade along the sky;
Ere yet they strike the raptured eye,
Their charms are o'er;
Fleet as the breeze that passes by,
And comes no more!

Such are the flattering visions gay,
That glitter round life's opening day;
Brightened by fancy's kindling ray,
Awhile they burn!
But soon, too soon, they glide away,
And ne'er return!

So transient is the fairest flower
That, high in beauty's festive bower,
Nurtured by Fortune's favoring shower,
Is seen to bloom!
So short is Youth's enchanting hour,
So sure its doom!

But the endowments of the mind,
When beauty's powers are all resigned,
And youth's fond days are left behind,
Shall still remain;
And, with unfading wreaths entwined,
Their charms retain!

VERSIFICATION OF JOB, 14TH CHAPTER,

(From the beginning to the 12th verse, omitting the 3d and 4th).

Vain and delusive are the hopes of man!
The short-lived tenant of this vale below.
Few are his days—and fleeting his enjoyments—
The child of woe—the meteor of an hour!
Down the swift current of descending time

He glides, unconscious of its headlong force,
Which bears him from the cradle to the tomb.
Through every path, where turn his wayward steps,
A train of sorrows and of ills attends him,
And clouds each opening pleasure that appears
To cheer the gloom of Life's bewildered way.

Like the fair flower, that blooms in nature's pride,
Diffusing odors o'er the lowly vale,
Or wildly waving to the mountain breeze;
Though charms unnumbered may attract the eye,
When, glistening with dew, its leaves unfold,
And gayly brighten morning's earliest dawn,
Yet, ere the mid-day sun illumes the skies,
Ere one short day has seen the blossom bloom,
The rustling blast, unconscious of its beauty,
Bears it, relentless, from its native stalk,
And rudely scatters o'er the distant wave
Its boasted sweets. . . . Or like a summer cloud,
Whose darkening shadow glides before the view,
And spreads o'er earth a momentary gloom,
Then flies—is vanished—and is seen no more.
Such is the transient state of earthly things,
And such the allotted destiny of man.

His bounds are set by Heaven's dread decree,
His days determined, and the Great Creator
Hath placed the barrier that obstructs his course,
And fixed, unchangeably, the fatal hour
Which dooms him, breathless, to the grave's cold bed.

Forbear thy vengeance—righteous Power on high!
Avert thy judgment—stay thy chastening hand!
From the devoted victim—and bestow
Peace and repose—soft mercy's gifts divine!
On the remainder of Life's lingering years,
Till its appointed duties are accomplished,
And, as an hireling, he performs his day.

The tree, which now, extended on the plain,
Lies scattered wide, the sport of every wind,
A victim to the lightning's fiery rage!
Fallen is the pride with which it towered on high,
And now, deformed and torn, its spreading branches
Are slowly mingling with surrounding dust.
Yet 'mid the desolation that prevails,
Hope still remains to tell the pleasing tale,
That, though a vestige of its former greatness
The fond inquirer can no longer trace;
That though the place, which once its burden knew,
Knows it no more, and every charm is lost
That late endeared it to the passing eye;
Yet that, enlivened by the showers of heaven,
Some future hour shall see it proudly rise;
New sprouts will flourish from the parent root,
And, by the fostering hand of time matured,
Will form, upon the now deserted spot,
A second tree, whose branches, waving broad,
Shall shield the plain, through ages yet to come—
Bend to the summer breeze, and brave the storm.

But man, when low in dust, revives no more:
In that dread hour, which seals his eyes in night,
Health's fairest bloom and Beauty's loveliest charms
Fade from the view; and do they e'er return?
Darkness hangs o'er the pillow of the dying,
And veils futurity from mortal eyes.
And even Hope, sweet soother of the heart!
But faintly smiles when death approaches near;
For when the breath of life forsakes the body,
Where is it fled? 'tis gone—but tell me where?

As fail the waters from the boundless deep,
And as the flood decays, and wastes away,
So man—reposing in the arms of death—
Lies down, and riseth not, nor shall he rise
From the dark slumbers of the iron tomb,
Till the last thunders shake the astonished Heavens,
And hurl the planets, flaming, from their heights!
Till earth shall vanish—ocean cease to roll—
And startled Nature hear a voice proclaiming
In awful accents—"TIME SHALL BE NO MORE!"

TRIFLES "LIGHT AS AIR."

Correspondence with a young lady occasioned by an appearance of melancholy in her countenance.—Extract from Cumberland's "Arundel."

I.

Tell me, Louisa,—tell me why
Thy bosom draws the heaving sigh?
Art thou deserted or betrayed?

Say, who can wrong thee, gentle maid?
Is thy *love* absent or unkind?
What anguish racks Louisa's mind?

ANSWER BY M. W. H.

II.

With *eyes half open*, you might see
That it's not Love disquiets me.
I'm not "*deserted nor betrayed*,"
No *lovelorn*, *sighing*, *pining* maid.
No, my whole heart is all my own,
My spirit free—my *power* well known.
Then seek some other cause to know
Of Margaret's too obvious woe;
And happy, if you chance to find
The care that rankles in my mind,
Antonio—pity and redress,
And so may Heaven hereafter bless!

MARGARET.

III.

I've read your answer o'er and o'er,
At least a *dozen times* or more;
And racked and tortured my invention
To find out its concealed intention;
But, after all, have not divined
What secret anguish fills your mind.
Is it that conscience will upbraid,
At times, thy conduct, cruel maid?
And in each solitary hour,

Bids thee lament thy boasted power?
Say, is it that her mirror true
Will oft present to fancy's view
The tears that have for thee been shed,
The *hearts* thou'st *numbered with the dead?*
And do these thoughts thy peace destroy,
And cloud each opening beam of joy?
If so, pray listen to a friend,
And mark my words—*repent! amend!*
And rather than provoke such sighs,
From us poor mortals, shut thine eyes!
If this is not the cause, I own
It still remains to me unknown.
And I must beg thee to disclose,
In plainer language, all thy woes.
"Let not concealment, like the worm
Whose fangs the loveliest flowers deform,
Upon thy cheek of damask prey,
Or pluck the bloom of health away." [1]
Yes, Margaret, I can pity thee,
And drop the tear of sympathy;
And for thy wrongs, could I but guess them,
With all my heart I would redress them.

ANTONIO.

IV.

Not yet the cause have you defined,
The fatal cause that pains my mind;

[1] "Let not concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on thy damask cheek."—SHAKESPEARE.

But since your answer was so *charming*,
And your suspense becomes alarming,
To my sad tale, oh give thine ear,
And all the *wondrous truth* you'll hear.
By lovers haunted all the while,
Who strive to win my partial smile,
Of the motley crew, which one to choose,
I cannot tell—if all refuse,
Fast, fast, my youthful years will fly,
And all my roses fade and die;
Too soon the rose, the lily, fades,
And lo! the land of *Cross Old Maids*
Opes on my sight. I shrink aghast!
Oh! of all ills this is the last.
From this lone state, ye powers, defend me!
But ah! take care what *lad* you send me!
Antonio, dost thou wonder now
Why grief and care cloud my young brow!
While Scylla and Charybdis fright me,
And sports and sleigh-rides ne'er delight me.

MARGARET.

V.

At last the mystery is out,
All now is clear as day, no doubt;
And for your kindness in disclosing
This *wondrous secret*, and reposing
Such trust in me, I must beg leave
To ask your ladyship to receive,
Pure from a heart sincere and fervent,
The thanks of your *most humble servant*,

And to permit me to propose
Some means to alleviate your woes.
If *pity* draws the streaming tear,
And bids your feeling bosom fear
That, if from the "motley crew" you choose
One favored "lad"—the rest refuse—
The poor, neglected *souls*, so sad,
Will *shoot themselves*, or else *go mad*,
Don't mind it—tell them, with a frown,
That all must not expect a *crown;*
That few on earth a *sceptre* wield,
And few are *first* in glory's field.

But if, as shrewdly I suspect,
The reason why you all reject,
Is, that among the crowds that sigh,
Pierced by the lightning of your eye,
You find not *one* who claims the art
To win the gentle Margaret's heart;
Not one that virtue can approve,
Or one that's worthy Margaret's love—
'Tis all a whim—you're too precise:
Accept for once a friend's advice,
Nor be so anxious to discover
The sense or *nonsense* of your lover;
For of *our sex* this truth I know,
Perfection dwells not here below.

To 'scape the dark and dismal shades
That veil the land of "*Cross Old Maids*,"

And shun the numerous ills that wait
On that *deserted, lonely* state,
The surest method that I know,
And that, alas! not *always* so,
Is this. But stay—you first must swear
You'll not reveal it anywhere.
For I am not about to mention
A subject of no *mean invention;*
'Twas not designed for all to hear,
Not meant for *every maiden's* ear;
But if you'll say you will not tell,
And vow to keep the secret well,
True as the miser to his coffers,
You have it—*take the first that offers!*

ANTONIO.

P. S. If any one should call to-day,
And "*pop the question,*" as they say,
Pray, let him linger till to-morrow,
Before you soothe his heart of sorrow;
For, if unpromised you'll remain
Till then, *I'll come if 't doesn't rain!*

A.

REBUS.

A flower, the first in Flora's train,
Fairest of all that deck the plain:
The muse who tunes the sacred lyres:
The words which love sincere inspires,

When low at beauty's shrine we bow
And true and lasting homage vow:
That good supreme which all desire,
All strive to gain, yet few acquire:
That charm divine which glistens gay
In her whose name these lines portray:
A chief, for wisdom famed of old,
Whose tale the Grecian bard has told:
A maiden's name, whose winning art
Has twined a "*love-net*" round my heart:
What far Peruvia's mines enclose:
The hour devoted to repose:
And that which dimples beauty's cheeks,
And gay good-humor's sway bespeaks:
These, when arranged in order due,
Disclose the name I mean, to view.

REBUS, No. 2.

TO MISS * * *.

What decks the azure sky at even?
Who dwell within the courts of heaven?
What does the miser toil to find?
What fires the warrior's daring mind?
What beats within my breast so true,
* * * whene'er I think of you?
What is that little twist of gold
Which on your finger I behold?

What was her name, for I've forgot,
Who dwelt on Eden's happy spot?
What's that amusement, lately slighted,
Which you and me has oft delighted?
What is that power which joy insures,
And binds, I hope, my heart to yours?
What is that virtue pure which glows
In her whose name these lines compose?
Whence do love's fatal arrows fly,
That bid the wounded bosom sigh?
What is that passion—can you guess,
Which I can feel, but can't express?
And what cold month concludes the year,
And bids us hope that snow is near?
These questions, if you answer true,
Will give a well-known name to view.

CHAPTER III.

1811–1818.

Leaves Guilford.—Arrival in New York.—Enters Jacob Barker's Counting-room.—First Letters.—His Business Associates.—New York in 1811.—Visits Guilford.—Poem appears in Columbian.—The Iron Grays.—The Ugly Club.—Literature of 1800–'15.—Becomes acquainted with DeKay and Drake.—Visits to Hunter's Point and Love Lane.—"The Culprit Fay."—Goes to North Carolina.—At Drake's Wedding.—Washington and Warren Bank.—Receives Poetical Epistles from Drake.—Writes Songs for Miss McCall.—Poem, "Twilight."—Anecdote.

IN the month of May, 1811, when Fitz-Greene Halleck was nearly twenty-one years of age, he departed from his native village —without leaving a single enemy behind him —to seek after fame and fortune in the city of New York. The latter he never acquired, but the former he most assuredly soon found, and continued to share with his comrades, Cooper and Irving, with Bryant and Paulding. For some time unsuccessful in obtaining a position, he was on the eve of departure for Richmond, Virginia, when he was introduced by Noah Talcott, a New-York merchant, to Jacob Barker, one of the leading bankers and most prominent business men of that day, who, pleased with

his appearance and conversation, gave him a place in his counting-room at 84 South Street. Halleck, in a letter to his father, dated New York, July 22, 1811, the first that has come into my possession, says:

"In my last I informed you of my expectation of going to Richmond, and, as I fear that that plan, for various reasons, did not meet your approval, I am pleased now to remove your apprehensions, by informing you that Jacob Barker has offered me a salary, and that I have accepted his terms and engaged for one year. * * * By the last London papers I observe that Richard Cumberland, the celebrated author, and the last of the renowned Literary Club, is no more. He died in London some time in May—was buried in a splendid and honorable manner in Westminster Abbey, near the remains of the immortal Garrick, where a tomb is preparing to be erected to his memory. Light, say I, lie his ashes, and hallowed be the turf that pillows his head. * * * The intelligence of the repeal of the Berlin and Milan Decrees occasioned some agitation in this city, but has not yet led to movements of a decisive nature. None appear sufficiently willing to trust to the good faith of Bonaparte, to risk their property by sending it to France; and the report to-day, respecting the repeal, is contradicted. Jacob Barker has had a vessel lately sequestered in Gallipoli, a port near Naples, Italy, and a few days since he heard of her condemnation."

How this extract carries us back to the days when De Witt Clinton was Mayor of New York and lived at Richmond Hill—the time of Robert Fulton, when a steamboat left every Tuesday and Saturday for Albany, arriving there in something less than two days, and a stage started from the corner of Cortlandt Street and Broadway daily, for Boston and Philadelphia! How, with our mind's eye, we see the Liliputian city of less than one hundred thousand inhabitants, with its Battery, where the old burghers and citizens of those days would, as Irving tells us, "repair of an afternoon to smoke their pipes under the shade of the branches, contemplating the golden sun, as he gradually sunk in the west, an emblem of that tranquil end toward which themselves were hastening: while the young men and the damsels of the town would take many a moonlight stroll among these favorite haunts, watching the chaste Cynthia tremble along the calm bosom of the bay, or light up the white sail of some gliding bark, and interchanging the honest vows of constant affection."

In a recent conversation with the poet in regard to the wonderful changes in the city, he remarked that, when he first came to New York, Nathaniel Prime lived in the historical Kennedy House, occupied by Washington, and still standing, at No. 1 Broadway; Henry Cruger, the colleague of Edmund Burke in the English House of Commons, to whom is incorrectly attributed the speech, "I say ditto to Mr. Burke," in

Greenwich Street; Archibald Gracie, corner of Bridge and State Streets; John Jacob Astor, at 223 Broadway; Jacob Barker, at 34 Beekman Street: Oliver Wolcott, in Pine Street; and that nearly all the aristocracy of the city resided adjacent to the Battery, that being then, and for many years afterward, the focus of fashion—that the only survivors among the prominent New-Yorkers of that day whom he could then (October, 1867) recall, were his friends, Jacob Barker, now of New Orleans, and Gulian C. Verplanck, then a member of the Historical Society and a trustee of the Society Library, located at No. 16 Nassau Street, and of which John Pintard was secretary and librarian.

In the following letters, addressed to his sister, we get some account of his fellow-clerks at Jacob Barker's, together with a glimpse of his manner of life in the new city home:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Aug.* 3, 1811.

DEAR MARIA: I embrace a short interval of leisure to give you a description of the clerks in Jacob Barker's counting-house, as, perhaps, the names and characters of my companions may not be uninteresting to you. The formation of an extensive acquaintance with the world did not fall to the lot of my early years, and the novelty attendant on the acquisition of new friends—friends in a certain sense of the word, I mean—opens a

source of pleasure hitherto unknown. True, it is not a real pleasure, but 'tis gratifying to trace the endless variety of man, to mark the different propositions, passions, and pursuits, as well as situations, of our fellow-creatures: and it will not, perhaps, be unproductive of benefit to learn that a proportionate degree of happiness is allotted to all, that those states in life to which we naturally attach felicity are not without their cares and anxieties, and that although our path may not appear so thickly strewed with roses, yet it is far less choked with thorns. These reflections we have often been taught to make from books, but it is not till in the school of experience we have been taught the lesson that we acknowledge their truth. Some of our clerks and others with whom I am acquainted, are, as Burr says, "of the best blood in the country," and belong to the first circles; yet, when they once become known, the difference between their real character and that of the plebeian order is scarcely perceivable. But a truce with moralizing. You can make what use of the above remarks you please, or pass them over unregarded.

The names of our clerks, to place them according to rank, are as follows: James B——r, James N. G——d, Thomas B——r, Samuel W——s, and Alfred S——n. J. B——r was born, I believe, in Nantucket. He has no father living, and at fourteen or sixteen years Mr. Barker took him for his adopted son. He gave him a good English education here, sent him to

France, where he remained two years, and has since kept him in his counting-house. Till within the past year he has treated him as his son, and furnished him with money, or, indeed, any thing he wanted: but for about that time he has restricted him to a salary of five hundred dollars per annum, and, as he has been unused to living on such a scanty annuity, he has involved himself in debt to a large amount, with no means of payment except Jacob's generosity, who, though he evidently loves him with a father's fondness, yet, in pursuance of his attempt to teach him economy, refuses to pay any of his debts. James is a fine young fellow, very pretty-looking—I say pretty, for he has quite a boyish appearance—has a peculiar talent for attracting the good graces of the females of his acquaintance, and is, properly speaking, a "ladies' man." He stutters a little, and is very agreeable, of an excellent disposition, open, frank, and generous to a fault; but, alas, he has one crime, which no repentance can atone for—"he is poor." On my first entrance into the office, he appeared very anxious to form an intimacy with me; his condescending and amiable manners soon endeared him to *me*, and we vowed eternal friendship when we had hardly seen each other an hour. By the way, he was desperately in love with a young lady at a village called Coldsprings, on Long Island, and, making a *confidante* of me, delighted to dwell on the subject of his Rebecca, and told me a number of pretty little things

about her, which, though most undoubtedly, of the first importance to *him*, to *me* appeared rather nonsensical. To conclude, about two weeks ago he came one morning into the room where I was writing; went out in a few minutes, hired a horse and carriage to go into the country, and has not since been heard of. Immediately after his departure, a number of bills against him were brought in, one in particular for shoes, from June 10th to July 3d, $29.50. From that you can judge of the rest. How soon he will return is uncertain.

James N. G——d is about twenty years old, very steady and attentive to his business, good-humored, and always the same. He is, without doubt (to say nothing of myself) the best clerk in the office. He lives somewhere in Greenwich Street. His father is rich, but what is his business, or whether he does any, I cannot say. G——d has been through Columbia College, and has been with Mr. Barker almost a year. He has now gone into the country; will stay two or three weeks.

Tommy B——r (as Jacob calls him) is from Nantucket. He is, perhaps, nineteen; understands doing business very well, but is of so haughty, overbearing disposition when he has the power, that he is not very well liked. To me he, however, is very conciliating, and I think him possessed of good sense and good abilities.

Samuel W——s is the son of a cartman, though his

father is possessed of considerable property in Oliver Street. He is a handsome young man, and good-natured, which are all the good qualities he has. Nature, in forming him, made a blunder, for he is not quite so deep as the Red Sea, and rather empty in the garret. He has been here two years, and cannot make a simple entry. He pretends to be a good singer, and is one of the worst I ever heard. He forms, however, a good one for the rest to crack their jokes upon, and is the jest for the whole; in short, he is the exact counterpart of John Collins—enough.

Alfred S——n is the son of James S——n, of the firm of Hoffman, S——n & Co., and one of the first merchants in the city. Alfred has been in Columbia College, has been to Portugal and most parts of the United States. He is possessed of very good parts, but very lazy, and apt to leave the house as soon as he can. Bred in a high style, and always indulged, the idea of subordination to which Jacob Barker compels him wounds his feelings, and the disgrace of having to sweep out shop and make fires is too much for his patrician dignity. He lisps a good deal, and talks like Henry R——r, except his voice is more manly. He has good talents, and, I trust, will make a good merchant.

So much for the characters and description of Jacob Barker's young men. As for their stations, James B——r formerly kept the ledger, Sam. W——s the

journal, James N. C——d the bank accounts, Thomas B——r the custom-house books, F. G. H. the cash-book, and Alfred S——n copied letters, etc., etc. While S. W——s was gone I kept the journal, and Jacob told me yesterday to take the ledger if J. B——r did not return this week.

Jacob has a house in Beekman Street, very elegant. He has lately lived at Hamilton Square, at a seat about four miles from the city. He has now gone to Rockaway, on the south side of Long Island, a place famous for fashionable resort, with his wife and brothers. His wife is a good-looking woman, and dresses in the complete Quaker style, very neat and plain. She was from Nantucket. Her father was rich, and it was by his means that Jacob got established in business, being of a poor family himself. Mr. Hazard, his wife's father, and his uncle, placed him with Isaac Hicks, a respectable merchant of this city, of whom he learned his talent for making bargains, aided by the gifts which Nature had bountifully bestowed upon him. He dresses like and professes to be a Quaker, dates his letters 8th mo., instead of August, calls the days of the week 1st, 2d, and 3d, instead of Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and uses thee and thou, etc. * *

He seldom comes into the office before ten in the morning; stays an hour; goes to the coffee-house; returns at two; stays five minutes; goes to dinner: returns at five, and stays an hour and a half, and then

goes home. Such is almost a regular journal of the daily occurrences.

For myself, I rise about six o'clock; go to the office and read newspapers till seven; walk through the market till half-past seven; then go to breakfast; return to the counting-house and stay till one. From one to two I am allowed an hour to dine in, and, as that does not take ten minutes, I have nearly an hour's leisure, in which I generally read. At seven I return to my lodgings, and the evening have to myself. In the winter I expect to devote my evening hours to writing.

So glides my bark adown the stream of time. I do not say that its wave is never ruffled nor its current always smooth. Every station has its attendant cares. Yet I do not think my present one has more than the past.

* * * * * *

August 5.

I yesterday went over to New Jersey for the purpose of seeing Catherine Foote, and had the honor of going in the same boat with the Rev. Dr. Bowden and Mr. Barry, two Episcopal clergymen. Dr. Bowden is famous for his "Letters to Dr. Miller on Episcopacy," and is Professor of Logic and Belles-Lettres in Columbia College. Mr. Barry preaches in the French Church du St. Esprit, and occasionally in the church in Jersey City. I waited nearly three hours, during which time Mr. Caldwell's family were gone to church,

before I could see Catherine, who was gone to ride out with a Miss Murray. During her absence, Dr. Birch, her attendant physician, came to visit her, and waited with me for some time. He is a very handsome, fine man; and as I had, to amuse myself, taken up Southey's "Joan of Arc," which I found on the table, and was reading it when he came in, he commenced a conversation on the subject of poetry, of which I found him to be enthusiastically fond. He spoke of Campbell in high terms, and repeated one of his pieces, which I had never read, written during a visit to his native town in Argyleshire. Some lines of it were exquisitely beautiful. He said that he was well acquainted with a gentleman just arrived from England, who was very intimate with Campbell, and related that he was now at a seat near London, but that his circumstances were so involved, he was obliged to confine himself for fear of his creditors, and that he was engaged in completing a long and labored poem for publication, the manuscript of which his friend had seen. Dr. Birch also, speaking of Walter Scott, affirmed that he sold his copyright of the "Lady of the Lake" to a bookseller for the enormous price of 2s. 6d. sterling per line—a good encouragement—faith.

I at length had the pleasure—if an emotion in which pain was the predominant passion could be so termed—of seeing Catherine, but she was so altered I hardly knew her, so pale and emaciated, so ghastly

her countenance, so languid her eyes, and so feeble her whole appearance. I felt inexpressibly affected, and stayed but a short time. There are some hopes of her recovery, but alas! the contrary is the dictate of reason.

Mr. Caldwell has a pretty situation, commanding an extensive view of the sea, the city, and the adjacent country, and constantly refreshed by the sea-breezes. His house is decently furnished, but, having lately had a peep into some other houses in this city, I found nothing in the furniture of his to attract attention. His daughters are, some of them, handsome.

The theatre is now shut, and has been for two months. I went twice on my first arrival in the city, once to hear Cumberland's "West Indian," with Foote's farce of the "Liar," and McFarland's song of "Oh the land of sweet Erin is a land of delight," and once to see the powers of the celebrated Cooke in "Richard the Third," and of Hobson, a good comic actor and singer in the "Lock and Key." Mrs. Mason is a good actress, and Mrs. Stanley excels in tragedy. Mrs. Oldmixon's powers of acting are great, and, if she was not so abominably homely and ugly, she would receive unbounded applause. Mrs. Claude is considered very handsome, but when I saw her she had such an unconscionable quantity of paint on her face, that she looked hideous. I like Miss Rykman, for my own part, best. She sometimes performs the

character of a waiting maid, and looks enchanting in a checked apron. Her character, however, like most of the rest of them, is rather "tollolish," to use a Yankee phrase.

To the circus I have been once. It affords but little variety, and is always much alike. The riders display a great deal of agility and dexterity, and certainly deserve applause, which is generally given by the audience indiscriminately and without hesitation. They vary a little in pantomimes. The scenery in them is beautiful, but there is little pleasing in witnessing a conversation in which not a word is said. Mr. Haswell sings the popular song of "The Bay of Biscay O" at the circus, and sings it well.

* * * * * *

August 14.

Since writing the foregoing, I have received, per Captain Elliot, your letters of the 23d ult. and 9th inst. How E. Gregory could conceive the idea that I had nothing to do, I cannot imagine. Since I have been in this office I have not seen that moment. I have now a more responsible situation allotted me, in consequence of James B——'s absence: that of keeping the ledger, which, although it entitles me to the name of bookkeeper and gives me an authority over the rest, yet I find it, in the poet's language, a "painful preeminence," as it requires more care and attention than any other station in the counting-house, and allows me no leisure during business hours.

Some of your interrogatories respecting my affairs are anticipated in the preceding scrawls. Relative to J. B.'s age, I think him about thirty-two, and his wife, perhaps, twenty-five. They have two or three children. He has returned from Rockaway and now gone to Albany, with his wife, for two weeks or more.

I received yesterday, through Horace Elliot, a letter from George,[1] in which he mentions the success of my "poetry." I have requested him to send me the newspapers which contain it, but, lest he should not, wish you to send them to me, if you can conveniently do so.

In my next I will give you an account of my boarding-house acquaintances, which are quite numerous.

Please present my compliments to Lydia Cezanne, if she is still in Guilford.

Catherine Foote left New York for Guilford yesterday. Poor girl, I shall see her no more.

Yours, F. G. H.

Miss Cezanne, mentioned in the foregoing letter, is the same young lady to whom, in his boyish days, the poet had addressed so many stanzas. The following year, young DeKay, while pursuing his medical studies at Guilford, was quite captivated by the charming and agreeable Lydia.

The love of nature which he had so ardently cultivated in his rambles around Guilford, Halleck con-

[1] George A. Foote.

tinued to cherish in his city residence. At that time it was an easy matter to reach the breezy hills, the golden orchards, and the green fields. The town was not built up to Canal Street, through which, after passing Lispenard's meadow, a sluggish rivulet entered the Hudson River: beyond, the island was "charmingly diversified with heights and hollows, groves alternating with sunny openings, shining tracks of rivulets, quiet country seats with trim gardens, broad avenues of trees, and lines of pleached hawthorn hedges." On the North River shore, above Canal Street, "the dark rocks jutted out far into the water, with little bays between; above which drooped fruit-trees overrun with wild vines. No less beautiful were the shores of the East River, where the orchards of the Stuyvesant estate reached to cliffs butting over the water; and still farther on were inlets between rocky banks bristling with red cedars. Some idea of this beauty may be formed from looking at what remains of the natural shore of New-York Island where the tides of the East River rush to and fro by the rocky ridge of Jones's Woods." [1]

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Aug.* 20, 1811.

DEAR MARIA: In my last I gave you a long and tedious account of J. B. and his clerks, and promised

[1] William Cullen Bryant.

to describe my boarding-house acquaintances at some future period. Uncertain whether such a subject is pleasing to you or not, I enter upon it not without some fears that you will deem it but as labor lost, to waste time in describing to you persons whom you never have known and probably never will know: yet, from the necessity I am under of writing you now and then—for ceremony's sake as it were—I can think of nothing that can answer this purpose and furnish a topic at this time but this: so, dull or delightful, you shall have it.

In a place like New York, a boarding-house is of necessity the resort of strangers, of whom many stay but a few days and then are off. This, though it renders one's acquaintance more extensive, yet prevents our being intimate with each other. I shall mention the names of all who have resided in the house, not excepting occasional boarders. Let me see; there's a confounded long list of them. B——d, B——s, K——g, M——d, L——e, N——s, B——s, P——s, T——e, L——g, L——t, D——s, L——d, B——s, and H——n.

B——d is from Rocky Hill, Conn., and keeps a dry goods store of his own in William Street. He is a tall man, with a pale, sickly countenance, famous for making fun, and is constantly at it. He sometimes renders himself really ridiculous in his attempts to appear apparently so; but is on the whole a very good

mimic; which I think is about all he is good for, except to sing Irish songs and practice theatrical attitudes, in both which he excels. He is quite a ladies' man, and figures in the *beau-monde* of William Street: his disposition and character are well adapted to suit such a fickle, rattle-headed set of beings as the female sex in general.

B——s is about twenty-two, and the handsomest man, without exception, I ever saw. His dress is very neat, and he always looks as though he had just been lifted out of a bandbox. He is a clerk to Cairns & Lord, dry goods dealers, Pearl Street. His disposition appears very good, and his conduct and character are unimpeachable. He is intimate with B——d in the belles' parties, but in my opinion there is a great dissimilarity between them. B——s is from Hartford, Conn.

K——g is from Middletown, New Jersey, a clerk with Lathrop & Carrington, William Street, dry goods. He is a steady, well-behaved young man; is, I believe, a member of the Presbyterian Church; he is, however, very sociable, and no bigot; he understands the French language, is a good musician, and bids fair to make a worthy member of society.

M——d is a clerk in the Merchants' Bank, is a mean-looking fellow, as his countenance bears an exact resemblance to a monkey; he was formerly a journeyman tailor, and worked with Mr. Scoville in Albany

some months, but, as he fortunately writes a good hand, has exchanged the thimble for the quill and the shop-board for the desk. He plays extremely well on the flute, and is a famous player at whist. He is from Ridgefield, Conn.

L——e is with Simon Stebbins, wholesale grocer, Front Street; he has a very handsome person, but is without doubt one of the *smallest* persons of his *size* I ever knew. His economy dwindles into meanness, though undoubtedly he will get rich. He writes a good hand, and when I lived in Guilford we used to receive bills and receipts in his handwriting. I remarked it at the time, but had then little expectation of ever being acquainted with him. He too, is from Ridgefield, Conn.

N——e is from Watertown, Conn.; he is a brother-in-law to Mr. Wheeler, the Episcopal clergyman, whom you probably recollect was in Guilford at the Convention. He was formerly a clerk with Truman & Woodward, New Haven, and is now with John B. Tredwell, dry goods, Pearl Street. He is a very good fellow and an agreeable companion.

B——s was in New York but a few weeks, he was from New Haven, the son of Nathan B——s, was a still, sober-looking lad, and if he knew any thing, from my short intimacy with him, I could not discover it.

P——s was originally from Durham. He served an apprenticeship with Nathan B——s, New Haven, and was in the bank there for some time, and now is

with Stephens & Ely, dry goods, Pearl Street. He is a most beautiful writer and an excellent bookkeeper; is very steady, sedate, and reserved; a member of the church; though he has disposed of enough of his Connecticut principles to go to the theatre, occasionally; and on the whole I think him the finest young man in the house: and his principles appear to be good, and to be firmly and immovably rooted, and his behavior is uniformly correct. He has quite a *rustic appearance*, is more than six feet high, stoops when he walks, and resembles Joel Tuttle, Jun., very much.

T——e is from New Haven, was formerly with Forbes, Henry & Co., on the Long Wharf, and is now in the counting-house of N. & W. Starr, South Street. He is a small, but pretty-looking fellow, about twenty-one years old, and I have associated more with him than all the rest, as he is very agreeable and good-humored. Through my acquaintance with him I have formed quite an intimacy with two other young men from New Haven, who do not board with me. Their names are Beach and Ingersol, the latter is a son of J. Ingersol, Esq., New Haven.

L——s is a goldsmith. He is from Norwich, Conn., and is, in the strictest sense of the word, a real Blue skin.

L——t is from Washington, Conn. (the same town, by the way, that Mary Ann C——l was from, with whom he says he was acquainted). He is a large,

sturdy-looking fellow, and would make an excellent farmer—a business he has always heretofore followed—quite awkward in his appearance, walks very slow, with his toes turned in, and moves his whole body whenever he turns round. He is, however, possessed of considerable information, and can hold a conversation on almost any subject. He is with Amory Gamage, dry goods, Pearl Street.

D——s is from Saratoga County, near Ballston Springs, and is with A. Weston, grocer, Burling Slip. He dresses very stylish, but is universally disliked in consequence of his airs of importance and the absurdity which is stamped on all his actions. He is what Hudibras would term

"a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool."

L——d, or Lord, for I do not certainly know which is his true name, is from Norwich, Conn., and a clerk with King & Hyde (where Richard Hill was); he is a singular-looking fellow, and constantly wears a kind of grin on his countenance, somewhere between a smile and a laugh; a more rustic appearance no one ever carried. He seems inclined to pay considerable attention to me, and, as I believe he is a worthy young man, I have no objection to accepting his addresses.

B——s is from Schenectady, has been in New York but a few days, so I know but little about him.

H——n is from New Haven, is in Isaac Carow's hardware store, Pearl Street, and one of the most blunt, or, indeed, *rude, boyish* fellows I ever knew.

Thus have I effaced a large quantity of paper in detailing the persons and characters of my fellow-boarders. To conclude. There is not one of them whose acquaintance I would wish to cultivate, nor with whom I would be willing to intrust my secrets, or place that confidence in which the name and character of a *friend* may claim. It is very difficult, I find, to discover, among the numerous fellow-mortals I meet with, a person whose disposition and ideas are congenial with my own, and whose friendship I might cherish as a valuable acquisition, nor do I expect to find one. G——d, one of my fellow-clerks, would in most respects be worthy one's esteem and confidence, but it requires a longer acquaintance to form a just conclusion.

I accidentally met Gilston Ingraham this morning. He had just come on shore in a boat from the frigate President, where he is now posted; he knew me and seemed very much pleased to see me. He does not appear the least tinctured with that haughtiness and pride generally attached to his profession, but is, on the contrary, too familiar, and talked with his sailors as freely as they did with each other. I suspect he never will have much dignity, but his sailors all appeared to love him.

I send you a Boston newspaper, not because it

came from Boston, but that it contains something which will probably remind you of

Your affectionate brother

F. G. HALLECK.

Halleck was soon advanced to a responsible position, having gained the entire confidence of the great financier, Jacob Barker, and winning troops of friends by his attention to business, his strict integrity, and the possession of those charming social characteristics which ever after adorned his life. The evenings of his first winter in New York he devoted to reading and study, occasionally visiting the Park Theatre to see Cooke or some other celebrated actors or actresses.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *April* 14, 1812.

DEAR SISTER: I wrote you, per Captain Elliot, which I trust you have received. In that letter I mentioned my intention of visiting Guilford soon—a plan which I then expected to carry into effect before this, or, at least by the 20th inst.; but unforeseen circumstances will, I apprehend, detain me some weeks yet, and, perhaps, I may be prevented from taking the projected excursion at all. The sudden intelligence of the expected embargo law flew like wildfire through the mercantile part of the city, and occasioned such a bustle and such confusion, hurry, and dispatch, as I never

before witnessed, and probably never was witnessed here. Jacob had on Saturday five ships in port, neither of which was loaded, and some of them were out of repair and some with inward cargoes, and before six o'clock on Tuesday morning all were at sea. Jacob himself went on board the ship Lady Madison on Saturday, the 4th, and has not since returned, leaving his bank affairs in quite a deranged state, which has rendered my task much more heavy than usual, and it will, when he returns, require considerable time to restore business to its original state—of course leave it very uncertain when I can, with propriety, start for the country. As soon, however, as possible, you will see me, as I long to once again be at home.

Gifford has returned in the Rodman from St. Domingo, but is quite unwell with the fever, contracted in that climate. He has been in New York but three days, and is getting better.

James B——r's application for a commission in the army has proved hitherto unsuccessful, though he still indulges the hope of an appointment soon. Yet, knowing the extreme uncertainty attached to such an expectation, he has lately informed me, in a confidential manner, that he has not only determined to enlist under the banner of Mars, but also to become a candidate for offering an oblation on the altar of Hymen, and he very kindly gave me an invitation to his wedding, to take place in about four weeks. I took it for

granted that a reconciliation with his "dearly-beloved and never-to-be-forgotten" Rebecca. Naiad of the sylvan floods of Coldsprings (Long Island), had led to this happy conclusion of a long and serious courtship, but, to my astonishment, he told me that he and Rebecca had parted, to meet no more, and that the attractions of Miss Somebody—I cannot recollect her name—of Gold Street, consisting of a tolerable handsome person, a *pretty good* disposition, and a fortune of 12,000 dollars, had obliterated the remembrance of Rebecca from his mind, and induced him to make proposals of marriage, which were accepted, and are to be consummated in four weeks. So much for James B——r.

You enquired in some of your letters if I had ever seen Laura Betts. Yes, I have seen her, but very seldom—perhaps four times in the course of six months.

In haste, I am,

Your affectionate brother,

FITZ-G. HALLECK.

[TO ISRAEL HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *April* 24, 1812.

DEAR SIR: From the expectation of seeing you in Guilford soon, I have delayed writing for some weeks past; but, as the time of that expected visit has been prolonged much further than I anticipated, I am

obliged to substitute that kind of conversation of which pen, ink, and paper are the instruments, in place of that far more pleasing method which is carried on face to face.

The new embargo law has deadened for the present the exertions of the mercantile part of this city, and the approaching election appears to excite the attention of all, and operates, instead of business, to prevent industry from slumbering. If one can judge from the language of the newspapers, the proper vehicles for communicating the sentiments of the parties to which the particular newspapers are attached, far more difference of opinion prevails in this city between those who style themselves Republicans, than between even Republicans and Federalists themselves. The clashing interests of the Madisonian and Clintonian parties occasion the most violent paper war, and indeed create personal animosity, and many individuals are acquiring, by means of zeal and assiduity as partisans, a name in the political world, who, otherwise, during the calm measures of undisturbed Republicanism, would never have emerged beyond their native littleness.

* * * * * *

Your affectionate son,

F. G. HALLECK.

The gift which he carried back to Guilford for the home circle, on the occasion of his first visit, at the

expiration of nearly a year's service with Mr. Barker, was an ivory miniature, now in the possession of the author. The artist was an Englishman, concerning whose family nothing was known, and who was believed to be here under an assumed name. He called himself Brown, but, from the mystery which surrounded him, he was by the public known as "Mysterious Brown." He was the best miniature-painter in New York at that time, and numbered among his pupils Nathaniel Rogers, who, at a later period, acquired considerable celebrity as an artist. Halleck celebrated his return to Guilford by giving an entertainment at the principal inn, to which he invited five of his young friends and fellow-townsmen. The merry party sat down to their supper and champagne at eight o'clock, and, with song and story, kept up the convivial meeting until the "sma' hours ayont the twal," going home, like Willie and his two friends, in the famous bacchanalian song,

"With just a drappie in our ee."

The two survivors of the supper-party recall that joyous evening with Halleck, at "The Traveller's Home" of Guilford, as among the happiest of their lives, and one that will never be forgotten

"While Memory holds her seat."

From this delightful visit to the home of his boy-

hood, with its many cherished scenes and "the old familiar faces," we find the poet returning to New York, at the expiration of a fortnight, in the Boston stage, steamers not yet having been established on Long Island Sound.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *June* 12, 1812.

DEAR SISTER: I arrived here on Wednesday morning about five o'clock, after a very pleasant, though in the night a fatiguing ride of twenty hours from Guilford. Although at the commencement of my journey appearances threatened a very crowded stage, yet all my companions from G. were left at New Haven, and I had only one fellow-passenger from thence to New York, a Mr. Wolcott, son of Alexander Wolcott, of Middletown, whose name you may perhaps remember as famous in the annals of Connecticut politics. He proved an agreeable companion —and, what is rare at the present day—was enthusiastically fond of poetry, and having a memory at least *equal* to my own. We astonished the stage drivers with our declamations and quotations and rhapsodies and criticisms during the journey. He is an officer in the United States service (old establishment), and going to New York to join his regiment.

I was received with a welcome the most cordial and ardent I could wish, and, indeed, far beyond my expectations. Sam. shook my hand with a grasp which,

though rather unpleasant, bespoke the honest disposition of his heart. McCarthy received me with that finished politeness of which his education and country had made him perfectly master, and seemed earnestly pleased to see me. Tom welcomed me with a burst of frantic laughter, and seemed overjoyed; and Jacob appeared to be as glad to see me as if I had been his own son and returned after an absence of twenty years. He shook my hand with both his, and kept smiling for an hour after, told me I was welcome home again, glad to see *thee*, etc.: and even his brother Abraham, the Dutchman,

"Relaxed his furrowed brow and learned to smile."

I slept most of the next day and am now as bright as a button ("*Yankee phrase*"), and happy to find myself once more engaged in something to do.

Affectionately yours,

F. G. HALLECK.

As will be seen from the following letters, Halleck embarked in the commission business on his own account, having for a partner Thomas Barker, a relative of Jacob, but continued it only for a short period, as the second war with Great Britain caused great disasters in the mercantile circles of New York; the young house of Halleck & Barker being among the sufferers, and they were compelled to stop payment. It

was a humiliating ordeal to go through for so high-spirited and honorable a man as Fitz-Greene Halleck, who was in reality merely a nominal party to the concern.

[COPY.]

NEW YORK, 7th mo. 7, 1812.

ESTEEMED FRIEND: The situation of my commercial concerns in this unfortunate state of public affairs requires my whole attention. I have therefore handed over to my friends and relative, Halleck and Barker, all the Commission business which was under my care when war took place, and they will punctually account to my several employers for the goods on hand, and the proceeds of such as had been sold for which payments had not at that time been collected.

Be pleased to accept my grateful acknowledgments for the confidence heretofore reposed in me, and permit me to solicit an extension thereof to Halleck and Barker, who are, in my estimation, well qualified to do justice to any business that may be intrusted to their care.

Very respectfully I am
thy assured friend,

(Signed) JACOB BARKER.

NEW YORK, *July* 7, 1812.

DEAR SIR: Referring you to the annexed circular of our much esteemed friend and relative, Mr. Jacob

Barker, we beg leave to inform you that we shall confine ourselves exclusively to the Commission business, and to assure you that no exertion shall be wanting on our part to promote the interest of those who may be pleased to favor us with their commands.

Your obedient servants,

Signature of Fitz-G. Halleck. (Signed)

HALLECK & BARKER.

Signature of Thomas Barker. (Signed)

HALLECK & BARKER.

The following long letter gossips familiarly and pleasantly about several of his city and country friends, and chronicles his removal from his boarding-house to two comfortable rooms in Greenwich Street, which he occupied in company with a young Frenchman:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Feb'y 2d*, 1813.

MY DEAR MARIA: Owing to an unaccountable neglect on the part of the bearer of your letter of the 18th ultimo, I did not receive it till yesterday, although I am inclined to believe it has been in town nearly a week, and the intimacy which once subsisted between me and the bearer of it certainly warranted an expectation of a speedy delivery of a message, or letter, to me, as soon as possible after arrival in town. From this circumstance I am led to remark that I have re-

ceived no letters from any of my Guilford correspondents for a long time past, and know not how to account for their neglect and indifference towards one who is unconscious of having merited such treatment. I certainly am fallen "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" in their minds, and, as from an ignorance of my crimes to punish which they adopt this method, I feel unwilling to attribute to myself any part of the blame attached to the violator of the vows of friendship. I shall endeavor to forget with equal readiness, and intrude no longer upon the patience of those whose conduct evidently declares their willingness to forget and be forgotten. Nor shall one tear be suffered from mine eye to flow, one sigh to rend my bosom, to past remembrances and hours engraven on the page of memory due. Sublime! Please ask George Foote, whose acquaintance I would gladly cherish, whose virtues and amiable qualities I shall ever admire, and whose friendship I shall always prize far above my other Guilford companions, what is the reason for his silence, as I know not but he thinks me blameable for not calling on his brother's family here in town and for not paying a visit to his sister Harriet during her stay here. If so, I plead guilty, but must beg him to tell me so in plain English, that I may know what kind of apology he requires, acknowledging, as I do, that one is requisite. If this is not the cause, I am ignorant of it. Just hint this to him—will you?

I trust that ere this you have received, per Captain Elliot, the book which I promised. Its not being sent before is accounted for in the letter accompanying it. A new poem came yesterday from the press, and another is expected in eight or ten days. "The Emerald Isle," by Charles Philips, and "Rokeby," by Walter Scott. The former I have purchased, but have not yet perused it, so that I cannot form any opinion of its merits, but, from the first lines, I am inclined to think it something above mediocrity. The latter you may be assured I shall peruse as soon as it is published, and soon after you may expect them both. I have again resumed my former habits of reading, in a great measure, having, as I formerly observed, obtained almost a sufficient knowledge of the world: and, in order to enable myself to read and take a little comfort without interruption, as well as for several other reasons, I have adopted a plan of living, rather singular and eccentric in this country, although common and generally practised in England and other countries in Europe. Disgusted with the inconveniences and difficulties of every description which a residence in a boarding-house, however agreeable, compels one to put up with, a young Frenchman of my acquaintance and myself have hired furnished lodgings in Greenwich Street, consisting of two rooms on the second floor, one containing our two beds, trunks, etc., the other we call our drawing-room, being devoted to the purpose of

sitting and seeing our friends in. The rooms are very neat and, indeed, elegant, well furnished, and precisely calculated to suit our wishes. The family, a lady and her little sisters, who occupy the lower apartments, furnish our breakfast, and our other meals we get at the City Hotel or anywhere we please, or go without, which is often the case. We hire a servant to make our fires, brush our boots, clothes, etc., and, as we have no connection with the other residents in the house, we find ourselves perfectly free from interruption; and, after the business of the day is over, I find in my present situation more real rational enjoyment than I have experienced since I left Guilford. We pay ten dollars per week for our rooms and three dollars per month to our servant, which, with dinner, supper, firewood, candles, and wine, makes it, it is true, a more expensive establishment than in a boarding-house, but the superior convenience and pleasantness amply compensate for the additional expense. We have been only a week in our new lodgings, and feel well satisfied so far in our choice—the only objection (and that is but a small one) is the distance from our rooms to the office, it being nearly a mile, and you may imagine it would be something of a task to walk in a cold, slippery morning, from Clapboard Hill to the meeting-house in Guilford, which is a tolerable comparison, although our walk is not quite so long. My companion is a fine young man, and very agreeable. I, perhaps, mentioned his

name to you while in Guilford—Eugene MacCarthy. He is a native of Bordeaux, although of Irish parents. His connections are very rich, as well as himself, and he came to America for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the American manner of doing business, and eventually establishing himself as a merchant here in company with his brothers in Bordeaux, who form a very respectable house there under the firm of MacCarthy Brothers. From their extensive mercantile acquaintance he was furnished with letters to the first houses in the United States, which introduced him, joined to his polished manner and amiable character, to the highest circles in the fashionable world, although he generally declines cultivating these acquaintances, until established in business. He speaks French, English, German, Spanish, and Italian equally well, plays on half a dozen instruments, and sings and dances admirably. He, however, has one of the ugliest faces (though his person is handsome) that I ever met with. His agent here, Mr. Denton, of the house of Denton, Little & Co., in compliance with MacCarthy's wish, recommended him to Mr. Barker, and he has accordingly written in our counting-house nearly eight months. He receives no compensation, of course. * * * So much for connection, birth, fortune and other incidental circumstances, for which he is neither to be praised nor blamed. I will now speak of him as a man. He is an agreeable companion, an obliging

friend, an accomplished gentleman, and possessed of an amiable, friendly, benevolent disposition. With such qualities, I cannot but be pleased with him. We met with many amusing adventures while in pursuit of lodgings, finding it rather difficult to suit ourselves. One great obstacle was our having, unfortunately, called first at a most elegant house, where they thought proper to ask us the moderate price of twenty dollars per week for two rooms, one on the second story, superbly furnished, the other in the fifth story, beggarly and mean. I told the lady who escorted us round the apartments that, as neither of us was a poet, we were not ambitious of so exalted a dwelling, and urged the circumstance of the rooms not being on the same floor as an insurmountable objection. The beauty and elegance of the room, however, was in our mind's eye whenever we called in quest of apartments, and the comparison between it and every new room we entered (and we visited twenty houses in our search) was so great, that even tolerable accommodations appeared mean when placed in competition with Mrs. Mann's fine room. We at length, however, found what we wanted exactly, and our present lodgings, though not quite so richly furnished, are more pleasant than Mrs. Mann's.

Thus far of myself. I will now say something of the friends you mention. James Baker, Lieutenant United States Artillerists, has been since his marriage

stationed at Governor's Island, in our harbor, where his wife has resided with him. I have seen him but seldom, although strongly importuned to call and visit at his quarters. At our last interview, some three weeks ago, he informed me that he had procured a furlough, with an intention of going to Virginia, for the purpose of settling some concerns relative to his wife's property in that State, which he expected would detain him two or three months. I therefore conclude he has gone on that route.

Gifford has recovered from his fever, which was occasioned by the sultry climate of St. Domingo, and during the summer he has written in the office of the Contractor for the War Department, but lately he has left there in disgust, and contemplates a voyage to Madeira in one of Mr. Barker's vessels.

Mr. Deputy Weekes, as Seton used to call him, is well, and still stays with us, although he has been of age, the time to which he agreed to stay, for three or four months. He is not yet a finished merchant, and will require a little grinding over before he becomes one. Excuse my relating an anecdote respecting his title of Deputy. Seton, whose name you probably recollect as residing here for a short time after my entrance, was naturally very fond of a joke, and delighted in bothering poor Sam, by calling him deputy before every stranger, no matter who that happened to be in company with them, and one morning, in Jacob's

absence, a gentleman called to see him, who, by the way, proved to be a member of Congress. He inquired of Seton who was below-stairs, if Barker was in. He said no, but, with the most grave, sober countenance imaginable, added that his Deputy, one Mr. Weekes, was up-stairs, who could answer any inquiries he had to make. The gentleman accordingly walked up, and Seton tripped after him to listen at the door. I was in the room with Sam. when he entered. He inquired which was Mr. Weekes. I bowed toward Samuel. The stranger advanced, bowed very respectfully, and offered his hand. Sam. stared like a stuck pig, and, after some hesitation, received his hand, and shook it very heartily. The gentleman then mentioned his business, and observed that as Mr. Weekes was, as he understood, Mr. Barker's agent, he concluded he could give him every information requisite. Sam., who of the whole business was entirely ignorant, began to hem and stutter. I looked at the door and saw Seton winking at me through the opening, which let me into the secret at once. The gentleman stood, wondering, I suppose, at Sam.'s bashful appearance, when Seton, who could no longer resist, burst into a loud laugh, which astonished and vexed the stranger, who began to think we had combined to insult him, until I explained to him the motive, and directed him to Jacob for the answer to his inquiries.

Davis gets along in business very rapidly, and I

have no doubt will in a few years be an eminent merchant. He is a fortune-hunter, and has lately discovered a very handsome girl, whose father he thinks to be rich, and he accordingly is laying a train to get possession of her and her money, the latter being his real object. How he will succeed is uncertain. He is still very intimate with me, and visited Madame Le Roy's boarding-house, during the last three months of my stay there, every night regularly. He generally played whist, finding enough there ready to join him, of which he is very fond. For my part, as I seldom play, I used to go off to bed about eleven, leaving him *sans ceremonie*. At twelve he usually departed.

In Madame Le Roy and Adelaide, as I did not give you a very particular description, you can feel but little interest. Adelaide has gone to Rhode Island at present. Apropos of her, a laughable occurrence took place a month or two since. Perhaps I informed you that her husband was a dissipated fellow, and that a separation had taken place. She visited Philadelphia some time since, and, on her return, was accompanied in the stage by two gentlemen, one a Frenchman, the other a Russian, who came and boarded at our house. The former, Monsieur Chemanan, whom I mentioned as an officer in Bonaparte's guard in my last long letter, paid some attention to Adelaide, such as going with her to balls, theatres, etc., which, although no more than a stranger might be expected to pay to the only

lady with whom in the city he was acquainted, yet it formed a sufficient ground for the latter, a droll genius, whose whole business was amusement, whose sole object sport, to found a good joke upon. A few days after Chemanan's return to Philadelphia, Adelaide received a letter from him, couched in the most submissive, tender, and heart-rending language that the complimentary genius of a Frenchman and the fervor of apparent love could possibly invent, addressing her "My adorable Adelaide," describing how miserable he had been since he left her, declaring that he could not live without her, and, after expressing his knowledge of her situation relative to her husband, and his willingness to wait till the necessary forms of law should free her from him, concluding with an absolute proposal of marriage in good earnest. Adelaide was a little surprised, and showed me the letter. I laughed, yet had not the least idea that the letter was a forgery until some days after. Martini, the Russian, informed me confidentially that he had himself written it, and showed me another forged letter, from Chemanan to himself, begging him as a friend to intercede with Adelaide in his favor. He was very apprehensive, however, that Adelaide would either send his letter back unanswered, or answer it in some way or other which would not only blow up the whole plot, but subject him to a quarrel with Chemanan, and I accordingly told her that she had better burn the letter,

which she did, and, after making himself a great deal of sport about it, he at length disclosed the whole, which ended the affair.

I send you herewith some newspapers containing several of our advertisements. If the sight of them will be satisfactory to you, I am glad of it. They are pompous enough, in all conscience. Had you taken a more strict view, you might have discovered on the last page of the newspaper in which the inkstand, etc., were enclosed, an advertisement in French and English of ours. We are doing very little now, however. The blockade has ceased for the present, the British having retired from the coast. It will probably be resumed soon; and if they do not attack the city and batter it to atoms I shall be agreeably disappointed.

Your description of the squirrel adventure was really extremely entertaining. Please accept MacCarthy's compliments on your style and talent at the description, for I showed him this story, which we joined in admiring. A stranger might certainly form a very correct opinion of Sarah's character from this little anecdote.

I am extremely sorry that Lydia's time is so much better occupied as to prevent her scribbling me a line or two. I should be well pleased to learn from her own words the character of young McKay, and if the person possesses so much attraction, surely the task of describing his virtues and delineating his amiable

qualities cannot but be a pleasing one to her; and if her hands are so full of employment on his account that she cannot hold the pen, let her dictate to him. He can write, and she can just put X her mark at the conclusion, which, while it gives me the gratification of receiving a letter either directly or indirectly from her, gives her also that of gazing at his fingers as they move, and admiring his readiness to oblige her, and for the moment, at least, keeps him out of harm's way, that is, out of the way of the little girls.

There appears to be quite a marrying fashion in your town at present. Three or four, I think, I have been informed of lately. Hold up your heads, girls. Hope is still at the bottom of the box.

I have no great opinion of a Moss's Go, although I believe it yields some entertainment. I have been on several sleighing parties lately, which resemble the Guilford scrapes astonishingly. They are quite amusing, though the sameness tires soon. The usual route for all parties is out of town, on the Bloomingdale, Harlem, and Manhattanville roads, and the public houses on those roads are so thronged, that a person can hardly elbow one's way into the house. Although you do not mention any sleighing yet, I trust you have it in abundance ere this.

The dancing after Titus Hall's flute, it seems, still continues. I abhor the sound of a flute, and ever shall, in consequence of the aversion which I conceived

against the abominable practice of introducing some person to play on his flute who had either just begun learning or had tried and could not learn, into every sociable circle in Guilford where my poor luckless wightship chanced to be, and your mentioning it brought all the woeful scenes of this nature to my mind, with their whole train of long faces, sober reflections, etc. So I beg you to mention the name of Titus Hall's flute no more, if you have any regard for me.

I expect that Clarissa B——y and A. S. F——r "sparked it" better than Charles and Sally, though they, perhaps, could learn of the two former. I am sorry that poor Mr. J. R. W. E. S. Pitt (I believe there are all the letters—are there not?) was so provokingly eclipsed relative to his fair partner at the ball. By the by, who did DeKay, in whom I feel some little interest, go with. As the boys generally in your place have their choice in partners at the balls, his partner may, perhaps, determine on whom his affections are fixed. His politeness to you relative to the letter deserves "honorable mention," and, as I am partly the person obliged, please give him my compliments.

Gifford sends you his compliments, and says that he intends visiting Guilford in *propria persona* next summer, when he shall be pleased to pay you his respects. "*Vive la bagatelle!*"

In expectation of receiving an answer to mine, per Captain Elliot, in a few days,

I am yours affectionately,

F. G. HALLECK.

On the 25th of May following, he sends a letter home in which he says: "Having contemplated visiting you for some time, I have delayed writing, and also forwarding some books, in the hope of being the bearer of them myself. But as it still remains uncertain when or how soon I can with convenience leave New York, and as the present opportunity is favorable, I send herewith a Prayer-Book, Miss Mitford's Poems (a charming work), and a book for Abigail, Andrew Elliot's little girl; which please present her as a present from me." In another letter of August 31st, Halleck writes to his sister, "I send you by this conveyance several books, viz.: 'Life of Cooke,' 'Bridal of Triermain,' 'Aiken's Poems,' 'Mrs. Grant's Poems,' 'Wilson's Isle of Palms,' 'Horace in London,' and 'Eighteen Hundred and Eleven.' They are mostly new publications, and I hope will amuse you. * * * I send George Foote the 'Lay of the Scottish Fiddle,' which I am quite sure will make you laugh. You can borrow it from him. I have some other late publications, but have lent them, and cannot recover them at present. When I do, will send them to you."

The first poem published by Halleck in New York

appeared anonymously in the columns of Charles Holt's *Columbian*, December 22, 1813, and was introduced with the accompanying remarks by the editor:

"The following lines possess such singular beauty and excellence, that we almost doubt their being *original*. The future favors of our correspondent, we hope, will remove all suspicions on the subject."

When the bright star of peace from our country was clouded,
Hope fondly presaged it would soon reappear;
But still dark in gloom the horizon is shrouded,
And the beacon of war blazes direfully near.
Fled now are the charms which the heart once delighted,
Forgot the enjoyments tranquillity gave;
Every flow'ret is withered, each blossom is blighted,
But the wreath that encircles the brows of the brave.

Though enchanting that wreath to the votary of glory,
Who soars on the pinions of vict'ry to fame;
Though the patriot bosom beat high at the story
That emblazons with honor America's name;
Yet, 'tis only in blood that the laurel can flourish,
'Tis honor's red trophy, 'tis plucked from the grave;
And the tears of the widow and orphan must nourish
The wreath that encircles the brows of the brave.

Yet spurned be the man, to true feeling a stranger,
Who refuses to valor the meed it has won;
'Tis a prize dearly won amid peril and danger,
And shall live when eternity's march is begun.

Be the arm ever hallowed for freedom contending,
Where the star-adorned banners of liberty wave!
For the Heaven-blest cause which the sword is defending
Renders sacred the wreath that encircles the brave.

But blame not the bard, that with humane aversion,
He shuddering turns, as the battle-storm lours,
And exults that the aim of the warrior's exertion,
Peace sanctioned by honor, ere long shall be ours.
Then the warrior shall sheathe, with a smile of devotion,
The blade that he wielded his country to save,
And the laurels they won on the field or the ocean
Immortal shall bloom round the brows of the brave.

In the spring of 1814 there was organized in New York a company of light infantry, which took its name, the Iron Grays, from the color of the uniform adopted by the corps. Mr. Halleck joined the company, which was composed of one hundred and twelve of the leading young men of the city, with Samuel Swartwout as Captain; Henry Brevoort, Jr., First Lieutenant; Henry Carey, Second Lieutenant; Philip Rhinelander, Third Lieutenant, and Gouverneur S. Bibby, as Fourth Lieutenant. In the autumn of the same year,

"Swartwout's gallant corps, the Iron Grays,"

as the poet afterward wrote in "Fanny," had their encampment adjacent to the Hudson River, and near Fort Gansevoort, on Governor George Clinton's farm. While in camp, Halleck composed his spirited and patriotic

ode, and, under the most sacred promises of secrecy as to its authorship, gave it to Charles W. Sandford, a young lawyer, and the youngest member of the Grays, who, being a fine elocutionist, was in the habit of reciting passages of prose and verse for the entertainment of members of the company. This ode, so well calculated to stimulate their martial ardor, created the greatest enthusiasm among the Iron Grays, and indeed, throughout the encampment, composed of three thousand volunteers, being a portion of the twenty-five thousand called out by Governor Tompkins for the defence of the city against the apprehended attack by the British. Halleck remarked to Sandford, after hearing his poem recited, "Why, Charlie, I had no idea I was a poet until last night, when you repeated my lines." On the 25th of November, 1814, the Iron Grays led a column of 28,000 troops, which marched through the city, the largest number of men that ever took part in a military parade in New York; and a few days later broke camp at Fort Gansevoort, near the termination of Fourteenth Street, owing to a fall of snow above a foot deep, and went into winter-quarters on the Battery, where their dress-parades continued to be one of the attractions of the town. The civil authorities of the city frequently attended the parades in their official capacity, while the military magnates of the day on duty in New York were constant visitors. Winfield Scott, after witnessing the evolutions of the

Grays, said, "They are a glorious body of men." An enthusiastic old gentleman of fourscore, who was a member of the company, told the writer that "Halleck was the best fellow in the Grays, and by God, sir, the world never saw a finer body of men. Every man of them was a gentleman, sir!" They were mustered into the army of the United States for service on the Atlantic coast, and were known as "Sea Fencibles," but were never called into active service, and at the end of ten months they were mustered out.

In one of Washington Irving's letters, dated September 26, 1814, he says: "The Iron Grays go on very well. They are attached to a regiment commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Cadwallader D. Colden, and will be encamped in a few days in the vicinity of Greenwich." And in Irving's Life we meet with the following allusion to the commander of the company: "Of a piece with this military history[1] was his jesting advice to Samuel Swartwout, the major of the Iron Grays, a choice corps to which his friend Brevoort belonged. The major was very fussy about their equipments: first this thing was wrong, then that; now their guns were too light, then they were too heavy. 'Put two men to a gun, Sam,' was the remedy advised under the annoyance." This story I have heard Halleck relate with great glee.

Among the "hundred and odd rank and file," Hal-

[1] An anecdote of Governor Tompkins, *vide* "Irving's Life and Letters."

leck wrote in 1860, "the author had the honor of being mustered, the pay of each soldier during a three months' campaign being eight dollars per month, out of which he paid a little less than eight dollars per day for his share of the mess-table expenses." At that time no one dreamed that the modest bank-clerk was the author of the admired ode, and a score of years had passed before the author gave George P. Morris permission to publish it, with the poet's name appended as the author. Mr. Halleck never included it in his collected poems, esteeming it as being of a too ephemeral character for that distinction.

We twine the wreath of honor
Around the warrior's brow,
Who, at his country's altar, breathes
The life-devoting vow;
And shall we to the Iron Grays
The meed of praise deny,
Who freely swore, in danger's days,
For their native land to die?

For o'er our bleeding country
Ne'er lowered a darker storm,
Than bade them round their gallant chief
The iron phalanx form.
When first their banner waved in air,
Invasion's bands were nigh,
And the battle-drum beat long and loud,
And the torch of war blazed high!

Though still bright gleam their bayonets,
Unstained with hostile gore,
Far distant yet is England's host,
Unheard her cannon's roar.
Yet not in vain they flew to arms;
It made the foeman know
That many a gallant heart must bleed
Ere freedom's star be low.

Guards of a nation's destiny!
High is that nation's claim,
For not unknown your spirit proud,
Nor your daring chieftain's name.
'Tis yours to shield the dearest ties
That bind to life the heart,
That mingle with the earliest breath,
And with our last depart.

The angel-smile of beauty
What heart but bounds to feel?
Her fingers buckled on the belt,
That sheathes your gleaming steel.
And if the soldier's honored death
In battle be your doom,
Her tears shall bid the flowers be green
That blossom round your tomb.

Tread on the path of duty,
Band of the patriot brave,
Prepared to rush, at honor's call,
"To glory or the grave."

Nor bid your flag again be furled
Till proud its eagles soar,
Till the battle-drum has ceased to beat,
And the war-torch burns no more.

Among the few survivors of "The Iron Grays" who are still (October, 1868) living, are Gouverneur S. Bibby, Stephen Cambreleng, Henry and Dr. Edward Delafield, who was surgeon of the corps, Hickson W. Field, James W. Gerard, and Charles W. Sandford. Halleck was a private, and was conspicuous for a conscientious performance of his duty, however disagreeable, which he went through with cheerfulness and punctuality, but, as we learn from the following letter, he left the military service of his country with no desire to ever again participate in the privations and discomforts of camp-life:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 28, 1814.

MY DEAR MARIA: Your letter of the 26th inst. I received this morning. I have so often plead "Guilty" to the charge of "not writing," so often promised amendment, and so often neglected to perform that promise, that to say any thing further on the subject would be alike unavailing and superfluous. I am, however, extremely anxious to eradicate any unfavorable impressions which my late silence may have created, though I flatter myself that on your mind no such im-

pressions have been made; for, however wanting in reality the substance of argument my former reasons for such neglect might have been, yet they were such as almost every tardy correspondent acknowledges the force of, and, trifling as they were, were sufficiently important to induce me to deprive myself not only of the pleasure which a perusal of your more frequent letters would have given me, but also of that sensation of satisfaction which fills the bosom whenever it is conscious of imparting pleasure and delight to another, particularly to one whom "that bosom holds dear." * * * * I might write a month on this same theme of writing, or rather of not writing letters, and all would teach you nothing new, and I am sure would be very unentertaining, so I'll say no more about it.

I believe my last letter—I mean my last long letter—was written some time in August or September last. 'Tis really a long time since, and I blush while I think of it—but stay—I am apologizing again. I will give you a short journal of how my time has passed since the date of that letter. I believe I told you then, or if I did not, you have been informed by Elyagory, who was in New York at the time, that, actuated by the "spirit of Seventy-six," or something of that sort, I joined a volunteer corps for the purpose of rushing to "glory or the grave," and defending this famed city against an attack from "Albion's warrior-isle." Had I written you at the time, my letters would have been

filled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," with expressions of heroism worthy the Chevalier Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, or any other the most romantic of the heroes of chivalry: but now the bustle of the scene is over, and with it has fled my martial spirit, and disinterestedness, and patriotism. The idea of "seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth" no longer bears that specious appearance which enthusiasm gave it. Leaving that enthusiasm, however, out of the question, other motives actuated me at the moment, not quite so consistent with honor and patriotic feeling, but conformable to true worldly wisdom and a regard for the opinion of others. I was conscious that the dictates of duty were in favor of defending one's country, one's fireside, wife, children, etc., in the hour of danger. By volunteering, in a moment of peril and alarm, to die for their defence, I have discharged that duty, and stand acquitted not only at the bar of my own conscience (if there is any such thing in the case), but also at that of the world's opinion, and am now resolved to volunteer no more. Should the enemy land and attack the city during my stay in it, I suppose I should in some way or other assist to defend it, but the roar of their cannon must be heard, their red-cross flag must wave before my eyes, ere I again "buckle on my armor," or make the "flinty couch of war my bed." The great respectability of the corps I belonged to—being many of them my friends and companions in

civil life—and the means we devised to amuse ourselves and "brush the cobwebs from the brows of care" during our campaign, rendered it, though far from pleasant, at least tolerable; and I do not now look back with regret on the time spent in the camp. You know it was always my wish and intention to "see the world," at least as much of it and in as great variety as circumstances would admit. This wish has guided and directed my conduct ever since I commenced my voyage on the world's wide ocean, and the certainty that I was following this guide during my military career, in a measure robbed it of its vexations, smoothed my turf-formed pillow, and softened my "pallet of straw." I have seen, I have experienced the soldier's life, and am in no danger of being so far dazzled by the "pride, pomp, and circumstance" of it, as to enter it in any station, from a commander-in-chief downward, except from necessity or some very powerful reason, being confident it will never be my choice. You can judge of what a set of men the Iron Grays were composed, when I tell you that many of them were in the habit of coming to the parade preparatory to marching to camp, a distance of three miles, in their coaches, and curricles; there they buckled on a heavy knapsack, containing blankets, and provisions, marched three miles through the mud, and mounted guard, sometimes two, sometimes three days at a time, during which period seven hours out of ten were spent, day or night, in

"pacing to and fro a gravelly bound" of about two rods, with a musket on the shoulder, which, it being some part of the time cold, was not very comfortable; the rest of the time was passed through the day in smoking cigars, lying on the ground before the doors of the tents, etc., etc., being allowed to go but one hundred yards from the guard-tent. In the night, when off guard, we bundled in sometimes eight, sometimes sixteen men in a small tent just five and a half feet square, with a small, precious quantity of straw to lie on, and our muskets in our arms. To sleep was almost out of the question, as the time we were off guard, even if all had been quiet, was hardly sufficient to get one's eyes fairly closed; but you must be sensible that out of one hundred men there must be some noisy, crazy fellows, and we had our share of them: so that not a quiet moment could be found all night; either a song, a laugh, or something or other at once dissolved every hope of sleep, if entertained for a moment. For my part, I made it a point not to sleep at all, and sometimes for forty-eight hours together. We marched out to camp twice a week, met in town on the parade-ground four hours each day for the remainder of the week, which, with occasional parades, etc., etc., employed nearly all my time for three months. We received, or rather are to receive, the pay of regulars, eight dollars per month—the whole pay being put into common stock, and the officers sharing equally

with the men. A very profitable business, for we spent regularly when in camp three dollars per day each. However, we finished our career with *éclat*, "served out our term with honor," as Nipperkin says, and received very high compliments from the commander. My verses on the subject made some noise; the author, however, was only known to a few. Another poem was written, when we first commenced our campaign, by Citizen Genet, of whom you have perhaps heard. He was formerly minister to the United States from the French Republic, and rendered himself famous by a long correspondence with Mr. Jefferson. He has since married a daughter of Governor Clinton, late Vice-President of the United States, and become an American citizen. * * *

During the year 1814, Halleck wrote two other poems, "The Pilgrim Fathers," and the following beautiful lines, only published, with a few slight alterations, after an interval of half a century, when they were introduced in his poem of "Young America:"

The heart hath sorrows of its own, and griefs it veils from all,
And tears that hide them from the world, in solitude will fall.
And when its thoughts of agony upon the bosom lie,
E'en Beauty in her loveliness will pass unheeded by.

'Tis only on the happy that she never smiles in vain,
To them she wears the rainbow hues that mock the summer
rain;

And their free hearts will worship her, as one whose home is heaven,
A being of a brighter sphere, to earth a season given.

That time with me has been and gone, and life's best music now
Is but the winter wind that bends the leafless forest-bough.
And I would shun, if that could be, the light of young blue eyes;
They bring back hours I would forget, and painful memories.

Yet, Lady, though too few and brief, there are bright moments still,
When I can free my prisoned thoughts, and wing them where I will.
And then thy smiles come o'er my heart, like sunbeams on the sea,
And I can feel as once I felt, when all was well with me.

Of the "Ugly Club," mentioned in the following letter, I have no further information than that its members consisted of the handsomest young men of that day to be found in New-York City, and that they had frequent convivial meetings at their headquarters in Wall Street, a few doors from Broadway. The gentleman to whom the letter is addressed is one of the survivors of the merry party that sat down to the poet's entertainment given on the occasion of his visit to Guilford in the year 1812:

[TO ABRAHAM S. FOWLER.]

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 2, 1815.

DEAR SIR:—

"No gifts have I from India's coasts
The infant year to hail;
I find you more than India boasts—"
* * * * —BURNS.

Having recently had the honor of being appointed Poet Laureate to the "Ugly Club," I have exerted my influence with the president to procure your admission as a member, and taken upon myself to assert, in the sincerity of friendship, that you are highly worthy of that exalted character. His Ugliness has been graciously pleased to grant my request, and I trust that during your next visit to this city, which I confidently hope will not be long deferred, I shall have the pleasure of introducing you *in propria persona* to the club; and, unless the two years which have elapsed since we parted, have occasioned a most astonishing alteration in your appearance, I flatter myself that you will be welcomed as a very promising member, and the high recommendation I have given you, as such, confirmed. Do me the favor to accept the enclosed diploma, with the compliments of the season, and believe me sincerely

Your affectionate friend,

FITZ-G. HALLECK.

[TO THE SAME.]

UGLY HALL, No. 4 WALL STREET,
January 2, 1815.

SIR: The members of the Ugly Club, duly appreciating your deformities, have elected you an ordinary member of their institution. In acquainting you of the honor conferred on your superlative ugliness by the club, I am instructed to apologize that they have not noticed at an earlier date your eminent claims to admission, and they humbly trust that their involuntary omission will in no degree diminish your opinion of their taste and discernment.

If any doubts should be entertained of your qualifications, permit them to refer you to your mirror, where you will perceive that their selection has been judicious, proper, and highly commendable.

I am directed to request your attendance at Ugly Hall, on the 19th day of January inst., at seven o'clock, P. M., precisely, where the members anticpate the pleasure of feasting their eyes on your ugliness.

By order of his Ugliness.

THOMAS J. DE LANCEY,
Secretary.

The treaty of peace which closed the second war with Great Britain, it will be remembered, was signed at Ghent, December 24, 1814, by John Quincy Adams, J. A. Bayard, Henry Clay, Albert Gallatin, and Jonathan Russell, on the part of the United States, but the

news did not reach this country until more than a month after General Jackson had won the famous victory at New Orleans, for then steam navigation had not brought the Old and the New World within ten days of each other, or the Atlantic cable within as many minutes. Halleck had gone with one of his fellow-clerks to a concert at the City Hotel, Saturday, February 11th. During the evening there was a noise and commotion in the streets, which disturbed the audience who were listening to the music, when suddenly the door of the concert-room was thrown open, and several persons, all breathless with excitement, rushed in, waving their hats and handkerchiefs, and shouting "Peace! peace!" There was no more music that night. The whole audience, wild with excitement, speedily vacated the hall and rushed into Broadway. What a scene! A living sea of shouting and rejoicing people. Within an hour tens of thousands of people of both sexes and all ages were thronging Broadway with torches, amid the ringing of bells and the wild huzzas of men made happy by the return of peace.

In the spring of 1815 the poet visited the city of Boston on business, halting by the way, on his return, for a few days, at Guilford.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *May* 26, 1815.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have just received yours of the 23d. I did not inform you that I arrived here at

the hour contemplated, in "pretty good health and spirits," because I supposed that you would take for granted that such was the case, and thought it hardly worth the trouble of a letter. I am, however, extremely sorry that my silence has occasioned you any inquietude, and beg your pardon.

I left Guilford, I think, at half-past two o'clock, P. M., reached New Haven at five, went to Butler's, where I stayed until morning. In the evening I called upon Horace Elliot, where I spent two hours; went on board the steamboat at six next day, and arrived here at four P. M.; found all well, and very glad to see me. Is not this account sufficiently circumstantial?

A new set of boarders have appeared at Mrs. Buchanan's during my absence. Mr. Wood, a Bostonian, a fine, sensible, knowing old bachelor; Mr. Hamilton, a lawyer, and a son of the famous General Hamilton; Mr. Morris, a midshipman in the navy; Mr. Crochan, a dry-goods dealer; and Mr. Blossom, the partner of my friend Mr. Davis. Truly, a goodly company.

Bonifer, a friend of mine from Bordeaux, has this day arrived and brought me letters from MacCarthy. He was one of the two hundred chevaliers who fought for the Duchess D'Angoulême. He escaped unhurt. His brother, a captain in the National Guards, and three others of my acquaintance, accompanied the

Duchess to England. I expect MacCarthy in America in September next.

Several new publications will shortly make their appearance here. The "Lord of the Isles," by Walter Scott; "Roderick, the last of the Goths," by Robert Southey; the "Queen's Wake," by James Hogg; "Clan Alpine," a novel, and several others. I shall, of course, send them to you as soon as they are published.

My friend Mr. Davis has commenced keeping house in very pretty style in Hudson Street. He, with his wife, will be very glad to have you pay a visit to New York, and you can make their house your home. I wish you would calculate on coming here, say in September next, and stay a few weeks. The theatres will then have reopened, and I trust you will be pleased with the excursion. Just bear it in mind, will you? You will find Mrs. Davis a good-humored, clever sort of a country girl, without much taste or polish, and with a head none of the wisest.

Business has increased prodigiously since I left here, and every thing is in motion. The contrast between this busy scene and Boston is astonishing. The latter is a solitude compared with it.

Your affectionate

F. G. HALLECK.

Alluding to the literature of the first fifteen years

of the present century, Mr. Halleck said to the writer: "It is impossible for me to describe to you the delight with which, at that period, we read and committed to memory whole pages of Scott's lyrical romances. I think I could repeat one-half of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and quite as much of 'Marmion.' Then we had Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' Rogers's 'Pleasures of Memory,' Moore's sweet 'Melodies,' Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs' and 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' Hannah More's 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' and Miss Edgeworth's charming novels. A little later there appeared 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' and 'The Antiquary,' producing a widespread enthusiasm throughout Great Britain and this country, which has probably never been equalled in the history of literature. During the same period nothing worth naming had been produced on this side of the Atlantic, with the exception of Irving and Paulding's 'Salmagundi' and Knickerbocker's 'New York.' Nearly all the writers who gave tone and power to American literature were then young and unknown to fame. The new era dated from 1815, for it was after that time that James and Maria Brooks, Bryant, Cooper and Channing, Dana, Drake, and Hillhouse, entered upon their literary careers."

James E. DeKay, then a medical student, while spending the summer of 1812 at Guilford, pursuing his studies, became acquainted with Miss Halleck, who,

before his return to New York, gave him a letter of introduction to her brother. During the following season Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake were introduced by DeKay, and, from a little incident which occurred while the two were on an excursion down New-York Bay, soon after their first meeting, the two young men became devoted friends. It was a September afternoon in the year 1813, after a shower, when Halleck, in the course of a conversation on the delights of another world, fancifully remarked that it would be heaven "to loan e upon the rainbow and read Tom Campbell." Drake was delighted with the thought, and from that hour the two poets maintained a friendship only severed by death. When the young physician was married, in the summer of 1816, it was Halleck who officiated as groomsman; when he went abroad with his young wife, it was to his brother-poet that he addressed several poetical epistles; when his daughter and only child was born, she was christened Halleck; when the pulsations of his gentle heart were daily growing feebler, it was his faithful and attached friend "Fitz" who, with more than a brother's love, soothed his dying pillow; and when the grave had forever closed over Drake, and his friend had said, as Scott did when standing by the last resting-place of Johnnie Ballantyne, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter," it was Halleck who wrote those exquisitely beautiful and pathetic lines, so familiar to all, and

which must ever continue to be an enduring monument to both the poets. It is to Drake that the first incomplete paragraph of the following fragment of a letter refers, written, I presume, in the summer of 1815: "* * that even to the most common and trifling subjects he will give an interest wholly unexpected and unlooked for. His manner of reading Shakespeare is unique, and to the bombast of our old friend, ancient Pistol, he will give a force beyond description. He has a taste for music, and plays the flute admirably. As I owe to his acquaintance many a pleasant hour, he has become endeared to me, and I must apologize for dwelling so long upon a picture, the details of which are so uninteresting to one who has not seen the original. These, in addition to my old friend MacCarthy, have composed the little circle of my acquaintance, so far as paying visits goes. I believe I have not informed you of MacCarthy's return to this country. He arrived here some time in May last. We had kept up a regular correspondence, and I therefore expected him. During the summer he was in ill-health, and resided at Greenwich. He has since remained in town. Three years have not altered him materially. Such ugly faces have that advantage over time, and his, as Slawkenbergius says (or rather does not say) of his nose, is one of the ugliest, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a single man's lot. A few more gray hairs have woven themselves with his sandy locks, but otherwise

he is little changed. His heart is still warm and affectionate, and we were happy to meet once more.

"Davis is most of the time at Boston. He has recommenced his commercial pursuits, and says he is doing well. His wife has passed the last year in the country, with her father, near Ballston Springs. She returned to town some six weeks since, and is boarding in Fulton Street. Her boy, whose name is, by the by, altered to Fitz-William, is with her, and a little daughter about six months old, whose name I have forgotten. I have seen her but once since her return, having, as I have before mentioned, done with visiting. Her sister, who was with her when you were here, returned home the day after your departure, and was married in a week to a Doctor Sanders. I am told they have removed and are settled somewhere in the western part of the State. Wilson has at length left Mrs. Buchanan's; boards somewhere in Pearl Street, is unmarried, and always will be. Thomas Barker boards with him. He has gone into business as an auctioneer."

Among the favorite resorts of the young poets was the residence of Colonel Russell, whose cook was celebrated for her succotash, a dish of which Drake and Halleck were extravagantly fond. It is, however, questionable, whether the corn and beans of which it was compounded would have had sufficient attraction to draw them there so often, had there not been domiciled under the hospitable roof of the venerable Colonel cer-

tain young ladies—two fair Elizas—whose charms were celebrated by both the poets. Another of their haunts was the house of Mrs. Peter Stuyvesant, with whose nephew, Egerton Winthrop, Drake had been a fellow-pupil under Drs. Bruce and Romayne. The residence, now destroyed, stood in the neighborhood of St. Mark's Church, with a beautiful lawn and gardens extending to the East River. They spent many happy hours in the old mansion, and often, during their visits, would take fishing-tackle and proceed to the Burnt Mill Point, near what is now Tenth Street. On one of these excursions, Drake had a nibble, when he gave such a sudden jerk that he lost his fish, but, singular to relate, his hook accidentally caught another *by the tail*. "There, Fitz," shouted the elated young doctor, "I've caught a fish." "No, no, Joe," replied Halleck, "I should say that he caught himself."

In speaking of the wonderful growth of the city, the poet recently remarked that, in his early days, his New-Year calls were all, with a single exception, made below Canal Street, "now I suppose you, young gentlemen, would decline visiting any one who did not reside above Bleecker." The exceptional call was made on Mrs. Stuyvesant, and, said Mr. Halleck, "her residence was considered so very remote that we always took a carriage to go there. She lived a few blocks south of the present square which bears her name." Once, upon entering the spacious old man-

sion, Mrs. Stuyvesant said to Mr. Halleck, "My heart is broken." "Who is the base deceiver?" he asked. "Ah!" said the disconsolate widow, "it's not that, but the authorities are about to open a street through my garden!" That street is First Avenue, and, since the poet's death, the famous pear-tree which stood on the corner of Thirteenth Street, and which was the last vestige of Mrs. Stuyvesant's garden, as well as one of the landmarks of old New York, has been swept away.

Another resort with the poets was the spacious country-house of Henry Eckford, a distinguished ship-builder, who resided in what was then known as Love Lane, several miles from the city. It is now in the very centre of New York. His fine residence, the approach to which was by a beautifully-shaded avenue, called Love Lane, stood near what is at present known as Twenty-first Street, between the Sixth and Seventh Avenues. Dr. DeKay was also a frequent visitor, and the quartette was completed by Charles P. Clinch, then confidential secretary to Mr. Eckford. Many jovial evenings were spent by these young gentlemen under the roof of the eminent Scotch ship-builder, and two of the number became his sons-in-law. Another favorite haunt with Halleck and Drake was Hunt's Point, on Long Island Sound. There was always great joy over Halleck's arrival. "We were always delighted to see Mr. Halleck at Hunt's Point, as he would remain and entertain us, while Drake would be

off in an old coat with his fishing-tackle," said one of the ladies who then resided there, to the writer. She also added that "Drake used to sing to us, and Halleck would delight us with his poetical recitations and amusing anecdotes." One of the city frolics in which the literary partners sometimes indulged in those happy "de'il ma' care days" was to visit houses which were advertised to rent, for the purpose, as one of the poets said, "of getting a glimpse of the ladies in *dishabille* and to see the pretty servant-girls."

Drake's poem of "The Culprit Fay," it has always been said, was written during the summer of 1819. This statement has been made by Willis, Poe, Griswold, Duyckinck,[1] and many other writers. The latter says: "'The Culprit Fay' arose out of a conversation in the summer of 1819, in which Drake, DeKay, Cooper, the novelist, and Halleck, were speaking of the Scottish streams and their adaptation to the uses of poetry by their numerous romantic associations. Cooper and Halleck maintained that our own rivers furnished no such capabilities, when Drake, as usual, took the opposite side of the argument, and, to make his position good, produced in three days 'The Culprit Fay.' The scene is laid in the Highlands of the Hudson, but it is noticeable that the chief associations conjured up relate to the salt water, the poet drawing his inspiration from his familiar haunt on the Sound at

[1] "Cyclopædia of American Literature," vol. ii.

Hunt's Point."[1] This account of the origin of the exquisite poem on which Drake's reputation as a poet chiefly rests is correct, except in the date assigned for the meeting of the four friends and the production of "The Culprit Fay." On a manuscript copy of the poem now before us, in Halleck's handwriting, is the indorsement herewith appended: "The following lines were written by Joseph Rodman Drake in New York, North America, August, 1816, and copied from the author's manuscript in January, 1817, by Fitz-Greene Halleck."

During the winter of 1816–'17, the poet made a visit of pleasure as far south as Virginia, stopping at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Mount Vernon, and Alexandria. The following incomplete letter, for it has neither beginning nor end, neither a date nor an address, describing his Southern tour, was, I presume, written during the winter of 1816–'17, and sent to some member of the family, probably to his mother:

[TO MRS. ISRAEL HALLECK.]

* * * * to employ my leisure moments in completing my knowledge of the French language, of which I possessed what is termed a smattering before. Our friend DeKay, together with two or three others

[1] In a manuscript copy of "The Culprit Fay," the author left a note ingeniously removing the difficulty: "The reader will find some of the inhabitants of the salt water a little farther up the Hudson than they usually travel, but not too far for the purposes of poetry."

of my intimate acquaintances, were boarding in a French house. I left Mrs. Buchanan's, regardless of her tears (which were not a few), and joined DeKay at Madame Berault's, a very amiable family, with whom I remained till February last.

In November, having some business in Philadelphia, and actuated by a desire to see (or rather to say that I had seen) some of the Southern cities, I travelled as far as Alexandria, in Virginia, stopping some days at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, etc., on the way. Neither of these cities is, in my estimation, equal to New York, for a residence. Baltimore resembles it the most. Philadelphia has attractions for a man of literature superior to any other place in America, which, connected with the peculiar regularity and "steady habits" (if I may be allowed the expression) of its inhabitants, would, I am inclined to believe, render it more pleasing upon long acquaintance. This opinion is confirmed by the partiality which its natives feel for it, which approaches nearly to idolatry, and is too apt to render them very disagreeable companions, their conversation and ideas being local and contracted. Washington is a mere desert. Well might Anacreon Moore ridicule its "Goose Creek," its swamps and marshes. Since he visited it some slight improvement has been made, but the present generation and its children's children will rest quiet in their graves or sleep in "dull cold marble" before it will

present an appearance worthy of its illustrious founder. Its natural situation is, however, admirable. Its site is very commanding, and had it the aid of commerce, without which nothing can flourish (I might almost say exist) in this country, its choice as the capital of a great empire would have been highly judicious. I paused for some time on the field of Bladensburg, rendered memorable by the battle which decided the fate of Washington, and added one to the tears of indignation and regret which every American must drop upon that spot. Never was there a better place for defence marked out by the finger of Nature for a warrior's choice, and never was there a field more shamefully abandoned. The English fought like bloodhounds. They had to march every step of the way up-hill, and, had any thing like a decent resistance been made to their progress, the bloody victory of St. Sebastian's would have found its rival in historic annals. The roadside is dotted with the graves of their dead; over that of a colonel who fell in the battle, a small sprig of mullet had grown, as if Nature meant to mark it as distinct from the common dust of the forgotten brave. Caps, shreds of cloth, etc., and now and then an arm or a leg, scattered on the field, were still discernible when I passed. The capitol and President's house were in ruins. They had commenced repairing them, but it must take many years to reinstate them in their former splendor. They were very fine buildings, the

President's house certainly the finest in America. His Excellency was then in town. He was ill, and I did not see him. His brother-in-law, Mr. Cutts, with whom I was acquainted, offered to introduce me, but, as my stay was very short, I declined his offer. I saw Mrs. Madison at the theatre, where a number of gentlemen amateurs were murdering a play or two. She is a very handsome, dignified-looking personage, and I understand presides at her levee in a style not excelled by European courts. She has much more suavity of manner and of the grace and demeanor of polished society than her husband. I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Gallatin, and sundry other "great folks," whose sole interest was derived from their temporary ascendency in the concerns of our famous Republic, and who will probably retire in a few years to the *otium cum dignitate* of their original state of obscurity, and die "unnoticed and unknown." I visited Mount Vernon, of course, though obliged to go thirty-two miles out of my way to do so. 'Tis a pilgrimage which, as an American, I paid with feelings of devotion and of reverence as strong, as powerful, and enthusiastic, as ever warmed the heart of a pious pilgrim on his journey to the Holy Land or

> "To St. Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
> And the crazed brain restore."

It is a very pleasant, indeed a charming, situation on the banks of the Potomac, and, distinct from its hallowed and holy interest as the "*depositaire*" of the ashes of the good and brave, would command attention for its retired and placid beauties. I was accompanied by a young officer who had served during all the late war upon the lines, and who was fast sinking to the tomb from a consumption, the result of long marches and "tentless bivouacs." I became acquainted with him at Washington, where he was settling his accounts with the War Office. He was an enthusiast, and a victim of enthusiasm. I have not since heard of him. We were accosted at the gate by an old negro-servant of the General's, who told me he had accompanied him to the Braddock war (as he termed it). Bushrod Washington, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States, occupies the mansion at present. He was then at Philadelphia with his family, and none but the servants were at home. One of them very obligingly showed us "the lions," such as are probably shown to all strangers. We passed through every apartment. Many portraits of the General are hung up in the rooms. One of them, a miniature, was said to be the best likeness. 'Tis very little different from the prints of him which are to be seen in almost every house in the country. They showed us the key of the Bastile, which La Fayette had sent him from France soon after the destruction of that building in 1789.

'Tis a large, massy iron key, and enclosed in a glass case. The tomb of Washington, or rather his family-vault, is very romantically situated. Three large oak-trees overshadow it, and a grove of pines shoots up beneath them. I robbed the vault of part of the shells which compose the plaster and the pines of some small sprigs, which I preserve as "mementoes."

On my return from Baltimore to Philadelphia, I took the upper road, by the way of York and Lancaster. The distance is greater than by the usual route, but I was desirous to view the country in that quarter, which I had heard much extolled for its fertility and beauty, nor was I disappointed. If there ever was a land flowing with milk and honey, that must have been the spot. The inhabitants, their houses, in short, every thing around, denote abundance. Every inch of ground is capable of cultivation, and all is a continued garden. 'Tis the paradise of America. On the banks of the Susquehanna are some of the loveliest views that the eye of the imagination ever fancied. One, in particular, from a bridge at a town called Columbia, might defy the pencil of magic to equal. In my "mind's eye" I still see it in all its loveliness, nor, till my last sigh, will the impression of the moment I gazed upon it be erased from my memory. It is a fair specimen of the vale of Wyoming, rendered sacred by the muse of Campbell:

"The loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore."

I remained two or three days in Philadelphia, and from thence returned to New York.

Finding that there were too many Americans at Madame Berardi's, and that my wish of learning the French language was in vain while I continued there, I left her house on the 1st of February, and went to Mons. Villagrand's, in Chambers Street, where I still reside. Nothing but French is spoken here, and I have already nearly completed my knowledge of it. I now speak it with facility, and have been often taken, or rather mistaken, for a Frenchman by Frenchmen themselves. The family consists of the husband and wife, two sons, and a daughter. The wife and daughter are very agreeable, and both rather pretty. The former is somewhere from thirty to one hundred. One can never distinguish between youth and old age in a Frenchwoman. The dress of mother and daughter is alike, even to the roses on their hats and the morning paper-curls for their hair. The same amusements is common to each, each moves in the same social circle, and one would rather believe them playmates and companions than mother and child. I shall probably remain with them for some years, until circumstances may render some other residence necessary.

In June, as I then wrote you, I was obliged, in

order to secure a debt due us in North Carolina, to make a voyage to that State. 'Twas an irksome business, nor is there any thing in that part of the country in the smallest degree connected with ideas of gratification or of pleasure. I had long passages going and coming. The packets in that trade are not very commodious, and I was every thing but comfortable on board of them. I however, as usual, endeavored to make the best of my situation, and amused myself by reading, musing, etc., as well as possible. We had one or two what the sailors termed violent storms on the passage, accompanied with not a little thunder and lightning, but either my dread of storms had previously given me a worse idea of them than they merited, or my mind was steeled or insensible to danger, for I felt no sensations of terror in the storms we encountered. My feelings were rather those of pleasure—that pleasure derived from the view of scenes of sublimity and grandeur, which the attendance of danger serves but to heighten. I watched the mountain-wave as it rolled far above the masts and burst in air. I listened to the mingled conflict of winds and waters, and the creaking of the masts at the rush of the billow. I marked the sheets of volleyed lightning that gleamed and played around me in almost a constant glare till my eyes were blinded with the gaze, and owned a feeling, indistinct and undefinable, but far removed from terror or dismay.

We reached Newbern, my port of destination, in twelve days. It is situated seventy or eighty miles up a river, edged on each side with pine-woods, which give an air of rather placid beauty to the prospect as one sails along it. But all is level and unvaried. The waters are muddy and discolored. Alligators, serpents, "gorgons, hyenas, and chimeras dire" people the shore, and the inhabitants themselves appear to be Nature's outcasts. One sees "no trace of her but the form." They are all of a sallow, sickly complexion, with emaciated bodies and feeble minds. Newbern is about as large as New Haven, but not in a flourishing state. Two-thirds of its residents, I should suppose, were negroes, and many of the remainder are Yankees, who leave their own States in ignorance of every thing, and who learn nothing in their adopted ones but additional ideas of importance, and habits of debauchery and vice. At home, a Connecticut man goes according to law and custom. Law and custom are favorable in his native State to morality and virtue. When he leaves it, and goes where law of that nature is unknown, and where custom sanctions every thing immoral and degrading, the original formation of his mind becomes developed, and he finds that it was not his own good sense of propriety of conduct, or strength of mind, that made him behave himself decently at home, but solely a dread of disobeying the laws and incurring the censure of his neighbors, and be-

comes in a short time the most prodigate of wretches. The better sort of people in North Carolina, though dissipated and debauched, have been bred to it, as it were, and mingle in all things the address and demeanor of gentlemen, which robs vice of half its grossness and half its injury: but the Yankees there are entirely dispossessed of such qualifications, and their manners and conduct are most disgusting to a stranger. I avoided them, of course. The natives one can bear with. They are frank and open, would be liberal, perhaps, if they had any thing to give, are conversable and good-humored. I stayed in Newbern two days. I had an opportunity of seeing pomegranate-trees in blossom, and of eating figs from the trees. The pomegranate is a small bush, resembling the lilac-bush. Its blossoms are a bright and beautiful red. Its fruit in appearance resembles a large pear; its colors are a mixture of scarlet and gold. The fig-tree resembles much a quince-tree. Its leaves are large, though I should imagine they had lost some of their qualities since the days of our friends Adam and Eve, for they are too brittle to sew together. Most of the fruits which are found on the Grecian islands and shores are natural to the soil of Carolina, and require little cultivation. I hired a stick-chair (as they term them here) to carry me to a village called Washington, a distance of forty miles, with a boy to drive me, whose yellow visage and sunk lack-lustre eyes reminded me

of the "Witch of Endor." Our way lay through a wood. A narrow road had been cut, broad enough to admit one vehicle to pass. All the rest was as the deluge left it five thousand years ago. We stopped at every house we saw on the road. By the by, there were but three. The dinner which I got at one of them was a fair sample of their manner of living. They gave me hoe-cakes (cakes made of Indian meal and baked on a board provided for the purpose), smoking hot, and some cold ham and boiled calliots, a species of cabbage, which my boy said he "liked mightily" (this is one of the country phrases), but in which I differed with him most widely. By way of a dessert, they give some apple-pie and a glass of milk. This, with a quantity of whiskey, composes the dinner. There are generally from two to twenty half-naked negroes standing behind you and around the table, each armed with a long brush of peacock-feathers, with which they keep off the flies, which otherwise would eat up your dinner and you too in a short time. Washington is a small village, but very pleasant, at least the most so of any I met with in my absence. Here I remained a week. I visited several other little towns around there not worth naming, and, having completed my affairs, though by no means to my satisfaction, I left it without a sigh or tear on the morning of the 4th of July. I had received a very polite invitation from a committee of the whole town to honor them

with my presence at the dinner which they were going to swallow in the afternoon of that day, in commemoration of their country's birth (by the by, the committee, composed of three, were all Irishmen), but I was so anxious to leave their wretched village, that I preferred a dinner of ham and hoe-cake, to all their good cheer, and embarked at seven o'clock in the morning on board of a little sail-boat with two negroes, and sailed down the river, in pursuit of a vessel bound to New York, having understood that such were generally found at the mouth of the river. After a tedious passage of sixty miles, we arrived at twelve o'clock at night at our place of destination, and I got on board of a schooner bound home. The vessel was loaded and ready for sea, but we were detained for two days by contrary winds, during which time the captain and myself (I was the only passenger) went on shore and rambled among the woods in quest of adventures. Houses are scattered at about two miles from each other in the wilderness. A little spot of ground round them is, as it were, dug out of the waste, and planted with corn, etc., from which the natives derive their subsistence. Their houses are all of one story; they have no glass windows. In pleasant weather they throw open the window-shutters. When it rains or is cold they shut them. Some of the chimneys are at the end of the house, as is usual with civilized people, others are in the middle of the room, and the smoke

goes out "through a hole in the roof," as in the Irish cottages. These half-savages stared at us as though they seldom had an opportunity of looking at human beings. They were, however, kind and hospitable. The women, particularly, seemed much pleased with us, and 'tis a truth that a stranger always finds a more welcome reception from the women than the men, particularly if he happens to be young and good-looking, begging your sex's pardon. Two of the young ladies were anxious to go down to Ocracoke, the island at the mouth of the bay. They wanted to look at the sea and visit some friends who resided near it. We accordingly gave them a passage on board, but the poor girls were so cruelly sea-sick that they soon wished themselves back again in their native pine-forests.

On the third morning after becoming one of the inmates of the schooner's cabin we left Ehongapongo River, as it is called, and, sailing down Pamlico Sound, reached Ocracoke Bar in two days. Here we landed our two ladies, and accompanied them to the house of their friend, situated in the depth of a sandy forest, surrounded with withered shrubs and blasted trees, the sea-air being so piercing as to almost destroy all vegetation on that island. Its inhabitants, to the number of two or three hundred families, are mostly pilots, who earn a hard and precarious subsistence by piloting vessels over the shoals with which the coast is surrounded. 'Tis a horrible shore. In walking round it

for about a mile, I counted above twenty wrecks of ships, all which had fallen victims to the "war of elements" within a short time. Here, as ill-luck would have it, we were detained for seven days by contrary winds. Most of this tedious interval I passed on board. We occasionally rowed on shore, but the country is so dreary and the natives such a crew of half-starved savages, that we were glad to screen ourselves from the view of squalid wretchedness within our little cabin. That, by the by, was not a very comfortable place. Two of the men were sick with the fever which in the summer months prevails in that climate, and seven of us were huddled in a small place not ten feet square. Well might Doctor Johnson describe a ship as "a prison, with a chance of being drowned."

At length the wind became favorable, and I bade that accursed harbor adieu with an huzza of gladness. We had a long and rather disagreeable passage home. Our long and unexpected detention at Ocracoke had consumed nearly all our provisions, and for the last three days we had nothing to eat but a little very bad bread, and a dolphin which we were so lucky as to take. The deck was covered with lumber, and there was not a place on it for me to walk larger than a chess-board. This, connected with the want of provisions, the poor sick fellows on board, no books, no companions, rendered it, you may well suppose, a fit habitation for the "blue devils." They paid me their

compliments now and then. They pointed to my then situation, to the unpleasing prospects which awaited me when I should get on shore, to the gloom which hung over the future. I could only chase them away by calling to my aid the treasures of my memory; by repeating the thousand and one poems * *

In the following letter the poet refers to his manuscript of "The Culprit Fay," already alluded to, and also to its gifted author, Dr. Drake:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 29, 1817.

MY DEAR MARIA: I send you herewith two manuscript poems, written by a friend of mine, Mr. Drake, whose name, I believe, I once mentioned to you. He is a young physician, about twenty. "The Culprit Fay" was written, begun, and finished in three days. The copy you have is from the original, without the least alteration. It is certainly the best thing of the kind in the English language, and is more strikingly original than I had supposed it possible for a modern poem to be. The other "Lines" were written to a lady, after an evening's ramble near a river, on whose opposite bank a band of music was playing. 'Tis a hackneyed subject, but he has given it beauty and novelty. I will send you in a short time some other pieces equally good. You will, of course, show these to George Foote and William Todd. The poem was writ-

ten in August last, since which its author has married, and, as his wife's father is rich, I imagine he will write no more. He was poor, as poets, of course, always are, and offered himself a sacrifice at the shrine of Hymen to shun the "pains and penalties" of poverty. I officiated as groomsman, though much against my will. His wife is good-natured, and loves him to distraction. He is, perhaps, the handsomest man in New York —a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo, and, as I well knew that his person was the true index of his mind, I felt myself during the ceremony as committing a crime in aiding and assisting in such a sacrifice.

On the subject of visiting you, I can add nothing further. I shall certainly endeavor to do it if J. B. goes to Washington, which is still uncertain. Misfortune has made me a philosopher, and if disappointed in this, as I have been in almost every anticipation of my life, I shall submit without a murmur.

What has become of George A. Elliot? I have heard nothing of him since he left here for Philadelphia.

Yours affectionately,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

In addition to the song contained in the following letter, Mr. Halleck wrote for Miss Eliza McCall the beautiful lines beginning, "The world is bright before

thee." Drake also wrote two songs for the same young lady, whom both the young poets greatly admired. Halleck introduces her, and also Mrs. Drake, in one of the "Croakers." The songs are included in Drake's poems, where they appear with the titles "To a lady, on hearing her sing 'Cushlamachree,'" and "To a lady with a withered violet:"

Though Fate upon this faded flower
His withering hand has laid,
Its odored breath defies his power,
Its sweets are undecayed.

And thus, although thy warbled strains
No longer wildly thrill,
The memory of the song remains,
Its song is with me still.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *July* 14, 1817.

MY DEAR SISTER: It was not until Saturday that I received your letter of the 28th ult. When you write me by a private conveyance, please direct F. G. Halleck, 29 Wall Street; when you write by mail, merely F. G. Halleck is sufficient. * * * You had better, I think, keep the house and your present establishment; making yourselves as comfortable as possible. You may rely on me, while I have life and health—and perhaps a prize in a lottery, or some other equally probable event, may bring us golden days ere

long. At any rate, 'tis the part of wisdom to be as happy as we can. This is an excellent precept, but difficult to follow.

I wrote a few lines to George Elliot the other day, just to keep up our acquaintance. I suppose he will answer me. I am pleased to hear that Charles is a papa. I think the marriage a very proper one, so far as I recollect of the lady: though I understand that the aristocratic blood of the family felt itself much contaminated by the connection at the moment. I trust all has been amicably settled ere this.

A new poem by Thomas Moore comes out next week. I wish some Guilforder would call on me and be willing to take a bundle of books to you now and then. I am so confined to the bank that I cannot keep the run of the Guilford vessels, otherwise, I would send you occasionally the new publications.

I annex some lines I wrote one Sunday morning, lately. They were written for a Miss McCall, who sings, as the phrase is, divinely, in order to go to the tune of "Jessie of Dunblane," the original words of which are miserable.

Yours affectionately,

GREENE.

I turned a last look on my dear native mountain,
When the dim blush of sunset grew faint on the sky;
All was still—save the music that leaped from the fountain,
And the wave of the wood to the summer wind's sigh.

Far around the gray mist of the twilight was stealing,
And the tints of the landscape had faded in blue,
Ere my pale lip could murmur the accents of feeling,
As it bade the loved scenes of my childhood adieu!

Oh! mock not that pang—for my heart was retracing
Vast visions of happiness sparkling and dear!
My hand was still warm from a mother's embracing,
My cheek was still wet with a fond sister's tear;
Like the infant's first sleep on the lap of its mother,
Were the days of my boyhood—those days now no more!
And my bosom's deep throb I had struggled to smother
Was that infant's wild cry when its first sleep is o'er!

Years have gone by, and remembrance now covers
With the tinge of the moonbeam the thought of that hour;
But still in his day-dreams the wanderer hovers
O'er the cottage he left, and its green-woven bower;
And Hope lingers near him, her wildest song breathing,
And points to a future day, distant and dim,
When the fingers of Summer, its eglantine wreathing,
Shall brighten the home of his childhood for him.

The letter which follows contains an allusion to the Washington and Warren Bank, established by Jacob Barker at Sandy Hill near Lake George, and also makes mention of a number of the current publications of that day, written by William Beckford, Leigh Hunt, Walter Scott, and the Ettrick Shepherd:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 9, 1817.

MY DEAR MARIA: Your letter of the 13th ult. came in due course. My excursion to the north was not one of pleasure. Had I the privilege of making such excursions, my steps would be turned in a different direction. I went to Lake George purely on business. Being the (nominal) director of a bank near there, my presence was necessary previous to the commencement of its operations. I shall be obliged to go again, probably, in a few weeks. I do not anticipate much pleasure from the journey at this time, as the novelty, a principal inducement, is no more, and the weather will, I fear, be too cold for comfort, particularly in a climate five or six degrees of latitude to the northward of this place.

You need be in no hurry about returning the books, I am not in immediate want of them. I sent another package to Henry Spencer's store, to be forwarded to you. He has kindly promised to take charge of any parcel I may leave with him. I have not seen him since they were sent to him, which is a week or so ago. Have you received them? I almost forget what they were, but am sure that they included the second volume of "Tales of my Landlord," and the "Antiquary," in two volumes, and "Vathek," a Persian story. Lord Byron, in the notes to some of his poems, speaks very highly of this work. I was, in consequence, in-

duced to read it, and am much pleased with it. I hope you will find it amusing. Hunt's "Story of Rimini" and Hogg's "Queen's Wake" were among them. The latter, I believe, you have read. However, it is well worth a second perusal. Hunt's "Rimini" contains some charming poetry, and much original power of description. The story is a silly one, similar to Lord Byron's "Parisina," though, I believe, written first, of course not a plagiarism. In addition to these, there were some numbers of the Boston *Athenæum*, which will probably entertain you. If there were any more, I cannot remember them, and at any rate you will find out when you open the package. I shall make it a point to send you some more in a short time. If there is any work you have heard of and wish to read, please mention it, and you shall have it. I wish I could send myself in a package to you instead of the books, as I have no doubt you would peruse me with pleasure, but "*Helas! cela ne peut pas. Il faut se soumettre.*" In plain English, It cannot be.

Yours affectionately,

GREENE.

ALBANY, *Dec.* 4, 1817.

MY DEAR MARIA: I arrived here yesterday on my way to Lake George, where, I imagine, I shall be detained some weeks. A severe rheumatism in my right shoulder has been bothering me for some time, and has

become at length extremely painful—so that I am little short of miserable. You know I have been hitherto, thank God, a stranger to any thing like pain or illness, and perhaps the novelty attached to being unable to raise my arm to my head may be one great source of my uneasiness, and that when I get, like thousands of other sufferers, accustomed to it, I may learn to bear without much murmuring. When I reach Sandy Hill, my place of destination, I shall have little to do but nurse it, and I hope it will soon leave me. For that place I start to-morrow morning. It is about sixty miles, one day's ride from here.

D. Woodward handed me a letter from you while he was in New York. I had written you per mail about a week before. You did not mention having received my letter; probably, as you say the mail passes but twice a week through Guilford, it had not time to reach you, although it had been seven or eight days on the road. It was of no consequence, however, and contained nothing valuable.

George Hill called on me last week on his way to the South. I accompanied him on board the vessel to see his wife and mother. The latter has been, and still is, a very fine-looking woman. With his wife I was much pleased. She is, to be sure, any thing but handsome, but has an air of good-humor and good sense about her, which endears her at first view; and from the short conversation which took place, I was

inclined to form a good opinion of her powers of pleasing. She will certainly make an admirable wife.

On my return to New York, I shall send you some more books; presuming that you will have devoured those you have by that time. You may calculate on a visit from me certainly in the spring—extraordinaries always excepted—and perhaps in the course of two or three months.

It is uncertain how long I shall remain at Sandy Hill: probably a fortnight. I shall make it a point to write you from thence.

I have some additional poems of Drake's, which I copied for the purpose of sending to you, but I left New York with so little preparation, that I had not time to forward them, and forgot to bring them with me.

Yours,

GREENE.

The next two letters, written by Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck, will allude to the same sad subject—the self-destruction of a mutual friend named Walter Franklin, who shot himself during Halleck's absence at Sandy Hill.

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 12, 1817.

MY DEAR FITZ: I hardly feel myself capable of writing, but the news I have to tell will shock you less

from me than if you heard it through the medium of a newspaper. Our friend Walter has terminated his own existence. The causes which have led to it are yet obscure. No writing, no paper, tending to throw any light on it, has been found. On Wednesday, the day before he died, he was with me during the day, from ten in the morning until late at night—but there was no agitation in his manner, no depression of spirits, to lead to any suspicion of the state of his mind. He was, if there was any difference, more placidly cheerful than ever. There seemed to be a gentleness in his mirth which was unusual with him, but I attributed it to our reconciliation. It was on Monday that he called on me first, and from that time he was with me almost constantly until the fatal morning.

Many circumstances have occurred to prove that the deed was long premeditated. A number of expressions which he made use of in conversation with me, at that time obscure, are now elucidated; but they were used in a pleasant conversation, and uttered in too gay a tone to make any impression on me at the time.

The morning on which he committed the deed he was in unusual spirits, romped a great deal with the children, and amused them with firing his pistols out of the window. Soon after, he sent them down-stairs and told them he would read till dinner-time. He then lay down on the bed, placed a looking-glass be-

tween his knees to direct his aim, and fired. The report did not alarm the family, and his situation was not discovered until his father came up-stairs to call him to dinner. You can imagine his feelings.

The family are in the deepest distress, Mary particularly. I have written at her request for Bond to come on—his presence will be the only thing that can afford her consolation.

Faithfully yours,

J. R. DRAKE.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 15, 1817.

MY DEAR MARIA: I returned home yesterday, having accomplished the objects of my journey sooner than I expected. A letter from you, directed to me here, came to hand during my absence, and was forwarded on to Lake George. It will be returned to me from thence in a few days. I wrote you a few lines from Albany. Have you received them?

One of my most intimate friends shot himself on Thursday last. His name was Franklin; a boy of nineteen; a clerk in the United States Bank. I became acquainted with him through Drake's introduction two years ago, and we have since been bosom friends. He was an extraordinary character in every respect; with a mind strong, and powerful, and ener-

getic far beyond his years; an enthusiast in poetry, in music, in every thing. But he had viewed life so long on the dark side of the picture, that his countenance had assumed a continual gloom, which, even in his most cheerful hours, and in the midst of the maddest mirth, was always perceivable. He was the handsomest being I ever saw. He was six feet high, perfectly proportioned, and had as fine a face as nature ever formed. His powers of conversation were unlimited, though he turned generally, if possible, on metaphysical subjects, or on some theme wild, and daring, and romantic, that suited the gloomy color of his thoughts. He was, in short, a complete Hyppolito in many respects. We had often conversed on suicide, and I joined him in the opinion that the world contained nothing worth living for, and he was the most fortunate whose task was soonest ended. Some weeks previous to my leaving town he purchased a pair of pistols, with which, he told me, he intended to shoot himself, but, it being an old subject and theme of conversation, I thought no more of it. Nothing of any importance occurred to him for some days previous to his death. He had passed the previous evening with Drake, and appeared in a more calm, temperate flow of spirits than ever—read Shakespeare, and commented on him with his usual enthusiasm. The next morning, he amused himself by firing his pistols out of his chamber-window. Some boys before the window asked him to fire again;

he answered. "I shall fire once more at one o'clock." At that hour a report was heard, but, from the continual firing all the morning, it excited no alarm. His father came home at two o'clock, went to Walter's room; he was not in. The door of his sister's room was locked; on bursting it open, he was found dead on the bed. He had stretched himself upon it, placed a small looking-glass between his knees in such a manner that he could see his pistol when at his forehead, and fired. The ball passed through his temple and lodged in the wall. His death must have been instantaneous, and without a pang, for his countenance was perfectly calm and unruffled, not a muscle distorted, nor even a curl of the lip to denote agony. I need not paint the anguish of a father's, mother's, brother's, and sister's feelings, or of a young lady to whom he was betrothed. I thank Heaven I was not here to witness the first madness of that moment's agony.

In a few days I will write you again. My rheumatism is much better. It is no longer painful, though my arm is still somewhat stiff.

Yours affectionately,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

In a fragment of a letter written January 24, 1818, by the poet, to I know not whom, occurs the following mention of Dr. William Langstaff, a most eccentric character, with whom DeKay, Drake, and Halleck,

were for many years on terms of the closest intimacy: "Langstaff is a nondescript. He is something like Lord Byron's 'Lara,' for nobody knows where he came from, or who he is. He says he is from somewhere near London, and there his history ends. It would appear that he has been in Holland and a part of France, as he sometimes mentions having been there when a boy. He is now about my age. Some eight or ten years ago, Doctor Bruce, a physician of eminence, came across him, I know not where or how, and finding he possessed an extraordinary genius for mineralogy, of which the said Doctor Bruce was professor, he took him under his patronage, though it seems he knew more of mineralogy even then than the professor himself. By the by, while I am on the subject, I must mention to you that Doctor Bruce is brother to the Earl of Arran, and a lineal descendant of Robert Bruce. His wife is also of the nobility, and as proud as Lucifer; though a very accomplished woman, and a little given to drinking. Her name was White. She has a brother a major-general in the British army, and bottle-companion to the Prince Regent, another an admiral in the navy, and cousins without number, titled and untitled. I had the honor at her house of bowing to the Marquis of Tweeddale, Lord O'Neale, the Earl of Selkirk, Sir James Yeo, and half a dozen others whose names and titles I have forgotten. Excuse this episode. To return to Langstaff.

He studied medicine with Bruce, and, after receiving his degree as an M. D., hired a room, or rather a hermit's cell, where he has since subsisted by the practice of medicine and the sale of mineralogical cabinets, which he spends all the summer in procuring. It would amuse you to see him squatted upon a stone fence or some old weather-beaten rock, in a fine, hot summer's day, digging out small pieces of stone with a mallet and chisel, and enjoying, in spite of a burning sun, more delight than even a poet in his wildest moments. Were it not for the pleasure he takes in this science, he would, like Walter Franklin, have shot himself long ago, for a more miserable being than he is generally cannot exist. He is occasionally a perfect misanthrope, and there are times when the glare of his eye would remind you of one of Dante's fiends. Yet, strange as it may appear, his *forte* is humor, and in his gay moments his conversation is the most entertaining and amusing imaginable, as the structure of his mind is so completely original that * * *"

In the spring of 1818, Dr. and Mrs. Drake, with DeKay, visited Europe, and, through the liberality of Henry Eckford, the eminent ship-builder of New York, and the father of Mrs. Drake, Dr. Langstaff accompanied them. During their foreign tour, Halleck received the following poetical epistles, written by his friend Joseph Rodman Drake. The one dated May first is certainly remarkable as being the production

of an American who had not been ten days in Scotland:

DUMFRIES, *May* 1, 1818.

Well, Fitz, I'm here, the mair's the pity,
I'll wad ye curse the vera city
From which I write a braid Scotch ditty,
Afore I learn it;
But if ye canna mak it suit ye,
Ye ken ye'll burn it.

My grunzie's gat a twist intill it,
Thae damned Scotch aighs sae stuff and fill it,
I doubt wi' a' my doctor's skill it
'll keep the gait,
Not e'en my pen can scratch a billet
And write it straight.

Ye're aiblins thinking to forgather
Wi' a hale sheet of muir and heather,
O' burns and braes and sic like blather
To you a feast,
But stop, ye will not light on either
This time at least.

Now stir your bries a wee and ferlie,
Then drop your lip and glower surly;
Troth if you do, I'll tell ye fairly
Ye'll no' be right—
We've made our jaunt a bit too early
For sic a sight.

What it may be when summer cleeds
Muir, shaw, and brae wi' bonnie weeds,
Sprinkling the gowan on the meads,
And browsy knowes,
I dinna ken—but now the meads
Scarce keep the cows.

For trees poor Scotia's sadly scanted;
A few bit pines and larches planted,
And thae, wee, knurlie, blastie, stunted
As e'er thou sawest:
Row but a sma' turf fence anent it,
Hech! there's a forest.

For streams ye'll find a puny puddle,
That wouldn't float a skulebairn's coble;
A cripple still might near hand hobble
Dry bauchled over;
Some whinstone crags to make it bubble,
And there's a river.

And then their cauld and reekie skies,
They luke ower dull to Yankee eyes;
The sun ye'd ken na of his rise
A'maist the day,
Just a noonblink that hardly dries
The dewy brae.

Yet leese auld Scotland on her women,
Ilk sonzie lass and noble yeoman,

For luver's heart or blade of foeman
O'er baith victorious;
E'en common sense, that plant uncommon,
Grows bright and glorious.

Fecks! but my pen has skelp'd along,
I've whistled out an unco' song
'Bout folk I ha' no been amang
Twa days as yet,
But, faith, the farther that I gang,
The mair ye'll get.

Sae sharpen up your lugs, for soon
I'll tread the hazelly braes o' Doon,
See Mungo's well, and set my shoon
Where i' the dark
Bauld Tammie keek'd the drunken loon
At cutty sark.

And I shall tread the hallowed bourne
Where Wallace blew his bugle-horn
O'er Edward's banner, stained and torn.
What Yankee bluid
But feels its free pulse leap and burn
Where Wallace stood!

But pouk my pen—I find I'm droppin'
My braw Scotch style to English loppin',
I fear a'maist that ye'll be hoppin'
I'd quite it quite.
If so, I e'en must think of stoppin',
And sae gude-night.

IRVINE, *10th May*, 1818.—10 P. M.

My Muse is almost fagged with writing,
From twelve at noon I've been inditing.
Father, four sheets of jack-screw packing,
So close, they look like daubs of blacking;
Two letters in a rhyming strain
To dearest sisters o'er the main;
You're at the fag-end of the feast,
But Billy has it—"last not least."
I wrote you late a queer hotch-potch
Of English clipped and broken Scotch,
But luckily I chanced to pass,
While reading it, before the glass,
And saw my grunzie on the gape
In such a d——d ungainly shape,
So twirled and twisted, full and hollow,
In such a storm of sweat and swallow,
I stopped, betwixt a laugh and curse.
I swore, e'en though my rhymes were worse,
I'd have some pity on your mouth,
And clink the language of the South,

In all the future lines I send ye,
Which (patience to ye) will be plenty.
But, Fitz, I'll not be saying neither,
I'll drop the lawless altogether,
Only not haul it by the lugs,
As honest Swankie did his hogs,

When he advanced them from the byre
To grunt hog-Latin with the friar.
From Ribbleside to Irvine town
Each step has been on poet's groun';
Think how my rhyming soul was swelling
Within eyeshot of gray Welvelyn!
To mark from Skiddaw's mighty lap
The land of porringers and pap,
With lakes that glittered bright between,
Like duckponds from a dunghill seen;
The varied beauties of the way,
Coal-works, gibbets, stacks of hay,
Canals and railways, freestone bridges,
Right-angled gardens, and clipped hedges;
And then to meet, how vastly pleasant,
A full-fed brute in every peasant!

And here, although across the border,
The men are of a different order;
The feint a sight your eyeball crosses
But whinstone hills and dark peat-mosses,
Braw bare-legged girls, auld smoky queans,
And filthy huts, and filthier weans.
But, stop, Sir Poet, if you please,
We're o'er the Nith and past Dumfries,
And here, God bless the spot forever,
There's something like a Yankee river;
Though small and weak, its light waves swell;
My bonny Bronx, 'tis like yoursell,
And that's eno' to make me pour

A hearty blessing on your shore.
And now the misty sun's revealing
Scenes that would rouse a Dutchman's feeling.
Where'er the eye enraptured turns,
Some relique of her minstrel Burns
Shines on old Scotia's barren land,
Like the green spots on Afric's sand.

The bush that heard his first love-vow,
The field where last he held the plough,
The hill whose kindling sides along
First pealed the Bruce's battle-song,
The low thatch-roof where Coila stood,
The bowl that fired the poet's blood,
To sing how wi' his parting breath
A Scotsman gi'es the grip to Death!
The burnie banks he oft has trod,
And out, alas! the silent sod
Where sleeps in his untimely cell
The master of the mighty spell.
Ah, Rob! my friend, for so you've been aye,
Save Shakespeare's self, the best of any,
Blithe wad I been if ye had known
To let strong drink and priests alone,
Or only used in moderation
Those two grand curses of creation,
Then had ye shone the first in glory,
Not Campbell's self a fool before ye,
Nor died, like Basil's holy pigeon,
Martyr to whiskey and religion.

Westward away we take the air,
Just stop at Irvine's holy fair,
And then for Ayr's twa clavering brigs,
And green Tarbolton's barley rigs.
We passed poor Mailla's dike, the banks
Where honest Luath eased his shanks,
And wi' his stroanin' crony sat
An hour in philosophic chat;
We took our whiskey in the cot
Where ranter Rob was born and got;
Saw the old thorn, the stump of 't rather,
That stopped the gab of Mungo's mither,
And in the kirk's bedevilled tower
Stood in the rain a good half hour.
We found where Nannie in her dances
Exposed her legs to Satan's glances,
Until his wintling clumsy bones,
In amorous fidgets, ground the stones.
We passed the brig (of brigs the wale)
Where Maggie warsled for her tail,
And coming back, the last of any,
Saw the wee house of Souter Johnny.

For Wallace, Fitz, I've had a damper;
My wits were on an up-hill scamper
To see where Scotland's genius rose
In triumph o'er her prostrate foes;
But Ayr's dull brutes, to scrape a farthing,
Have turned the proud barns to a garden.
(Blasted be every blade the springs,

Unless the angry nettle flings
Her armed and bristly branches there,
To guard the hallowed Burns of Ayr.)
The tower is there, the clock, the spire,
Whence fifty feet, perhaps, or higher,
Hurled by the English imps of hell,
From off the top the hero fell,
And almost broke his gallant bones
Against the d——d hard-hearted stones.
And there's the *stone*, a wee Scotch pebble
(Ten men to lift it were unable),
Which Wallace skelpit o'er the house
As easy as you would a mouse.
Such sweating tales we have in plenty,
But what I've written will content ye.

To-morrow, or the next day comin',
Our party's off toward Loch Lomond,
And thence, o'er water, hill, and isle,
To Erne, Katrine, and Aberfoyle.
The sky is heavy, dull, o'ercast,
And, faith, I'm fearing it will last;
And if it should, ye may divine
We'll find the Highlands unco' fine.
God's me! my hat, by all that's cheerly,
The moon is up, and shining clearly!
Hey! for an harlequinian antic,
I've been a month across th' Atlantic,
And this the first good glimpse mine eye
Has gotten of a Yankee sky,

And there's the *star!* ye west winds fan her!
That shines upon my country's banner.
She loves the West—she seldom flings
Her sparkle points on eyeless kings,
But keeps them for the gallant lads
Who wear her in their black cockades.
Here, where mist, cloud, and smoke unite
To stifle up each heavenly light,
Long may we watch each wind that blows
Before that glittering eye unclose.
Thus, to my country's sore dishonor,
Old England's fog lay sore upon her,
Till roused at last, each spirit proud
Her cannon-thunders burst the cloud,
And poured o'er Europe's hills afar
The glories of the Western Star!
Lord! but she's gone! and here again
Our old acquaintance, wind and rain.
Ye vaporous jades! the red plague rid ye,
If ye'd not come until I bid ye
Ye'd still be wearing, I've a notion,
Your white foam night-caps o'er the ocean,
And I'd have time mine eyes to feast
On my bright star an hour at least.
Yet, Hesper! though ye now must darkle,
Lord bless you for that pleasant sparkle.
I think ye must have known this even
A Yankee eye was turned toward heaven,
And shoved the surly clouds askance
To give him just a friendly glance,

Mind him of home, help on his letter,
And make him sleep to-night the better.
Ah! Fitz, my lad, I'm thinking, aye,
How blithe and happy'll be the day
When we shall meet again together
I' the land of freedom and fine weather;
How we shall talk of all that's past
Since you and me forgathered last;
And, fecks! ye'll crack a dainty kernel
When ye get hold of Wully's journal.
I'd thought by this to send a sample,
But my scrimp paper's hardly ample
Eno' to hold another line,
Except "Your most" or "Ever thine."

The earliest poem admitted into the various editions of Halleck's collected writings, published during his life, was one written for Miss McCall, entitled "The world is bright before thee," and the next, in point of date, "Twilight." These beautiful lines were composed on a lovely moonlight evening in the summer of 1818, while passing up on Long-Island Sound to New Haven, *en route* for his native town. Miss Halleck very distinctly recalls the fact of her brother, on his arrival at home, asking for pen, ink, and paper, when he immediately wrote the lines almost *verbatim* as they now appear. On the poet's return to New York he sent the verses anonymously to the *Evening Post*, then under the editorial charge of William Cole-

man, who was exceedingly tenacious as to the contents of his paper. When Mr. Halleck's poem was received, it was immediately given to the printer without comment, which was considered, by those who knew his fastidious literary tastes, as a very remarkable instance of appreciation. Of these lines it has been said: "There is about them a holy music, which rings at the portals of our spiritual ear like the breathings of some enchanted lute. As we read it, all our visions of the tender and the lovely throng up in glittering array before the eye of reminiscence. We see the sunlight playing again on the rural landscapes of our early youth; a momentary glimpse is given us of the sheen of waters, that can never flash so blue and bright as in other days: hallowed hours, spell-bound moments, are hurrying by upon the wings of remembrance; and convening again around us, in sweet communion, the distant and the dead, we go back with rapture to the time when, to our unpractised eyes, there was a newness of lustre in the brave evening firmament, fretted with dazzling fires; and when the mere boon of existence sufficed us, while we could look upon the folded lily as it rested in humble modesty on the margin of the water-brook, and 'rocked to sleep a world of insect-life in its golden cradle.' These, of course, were childish affections, and when we come to be men we put away childish things; but a strain like 'Twilight' represents them anew.

"The moral idea of this poem is as charming as its execution. The subject is common enough; but it is the treatment which gives it unction and acceptance. One naturally loves to contemplate the setting sun, when, after describing one of his long summer arches, his red forehead plunges adown the west, and gorgeous companies of clouds, 'contextured in the loom of heaven,' begirt him round, waiting in painted liveries about his royal throne. Heaven seems nearer at hand; the creeping murmurs of the dark appear preparing to stir from their caverns; the twilight-breeze is lifting its wings from the white crests of the ocean, and poising them for a rush over the interminable inland; and the crescent moon, with the largest stars burning in her train, hangs herself in the dark depths of heaven, dividing with the farewell light of day that aërial abyss. At an hour like this we cannot help exclaiming, with the tranquillizing Glück:

'Methinks it were no pain to die
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the west:
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And, like an infant, sink to sleep
On Earth, my mother's breast.

'There's peace and welcome in yon sea
Of endless, blue tranquillity—
Those clouds are living things;

I trace their veins of liquid gold—
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

'There be the angels that convey
Us, weary pilgrims of a day,
Life's tedious nothings o'er,
Where neither cares can come, nor woes,
To vex the genius of repose,
On death's majestic shore.' "[1]

After a portion of the "Croakers" had been published in 1819, Coleman, of the *Evening Post*, reprinted "Twilight," with the following introduction: "We republish the following beautiful lines from our own files of October last, for the three following reasons: first, because of their intrinsic merit; they are the inspirations of poetry itself. Second, because they were injured in their first publication by a typographical error; and lastly, because they show that our correspondent Croaker (whose we have just discovered they are) no less resembles Peter Pindar in his elegiac than in his humor and satiric vein."

The only letter written by Halleck to his sister in 1818 which has been preserved is dated November 19th, and chronicles the first announcement met with in his epistles of his being subject to terrible fits of depression, and also alludes to the return from Europe of his friends the Drakes:

[1] *American Quarterly Review*, June, 1837.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 19, 1818.

MY DEAR MARIA: I have not written you for a long time past, for the best of all possible reasons—I had nothing to write. Since my return from my excursion to Guilford, my time has been devoted to my laborious employment, and my leisure hours, of course, to my only companions, books; besides, I have been excessively ill, to say the truth, for a long time past; a total loss of appetite, or rather—for I know not what to call it—a total indifference whether I ate or drank any thing or not; a sort of ague all day and a violent fever all night, have combined to worry me and wear me out. I felt no pain or feebleness. I was not miserable, but my mind felt a kind of indifference toward every thing like emotion, whether of pain or pleasure; in short, I was a complete stoic, and could have received the most unexpected delight without a smile, and heard of some unlooked-for stroke of ruin without a pang. I bore all very patiently, indeed, thought little about it, till I found I could smoke cigars no longer with any pleasure. I then fancied all was over with me, and called upon Villagrand's family physician, an old friend of mine. He listened to my complaints very calmly, and then, would you believe it, told me I had the hypo, so prescribed me nothing at all, and I find I am since getting better. I really thought myself the last man in the world for such a disorder, but, upon my

word, I believe there is something in it, although my sedentary habits have had a principal tendency to impair my health. I should write you nothing about it, be assured, if I thought it any thing serious, but as it is nothing but the hypo, you cannot be alarmed. I really am better this week, and intend to recover.

The Drakes and Langstaff have returned all well and in good spirits. They have travelled through Scotland, Ireland, England, Wales, France, and Holland. I will write you the particulars of their route should I learn any thing from them interesting. I have letters from DeKay to the 12th September. He remains at Edinburgh. He sent me some Scotch magazines and other books. MacCarthy returned from the West Indies about a month ago in good health. I did expect he would have died there, but he seems proof.

I shall forward you some more books soon, as I expect you have nearly exhausted the old ones. There is nothing new in the literary world. A novel, called "Florence McCarthy," by Lady Morgan, will appear soon. Your affectionate brother,

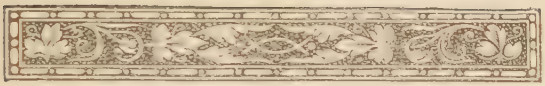
FITZ-GREENE.

(By the way, the French words you wish translated are, "I think it is not dancing, 'tis marching in cadence.")

Among the later colleagues of Mr. Halleck's in the banking-house of Jacob Barker, was Benjamin R. Win-

throp, the present recipient of a princely estate. The latter accompanied the poet on one occasion when he called upon a miserly retired merchant to collect a sight draft, which was for a certain number of dollars and ninety-four cents. The merchant could not make the exact change, and as it so happened that neither of the young men had six cents, he wanted them to go back to the bank and get the amount. This they, of course, did not wish to do, the distance being at least a mile, and it was not until Halleck had several times assured him on his honor that he would send him his change, that the old miser, not without the expression of much doubt about his ever seeing his six cents, consented to pay the draft. The poet, learning that one of his peculiarities was a habit of sleeping late in the morning, and that he moreover entertained an especial dislike to being disturbed before his usual time, determined to punish the niggardly old scamp; and accordingly he rang his bell furiously about daylight the following morning, asked for Mr. M——, and requested an immediate interview with him on most important business. "Can't you call after 11 o'clock?" asked the servant. "Impossible, must see him instantly," said the poet. At last the irascible old miser appeared, in no amiable mood, when the poet, with his best bow and sweetest smile, said: "Here are your six cents, Mr. M——, that I promised to bring. I was afraid that I might forget it, which I did not wish to do, having

pledged my honor that I would pay you the amount." And without waiting for his thanks, or what was more likely, his maledictions, for disturbing his morning slumbers, Mr. Halleck made his exit. The poet, as he passed out of the door, caught a glimpse of his victim, who looked unutterable things, but was either too greatly astonished or too much enraged to trust himself to speak.



CHAPTER IV.

1819–1822.

The Croakers.—Halleck's and Drake's Sermons.—Anecdotes.—Residence at Bloomingdale.—"Fanny."—Letter from Prescott.—Death of Drake.—"Wyoming."—Visits Canada.—Departure for Europe.—Arrival at Liverpool.—Travels in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, and Germany.—Talleyrand.—"The Ettrick Shepherd."—Mrs. Siddons.—Coleridge.—"Yankee Ravings."—"Alnwick Castle" and other Poems.

THE amusing series of verses known as "The Croakers," first published in 1819, were the joint production of the attached friends and literary partners, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake — the "Damon and Pythias" of American poets. The origin of these sprightly *jeux d'esprit*, as eagerly looked for each evening as were the war-bulletins of a later day, may not be without interest to the authors' troops of admirers. Halleck and Drake were spending a Sunday morning with Dr. William Langstaff, an eccentric apothecary and an accomplished mineralogist, with whom they were both intimate (the two last mentioned were previously fellow-students in the study of medicine with Drs. Bruce and Romayne), when Drake,

for his own and his friends' amusement, wrote several burlesque stanzas "To Ennui," Halleck answering them in some lines on the same subject. The young poets decided to send their productions, with others of a similar character, to William Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*. If he published them, they would write more; if not, they would offer them to M. M. Noah, of the *National Advocate*; and, if he declined their poetical progeny, they would light their pipes with them. Drake accordingly sent Coleman three pieces of his own, signed "CROAKER," a signature adopted from an amusing character in Goldsmith's comedy of "The Good-natured Man." To their astonishment, a paragraph appeared in the *Post* the day following, acknowledging their receipt, promising the insertion of the poems, pronouncing them to be the productions of superior taste and genius, and begging the honor of a personal acquaintance with the author. The lines "To Ennui" appeared March 10, 1819, and the others in almost daily succession; those written by Mr. Halleck being sometimes signed "Croaker Junior," while those which were their joint composition generally bore the signature of "Croaker and Co."

The remark made by Coleman had excited public attention, and "THE CROAKERS" soon became a subject of conversation in drawing-rooms, book-stores, coffee-houses on Broadway, and throughout the city; they were, in short, a town topic. The two friends

contributed other pieces: and when the editor again expressed great anxiety to be acquainted with the writer, and used a style so mysterious as to excite their curiosity, the literary partners decided to call upon him. Halleck and Drake accordingly, one evening, went together, to Coleman's residence in Hudson Street, and requested an interview. They were ushered into the parlor, the editor soon entered, the young poets expressed a desire for a few minutes' strictly private conversation with him, and the door being closed and locked, Dr. Drake said—"I am Croaker, and this gentleman, sir, is Croaker Junior." Coleman stared at the young men with indescribable and unaffected astonishment,—at length exclaiming: "My God, I had no idea that we had such talents in America!" Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, was disposed to give to Drake all the credit; but, as it chanced that Coleman alluded in particularly glowing terms to one of the Croakers that was wholly his, he was forced to be silent, and the delighted editor continued in a strain of compliment and eulogy that put them both to the blush. Before taking their leave, the poets bound Coleman over to the most profound secrecy, and arranged a plan of sending him the MS., and of receiving the proofs, in a manner that would avoid the least possibility of the secret of their connection with "THE CROAKERS" being discovered. The poems were copied from the originals by Langstaff, that their handwriting

should not divulge the secret, and were either sent through the mail, or taken to the *Evening-Post* office by Benjamin R. Winthrop, then a fellow-clerk with Mr. Halleck, in the counting-house of the well-known banker and merchant, Jacob Barker, in Wall Street.

Hundreds of imitations of "THE CROAKERS" were daily received by the different editors of New York, to all of which they gave publicly one general answer, that they lacked the genius, spirit, and beauty of the originals. On one occasion Coleman showed Halleck fifteen he had received in a single morning, all of which, with a solitary exception, were consigned to the waste-basket. The friends continued for several months to keep the city in a blaze of excitement: and it was observed by one of the editors, "that so great was the wincing and shrinking at 'THE CROAKERS,' that every person was on tenter-hooks; neither knavery nor folly has slept quietly since our first commencement."

In a letter to Miss Halleck, dated April 1st, 1819, the poet says, "Can you believe it, Maria, Joe[1] and I have become authors? We have tasted all the pleasures and many of the pains of literary fame and notoriety, under the assumed name of 'The Croakers.' We have had the consolation of seeing and of hearing ourselves praised, puffed, eulogized, execrated, and threatened as much, I believe I can say with truth, as

[1] Joseph Rodman Drake.

any writers since the days of Junius. The whole town has talked of nothing else for three weeks past, and every newspaper has done us the honor to mention us in some way, either of praise or censure, but all uniting in owning our talents and genius. * * * As luck would have it, Joe was under the necessity of going to Albany, and I have been compelled to carry on the war alone for ten days past, during which time I furnished Coleman with one piece each day. Langstaff is at work copying them from the newspapers into a book, which I shall soon send you. The subjects are, many of them, purely local, and will, of course, be unintelligible to you. They are well understood here, however. Joe has not yet returned, and, having now set the whole town in a blaze, I have thought best to give them a 'resting-spell' for a while."

Mr. Halleck told a friend,[1] "that, after Drake's proposal to make a poetical firm, many of the Croakers were written in this wise: he or Drake would furnish a draft of a poem, and that one or the other would suggest any alteration or enlargement of the idea; a closer clipping of the wings of fancy; a little epigrammatic spur upon the heel of a line. I doubt very much whether I have a right to disclose the method by which poets work in their work-shops, but as I am only repeating Halleck's ideas, I hold it to be no base betrayal of the craft. To show how delightful these joint labors

[1] Frederick S. Cozzens.

were to both these illustrious men. Halleck told me that, upon one occasion, Drake, after writing some stanzas and getting the proof from the printer, laid his cheek down upon the lines he had written, and, looking at his fellow-poet with beaming eyes, said, "O, Halleck, isn't this happiness!"

Of this series of satirical and quaint chronicles of New-York life nearly half a century ago, which were then supposed to be the work of one writer, Halleck, in 1866, said "that they were good-natured verses contributed anonymously to the columns of the New-York *Evening Post*, from March to June, 1819, and occasionally afterward." The writers continued, like the author of Junius, the sole depositaries of their own secret, and apparently wished, with the minstrel in Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy," to

"Save others' names, but leave their own unsung."

"The Croakers" were collected and published in a small volume of thirty-six pages, in the year 1819, and in 1860 the Bradford Club of New York issued an edition to which the poet briefly refers in the following letter:

[TO JAMES GRANT WILSON.]

GUILFORD, *Jan.* 28, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR: I take great pleasure in thanking you for your kind letter and for the curious relic of an-

tiquity sent you by Mr. Layard from Nineveh. The lines in the first column remind me of one of the Jacobite songs of our own bonny Scotland, with her home "music in its step," and her hearty loyalty in its two-fold meaning. Those on the second column are evidently some centuries older. They were probably written by Jonah in his boyhood, before he "took a berth before the mast, and o'er the sea." I leave you to guess from whom I quote.

I am highly flattered by your expressed wish for the volume you name, but I cannot regret having put it out of my power to present you with it. I have not been willing to send it, for fear of your finding old and new errors innumerable, which it is now too late to correct, and which if corrected would but leave the "original sins" less excusable.

I am very grateful to the lady for the courtesy of her remembrance of my lines and of her willingness to preserve them. But in their place I beg her to accept the enclosed for the same good reason that Captain Dalgetty gave for robbing the Marquis of Argyle of his pistols; namely, "they are better than my own." I found them by accident in a lady's album, and got them by heart at a first reading—an infallible test of their goodness. Pray present my compliments to Miss S——, and ask her if the inevitable destiny of woman, that of "falling in love," sooner or later, has ever been more beautifully expressed than in the last two lines.

Hoping that the "foul fiend" you so eloquently describe and detest has left you, and that you have recovered your usual "firm step" and "erect bearing" in spite of India-rubbers and slippery pavements, I beg you to believe me, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The allusion in the first paragraph of the foregoing letter is to an old New-York newspaper of 1823, which I had forwarded to him, containing one of his own poems. The lines which Mr. Halleck enclosed were as follows:

I ask not for thee, dearest, the weary crown of fame,
Earth boasts no nobler title than thy loved and gentle name.
I would not that thy goodness should dim in fortune's glare,
Or thy flowers of beauty wither in the world's imprisoned air.
But around thy pathway ever my kindly spirits throng,
And thy soul ne'er vainly listen for an echo to her song;
And when affection's vine shall shoot, around its elm to twine,
Oh! mayst thou find as fond a heart and true a love as mine.

Mr. Halleck, in a letter to Mr. Winthrop, his friend and colleague in the counting-room of Jacob Barker, writes as follows of the Bradford Club edition of "The Croakers":

[TO BENJAMIN R. WINTHROP.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *29th Dec.*, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: * * * I have, in compliance with your wish, although with a reluctance that I know

you will kindly and considerately appreciate, pencilled, for your own (for the present exclusive) information, on the table of contents, the authorship requested, with, I think, sufficient accuracy, omitting, of course, many variations made at each other's suggestions in each other's manuscripts, of no present importance.

With regard to the notes, in the compiling of which, as in the collecting together and publishing for private distribution the Rhymes, you are aware, I was not consulted. I have looked over but the first leaf, and find so many errors, trivial and otherwise, that I have sadly and carefully refrained from throwing a single glance over the remaining leaves. The errors are all, I feel assured, unintentional and in good faith, and could not have been avoided without a knowledge of facts, etc., to be derived only from myself, or from sources inaccessible to the compilers. I hope and trust that, like the verses, they may do no harm to any one reading them or named in them, and may, like the poet Cowper's cup of tea, "cheer but not inebriate."

In a letter to our friend Mr. Moreau, declining to grant his request in relation to the authorship, I claimed the right to assume solely and sacredly the responsibility for all the imperfections and imputations contained in the Rhymes, upon the sound principle that in a mercantile partnership the surviving partner is correctly and conscientiously always liable for the

outstanding debts of the firm, a right which, allow me to say, I continue to claim under all circumstances.

Hoping that my best good wishes of the season may, with the coming New Year, find you, as usual, healthy, wealthy, and wise,

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Since the death of Mr. Halleck, "The Croakers" have been included in the new edition of his poems, and among them will be found several hitherto unpublished pieces from his pen. In lieu of the original signatures, the author of each poem is for the first time made known by the letters H. and D.; when both letters occur, they indicate the joint authorship of the literary partners, or, to quote Halleck's familiar words to me, "that we each had a finger in the pie."

Whoever would desire to learn something of the leading men of the city and State, and of the social, scientific, and political events of a decade so interesting as that of 1819–'29 in New-York history, cannot but be enlightened, as well as greatly amused, by a perusal of these papers from the pens of two such well-informed and witty men as Fitz-Greene Halleck and Joseph Rodman Drake. I trust, however, that no one will understand me as meaning that there is any matter interposed in the shape of *précis* upon the affairs of that day, or that either of the young poets was ac-

quainted with the *arcana imperii* of that interesting era. Such was not the case.

"The American Flag," written by Drake between the 20th and the 25th day of May, 1819, originally concluded with the following lines:

> "As fixed as yonder orb divine,
> That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
> Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
> The guard and glory of the world."

These not satisfying their author, he said, "Fitz, can't you suggest a better stanza?" Whereupon Halleck sat down and wrote, on the spur of the moment, the lines, which Drake immediately accepted and incorporated in his, perhaps, most popular poem:

> "Forever float that standard sheet!
> Where breathes the foe but falls before us?
> With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
> And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

When "The American Flag" was first published in the *Evening Post* on the 29th of May, it was introduced by Mr. Coleman with the following remarks: "Sir Philip Sidney said, as Addison tells us, that he never could read the old ballad of 'Chevy Chase' without feeling his heart beat within him as at the sound of a trumpet. The following lines, which are to be ranked among the highest inspirations of the

Muse, will suggest similar associations in the breast of the gallant American officer."

Another of the literary recreations of the young poets "in those happy days when we only lived to laugh," as Halleck said to a friend, was the composition of sermons, in answer to the Calvinistic discourses of Dr. Cox, then attaining considerable reputation as an eloquent and promising divine. These sermons were delivered to a less numerous if not a less appreciative audience, which usually consisted of DeKay and Langstaff. Unfortunately, the material that might have made a very good-sized volume, to be entitled "Halleck's and Drake's Sermons," was not preserved. Alas that they should be lost to an admiring posterity!

Halleck had many anecdotes to tell of old Major Fairlie and his accomplished daughters, Mary, Louisa, and Julia. Mary, the eldest, became the wife of the eminent tragedian Cooper, the same whom the poet saw when he visited for the first time the Park Theatre in September, 1808. The young ladies were all celebrated no less for beauty and charming manners than for their wit and vivacity. In one of Mr. Irving's letters, Mary, who was the "Sophy Sparkle" of "Salmagundi," is styled the "fascinating Fairlie;" while Mr. Halleck, who most admired Louisa, more than once, in speaking to the writer of the "Three Graces," as he described them, said, "Ah! you should have

known Louisa Fairlie." Soon after the return from Europe of John Slidell, the late Confederate commissioner, whose father was then a worthy soap-boiler, as well as the President of a New-York bank, Miss Louisa met him at an evening party, where he was strutting about in a very lofty and pompous manner, interlarding his remarks with constant allusions to "When I was in Paris," "During my visit to Rome," etc., etc. In a conversation which he held with the witty Louisa, he remarked, "When I was in Greece." "By the the way," said the sarcastic girl, interrupting him, "you must have felt very much at home there, Mr. Slidell!" Poor John made no further allusion that evening to his European travels, and soon after disappeared from the party, as he did a few years later from the city.

Another story was of a certain aristocratic Mr. P——, who was the son of a retired saddler. He, like Slidell, had been abroad, and, like the soap-boiler's son, he had a great horror of hearing any allusion to his origin or to his father's former business. Strutting about in his pretentious manner at an evening party, he addressed Miss Louisa on some subject connected with his foreign tour, in which he unfortunately made a misstatement, when she interrupted by saying, "Pardon me, Mr. P——, but I think you have put the saddle on the wrong horse," when she passed on, leaving the discomfited saddler's son in a state of collapse.

To about this same period of time belongs the following. The poet's friend, Charles P. Clinch, having lost a favorite young dog, who answered to the name of Fitz, and advertised in the papers a reward of five dollars to whoever would return him, the next day received a note from Halleck, stating that he knew nothing about the dog in question, and added, "I, however, know another puppy answering to that name, who will come to you for half the money!" "Fitz" was the only title by which Halleck was then known among his cronies, Clinch, DeKay, Drake, and Langstaff.

In a small London edition, published in 1803, of Coleridge's poems, Halleck wrote in pencil a brief note to sonnet xv., and, on the fly-leaf of the same little book, a few stanzas, only a portion of which are now legible, of the song, "To the Horseboat," introduced in "Fanny." The sonnet is as follows:

"Schiller! that hour I would have wished to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
That fearful voice, a banished father's[1] cry—
That in no after-moment aught less vast
Might stamp me mortal! a triumphant shout
Black Horror screamed, and all her *goblin* rout
From the more withering scene diminished past.
Ah! bard tremendous in sublimity!

[1] The father of Moor, in the play of "The Robbers."

Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,
Wandering at eve with finely frenzied eye, * *
Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!
Awhile with mute o'er-gazing I would brood,
Then *weep aloud* in a wild ecstasy! * * "

Halleck's comments are: "Schiller, it is said, always composed his tragedies at night, under the inspiration of three bottles of champagne: Coleridge, I understand, prefers brandy. To see either of them in their inspired moments would be more likely to make one laugh aloud than 'weep aloud.'"

The poet's lines, already referred to, are evidently the original draft of the song, and are, as far as they can be deciphered, as follows:

Away with the wave to the home we are seeking,
Bark of my hope! ere the evening be gone;
There's a wild, wild note in the curlew's shrieking,
There's a whisper of death in the wind's low moan.

Though blue and bright are the heavens above me,
And the stars are asleep in the quiet sea,
And hearts that I love, and hearts that love me,
Are beating beside me merrily:

Yet far in the west, where the day's faint roses,
Touched by the moonbeam, are withering fast,
And the half-seen spirit of twilight reposes,
Hymning the dirge of the hours that are past.

There, where the ocean-wave sparkles at meeting—
So young fancy tells us—the kiss of the sky,
On his dark cloud is the infant storm sitting,
And beneath the horizon his lightnings are nigh.

On the 11th of October the poet writes to Miss Halleck from Bloomingdale: "The alarm about the fever has almost entirely subsided. There are few cases, and the citizens generally would have long since returned back to their original places of abode but for the interdiction of the Corporation. I imagine that the interdiction will not be taken off before the frosts of November. At any rate, it is probable that I shall continue at Bloomingdale till that time. * * *

"DeKay appears in very good health and spirits. He seemed beside himself at the sight of me, and embraced me *à la Français*, by kissing each cheek, in the middle of the street, to the great admiration and amusement of the populace. He will establish himself in New York, and I anticipate much pleasure in his society."

"Fanny," Halleck's longest poem, and one which was the perpetual delight of John Randolph of Roanoke, was published anonymously in December, 1819, and, though suggested by the current topics, incidents, and public men of that day, still retains to a remarkable degree the popularity which it at once acquired on its first appearance. The motto from Milton, pre-

fixed to this serio-comic poem of nearly fifteen hundred lines, was the feature of it on which the author chiefly prided himself:

> "A fairy vision
> Of some gay creature of the element
> That in the colors of the rainbow live
> And play in the plighted clouds."

"Fanny" was begun during the summer and was completed in the autumn of 1819, while the poet was residing at Bloomingdale. It contains many exquisite passages, such as the description of Weehawken—the poet's favorite haunt near Hoboken, which he styled his "country-seat"—never surpassed by their author. It has frequently been called a parody or imitation of "Don Juan," but Mr. Halleck assured me that it was written before he saw Lord Byron's poem, published the same year. He adopted the versification of "Beppo," one of Byron's minor poems, to which neither the story of "Fanny" nor "Don Juan" bears the slightest resemblance.

From a letter to his sister, dated Sandy Hill, January 1st, 1820, I take the following allusions to "Fanny": "To render my solitary hours less irksome, I have spun out the poem which I repeated to you last summer into a book of fifty pages, which was published in New York last month. I had no intention of publishing it, but the bookseller who brought out

Irving's 'Sketch-Book' offering to publish 'Fanny' in a style similar to that work, I consented to his doing so. I have, of course, heard nothing of its fate since I left New York, but, as the publisher seemed very sanguine in his expectation of its popularity, I hope, for his sake, as well as my own pride, though the author is unknown, that he will not be disappointed. He is binding a copy for you, which I shall forward immediately on my return. For my own part, I do not think much of the merits of the work, the plague of correcting the proof-sheets, etc., having put me out of conceit with it, and I fear that its localities will render it almost entirely uninteresting to you. The bookseller stated to me that I was the only writer in America, Irving excepted, whose works he would risk publishing. This opinion was founded, of course, upon the popularity of 'The Croakers.' I do not anticipate the same popularity for this work. 'The Croakers' cost the public nothing, this costs them fifty cents, which will have, no doubt, an effect in limiting the number of readers. I am anxious, as you may well suppose, to learn how it succeeds, but shall not have it in my power to ascertain it till my return. To-day begins another year, and, in conformity to ancient usage, I wish you happiness. Were it, however, in my power to insure you happiness, I would not confine the wish to the first day of each year. Adieu."

A few weeks after the publication by Mr. Wiley of "Fanny," the author visited Albany on business for Mr. Barker, and, while seated one evening in the public room of the principal hotel, Governor Lewis entered, saying, "Here's a glorious satirical poem that I wish to read," which he immediately did, to the great delight of the large concourse of gentlemen present, and to the no small confusion of the anonymous and modest young author, who was compelled to join in the laugh over his own lines. In an undated letter to Miss Halleck, the poet refers to this scene. "It was," he says, alluding to "Fanny," "all the rage in Albany while I was there, and I was amused by hearing Governor Lewis read it to a large group of great men at the hotel where I stayed. I will do him the justice to say he was the best reader I ever heard, and ought to be made schoolmaster-general. I laughed with the rest, as in duty bound, till a Mr. Livingston, a senator with whom I was acquainted, came in. He believed me to be 'Croaker,' and had heard that 'Fanny' was by the same pen. I observed him whisper to his neighbor, whose eye was then turned upon me, and I thought best to beat a retreat. On my entering the supper-room I was honored with the general stare of every eye, and seemed to attract as much admiration as a Hottentot Venus. I left Albany next morning. Since my return I have hardly walked out at all, but am informed that among the nobility I am to be

pointed out as the lion of the winter. It will not last long. Every dog has his day."

The popularity of "Fanny" was so great, that the publisher offered Halleck five hundred dollars for another canto, an offer which he accepted, and in 1821 a second edition appeared, enlarged by the addition of fifty stanzas. Before its appearance, the poem had become so scarce that it sold for fabulous prices—ten dollars having been frequently paid for a copy of the thin pamphlet of forty-nine pages, originally published at fifty cents. Its authorship was attributed to a number of prominent literary men, but, except in a few instances, suspicion never rested upon Mr. Halleck, who quietly enjoyed the bewilderment of the town, only sharing his secret with DeKay, Drake, Langstaff, and a few other faithful friends. Henry Brevoort, the friend of Washington Irving, said that he would feel prouder of being the author of "Fanny" than of any other poetical work ever written in America.

"Fanny," like "The Croakers," had its imitators. At the close of 1820, and before the second edition had been issued, a small pamphlet was published in New York, entitled "Fanny Continued." Mr. Halleck told me that its author was unknown to him, but that it had been attributed to Isaac Starr Clason, who wrote a continuation to "Don Juan." In addition to the two cantos of "Don Juan," Mr. Clason wrote, in 1826, "Horace in New York," evidently an imitation

of "Horace in London," the work of the brothers Smith, authors of the "Rejected Addresses," in which he celebrates Madame Malibran, then in the ascendant in opera, Halleck, Dr. Mitchill, and other leading men and topics of the day. In 1834, poor Clason, the son of a wealthy New-York merchant, a man of fine education and brilliant talents, after a life of dissipation, closed his sad career by suicide. Sealing the room in which he lodged in London against the admission of air, he lighted a fire of charcoal, and, in company with his mistress, perished.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 7, 1820.

MY DEAR MARIA: I wrote you about ten days ago, informing you of my having sent the books I had previously written you about, to Harvey Spencer, to be by him forwarded to you per first vessel. Since then I have not heard from you, nor do I know whether he has had an opportunity of sending them, but trust they will reach you ere long. I have confined myself almost exclusively to my room for the last fortnight, in order to benefit by a course of dieting, etc., which I have commenced, and I am inclined to believe that I am getting gradually better. My deafness has lately been accompanied with a dizziness and a constant pain in the head, which induced a belief that the applications made by my quack doctor would not avail me. He has been uniformly successful in curing that deaf-

ness which arises from an obstruction in the organs of hearing, but my complaints are of a complicated nature, proceeding from a derangement of the system generally, and the system, of course, must be put in tone before any relief can be obtained. I have been miserably low-spirited about myself, but now begin to be a little more encouraged. You must pardon so many technicalities, but my head is full of these apothecary phrases, and I must write about them, of course. * * *

The popularity of "Fanny" is far above my expectations, and certainly far above its merits: but the great secret is, that it is fashionable to admire it, and, fortunately for its author, the general class of readers does not know good from bad. I have felt flattered only in one instance. A person who could have no motive in deceiving me says that Brevoort told him that he should be prouder of being the author of "Fanny" than of any poetical work ever written in America. Brevoort was one of the original "Salmagundi" concern, and has deservedly the character of a man of extensive literary taste and knowledge. From him, therefore, a compliment is worth having. * * *

Yours affectionately,

GREENE.

[TO THE SAME.]

* * * A Mr. Prescott, of Boston, editor of the *Club-Room*, a periodical work published there, has written me

a letter, in which, after comparing me with Lord Byron, he solicits some poetry for his said *Club-Room*. Two numbers only have been yet issued. Its plan is similar to that of the *Sketch-Book*. He has inserted no poetry in it yet. Much has been offered him, but it seems there is no writer in America, except the author of "Fanny," whose poetry has sufficient merit to entitle it to a place in his work. This is what one may call the puff direct. Besides this, I have some dozen complimentary letters from different parts of the Union, with which I should have been better pleased had the writers paid the postage. Among the rest, one from your old acquaintance, Mr. Pitt, dated somewhere in Maryland. He says he has heard of "Fanny," endeavored in vain to procure it at the southward, all the copies in that quarter being sold, and relies on my politeness to send him a copy. I admire the singularity of such a request, and shall send him one if I can fix my thoughts upon the subject long enough. On the whole, "Fanny" has met with a much better reception than she deserved, and, so far as local applause goes, I am satisfied. Some very pretty lines were addressed to me in a Philadelphia paper. They were copied into several newspapers here, and you probably have seen them. They were signed "Rob Raven." If you have not read them, I will copy and forward them to you in my next.

We heard from Drake yesterday. He was on the

7th of March within about a week's journey of New Orleans, his health much improved. He will probably return in May. DeKay is well, and as usual. A friend of his, Mr. Terrill, from Kentucky, a nephew of Jefferson, and a very fine fellow, has lately returned from Europe. I became acquainted with him during the few days he remained here, on his way to Kentucky, and we were (as the man says in the play) well pleased with each other. He was intimate with Lord Byron, and spent a month with him at his house in Venice. In my next I will tell you all about him.

Your affectionate brother,

GREENE.

Mr. Prescott's communication, referred to in the foregoing letter, was as follows:

"BOSTON, *March* 15, 1820.

"The author of 'Fanny' will be somewhat surprised at this abrupt communication from an unknown correspondent. I take the liberty of sending him the last number of the *Club-Room*, a paper lately set on foot by a knot of gentlemen in this town, most of whom are habitual contributors to the *North American Review*, which you have probably met with. We have been in the habit of meeting together for social and literary purposes once a fortnight, and as it was thought it would be a good exercise for us, if not for the time, to give vent to some of our speculations, we have adopted

this form to do it in, and we make our paper a miscellaneous budget of light and serious matter, in prose and poetry, as may be convenient.

"Your pieces, if, as I suppose, you are the author of those signed 'Croaker,' have been read in the newspapers with great interest, but 'Fanny' is of a higher order, and for its easy conversational wit, and poetry of descriptions, must go alongside of Lord Byron's and Mr. Rose's productions in the same way. It is the admiration of your poetical talents which has led me to make this communication to you, and to request, if you feel inclined to give your pieces a circulation among your Eastern brethren, you would sometimes select the *Club-Room* as the medium of communication. I find no difficulty as the editor in obtaining compositions in prose, but it is otherwise in poetry, which, as it is not necessary to publish, we feel unwilling to publish unless it is particularly good, and I know of no source from which I could be so likely to obtain this as from the author of 'Fanny.'

"I hope you will not consider this communication as impertinent on my part, as I am perfectly aware that a refusal to comply with it would be very reasonable and is to be expected, but I am willing to make it even upon an improbable chance of success.

"I am, sir, with great respect,

"Your very obedient servant,

"WM. H. PRESCOTT.

"To the author of 'Fanny.'"

"Fanny" was reprinted in several editions, until it was at length incorporated in a volume together with his other poetical writings. In 1866, William Loring Andrews, a young New-York merchant, and an ardent admirer of Mr. Halleck's poetry, published a sumptuously-printed edition of seventy copies, the interest and value of which were further enhanced by a fine portrait of the author, with full and very complete notes to the poem, prepared by Mr. Halleck.

When in Europe, in 1822, Halleck entered a bookstore in Glasgow, and, inquiring if there was any thing new in the way of poetry, the young author was surprised by receiving from the bookseller's hands a reprint of "Fanny," accompanied by the remark, that it was "just published, a capital poem, and destined to be quite popular." The identical and much-prized *brochure* is now in the possession of Mrs. Sidney Webster, a daughter of Hamilton Fish, of New York. Forty years later, a wandering lawyer of Baltimore, travelling in Australia, found in a miner's hut in the interior of the country a copy of this beautiful poem, which meets the Horatian standard of charming on a tenth perusal.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* said, in 1850, of "Fanny:" "Among all the personages enumerated we can find but two names that a European reader would be likely to know any thing about, Clinton and Van Buren. Nay, more, in the rapid growth and change of things American, the present generation of

New-Yorkers are likely to lose sight of the Lors of their immediate progenitors: and, unless some Manhattanese scholiast should write a commentary on the poem in time, its allusions, and with them most of its wit, will be in danger of perishing entirely." Fortunately, this was done by the author himself in 1866, who, in that year, prepared a series of notes, which I cannot but regret that he had not made less brief.

In the summer of 1820, Halleck made a short business trip to Canada, of which I have only the following record, contained in a letter to his sister dated York, Upper Canada, June 12th. He says: "I spent the most part of Saturday at the Falls, and reached this place, about fifty-four miles from Niagara, yesterday afternoon. I leave here this morning for Kingston, two days' ride, from thence to Montreal, two days' more, and from thence to New York. I shall probably reach there in about a fortnight. I will write you on the way if possible, but, as I travel flying, you must not rely on hearing from me till I reach New York."

On the 21st of September, 1820, Halleck was called to mourn the death of Joseph Rodman Drake, to whom he was deeply attached, and at whose bedside during the summer he had watched with more than a brother's love. He had gone with Mrs. Drake, near the close of the previous year, to spend the winter in the South, and returned from Louisiana in the spring, fatally smitten with consumption. He died with his faithful

friends, DeKay and Halleck, by his side, and was buried at Hunt's Point, near New York, where the young poets had passed so many happy hours together. As Halleck returned from the funeral, he said to DeKay, "There will be less sunshine for me hereafter, now that Joe is gone:" and in a letter to Miss Halleck, which I cannot but deeply regret has not been preserved, the survivor lamented in a most touching and affecting manner the loss of his heart's companion. The inimitable monody on his literary partner has perhaps never been equalled for beauty and tenderness, as it has been surpassed in popularity by but few American poems. It was composed on the day of his friend's death, and was originally written on a blank leaf of a manuscript collection of Drake's poems in the possession of his wife. Her friend—and soon to become her brother-in-law—Doctor DeKay, gave a copy of the lines to the editor of the *Quarterly Repository*, in which work they first appeared. Coleman, in selecting them from the *Repository* for republication, took the liberty of saying "For the *Evening Post*," and also of altering the first line, substituting the word "sod" for "turf;" while some other editors inserted "grass," in lieu of the proper word, making the line read "Green be the sod above thee," or "Green be the grass above thee." Said Halleck to Charles P. Clinch, who pointed out these editorial liberties to him, "I have no doubt they will yet make it, 'Green be the *peat* above thee.'"

Among the many translations which have been made of this exquisite union of tenderness and simplicity, is the following from the pen of the Rev. Adrien Rouquette, of New Orleans, which Mr. Halleck once repeated to me with very evident pleasure:

Sur le tertre où tu dors qu'un vert gazon paraisse,
Ami du meilleurs jours goûtés dans ma jeunesse?
Nul ne t'a bien connu s'il ne t'a pas aime,
Et jamais sans éloge aucun ne t'a nommé.

Des yeux, en qui des pleurs la source était tarie,
Ont pleuré comme nous, à ton lit d'agonie;
Et long temps, près du tertre où ton corps est placé,
Des larmes couleront sur le gazon glacé.

Dans la sein de la terre, ah! quand des cœurs fidèles,
Des cœurs comme le tien, reposent sans chaleur,
Une guirlande y doit, par ses fleurs immortelles,
Au monde qui l'ignore apprendre leur valeur;

Et moi que m'éveillais, heureux chaque matin,
Pour te prendre la main, la serrant dans la mienne;
Moi qui voulus ma part dans ta joie et ta peine,
Dans les biens et les maux partageant ton destin:

C'est moi seul qui devrais tresser cette guirlande,
Pour en ceindre ton front sitôt décoloré;
Mais dejà, dans mon deuil, en vain l'ai-je essayé,
Je sens qu'en ce moment ma douleur est trop grande.

Tant que ton souvenir est encor vif en moi,
La parole aussi bien que l'âme est enchainée;
Lorsque l'on pleure un homme, un ami tel que toi,
Dans le cœur la tristesse est trop enracinée!

"This," writes Halleck's friend and admirer, Miss Mitford, alluding to the lines on the death of Drake, "is a true and manly record of a true and manly friendship. There is no doubting the sorrow, honorable alike to the departed and the survivor." Her closing words have been realized, though the love and sorrow may not have been expressed in equally touching words: "May he be so loved and so mourned!"

In the history of literary partnerships, I know of none more beautiful than that of the sweet companionship of Drake and Halleck. Genius does not readily amalgamate; hence partnerships in the literary are more rare than they are in the commercial world. Almost the only parallel to the young American poets, is that of Beaumont and Fletcher, "the rich conceptions of whose twin-like brains" sprang from an equally thorough and genuine union of congenial minds. In both cases the poet-partners had much besides genius in common. Contemporary critics give to Beaumont the credit of restraining the exuberant wit and fancy of Fletcher; but truly, such was the "wondrous consimility of fancy," as Aubrey calls it, between them, that it is utterly impossible to guess at the share of

each of the dramatists in the plays bearing their joint names, for there is nothing to distinguish them in any way from those written by Fletcher after the grass was growing over his friend's grave. The same, I think, may be said of the Croakers, concerning which the public were equally in the dark respecting the source from which individual poems emanated, even after it was well known that they were the handiwork of the literary partners Halleck and Drake.

In an appreciative article on the latter poet by James Lawson, the writer says: "Drake's reading commenced early, and included a wide range of books. His perception was rapid and his memory tenacious. He devoured all works of imagination. His favorite poets were Shakespeare, Burns, and Campbell. He was fond of discussion among his friends, and would talk by the hour, either side of an argument affording him equal opportunity. The spirit, force, and at the same time simplicity of expression, with his artless manner, gained him many friends. He had that native politeness which springs from benevolence, which would stop to pick up the hat or the crutch of an old servant, or walk by the side of the horse of a timid lady. When he was lost to his friends, one of them remarked that it was not so much his social qualities which engaged the affections, as a certain inner grace or dignity of mind of which they were hardly conscious at the time.

"Free from vanity and affectation, he had no mor-

bid seeking after popular applause. When he was on his death-bed, at his wife's request Dr. DeKay collected and copied all his poems which could be found, and took them to him. 'See, Joe,' said he to him, 'what I have done.' 'Burn them,' he replied, 'they are valueless.'"

A fastidious selection of her father's poems was made in October, 1835, by the poet's only child, Mrs. Commodore DeKay, who fitly dedicated the volume to Fitz-Greene Halleck. The poet was asked to write a memoir of Drake, but declined. He once remarked to me in alluding to this subject: "What could I say about a young poet whose uneventful career was closed at twenty-five? I should have necessarily been almost as brief as Steevens, whose life of Shakespeare was comprised, as you remember, in some half dozen lines."

On another occasion, speaking of Drake's most original poem, and that on which, as a poet, his fame chiefly rests—"The Culprit Fay"—Halleck quoted a line from Campbell, "Poetry should come to us in masses of ore, that require little sifting;" and added: "This poem obeys this important rule. It is compact with imagination."

Except the elegiac lines on the death of Drake and a few album verses, beginning "Within a rock whose shadows linger," written for Miss DeKay, I am not aware of Halleck having written any thing during the year 1820, with the exception of three Croakers—"The

Dinner Party," which is a description of an entertainment at the hospitable mansion of John R. Livingston; "The Tea Party," in which the poet introduces as *dramatis personæ* Mrs. Drake, Miss McCall, and Dr. DeKay; and "The Great Moral Picture," being an account of Rembrandt Peale's celebrated painting, "The Court of Death."

In a letter to Miss Halleck, dated March 31, 1821, the poet says: "I have never ceased to regret my inability to accept Mr. Eckford's offer of going to Peru. I should have been sure of the means of subsistence for two years, at least—have seen a delightful part of the world, and a very extensive one. The sea-voyage and the change of climate would have probably restored my health, and, what is better than all, I should have come home richer at least than when I departed. However, there is no help for this. * * * The bookseller had long been bothering me for a continuation of 'Fanny,' and I at last wove on fifty stanzas or so, and the second edition has appeared. It sells, which is saying the best that can be said. I shall send you in a day or two four copies, one for yourself, one for my father, one for George A. Foote, and another for Abraham S. Fowler, which please cause to be delivered to them. Shall I send you a trunk full of books or not? When I last saw you, you seemed indifferent about it. I can pack and send you such new ones as I have collected since that time, at any moment you

wish it. * * * I have not written so long a letter I know not when, and you are almost the only person I do write to, for I have become dull, savage, and solitary, within the last year."

Three months later, Mr. Halleck visited the Valley of Wyoming, a pilgrimage that for very many years he had longed to make. On his journey he chanced to be the only passenger, and had just lighted a fragrant cigar, when the stage-coach stopped, and an elderly lady entered. The poet, always polite and courteous, immediately threw away his fine Havana, which happened to be his last, when, a moment later, the elderly female deliberately drew forth a pipe, filled, lighted, and complacently smoked her vile tobacco during the remaining fifteen miles of the journey. "Sydney Smith said a certain kiss which he had stolen, when a boy, from a sweet girl of sixteen, was the last thing he should think of before he died. As for me," continued Halleck, "I shall on my death-bed undoubtedly recall with horror, as I do at the present moment, that fearful pipe and its smoker."

During his sojourn in the lovely valley he composed the delicious and spirited poem of "Wyoming," in which the "Gertrude" of Campbell is at once satirized and excelled; but still it must be confessed that the heroine, as Campbell painted her, presents a lovelier picture than in Halleck's photograph, where she is seen, *sans* hose and shoon, hoeing corn. The original

version, which differs slightly from the poem as it now appears, was enclosed in a letter to Mrs. Drake at the time it was written, June, 1821.

On the last day of the following month Halleck "stood up, as best man," with Dr. James E. DeKay, who led to the altar the sister of Mrs. Drake. The same day the party of four, consisting of the persons just mentioned, started for Canada. August 20th, the poet writes to his father from New York: "DeKay was married to Miss Eckford this day three weeks, at ten o'clock in the morning. I accompanied him, his wife, and Mrs. Drake, to Quebec, from which pleasant journey we have just returned."

His other poems produced during the year 1821, are the lines to Walter Bowne, "Music," "Psalm cxxxvii.," "The Rhyme of the Ancient Coaster," written while sailing, in company with DeKay, in an open boat on the Hudson River, between Stony Point and the Highlands, on seeing the wreck of an old sloop; and the sweet stanzas beginning—

"The summer winds are wandering here,"

which he composed for a young girl of fourteen, while spending a few days in the same hotel with her at Schooley's Mountain; "Love;" "A Sketch," and "In her Island Home," written in Miss Bronson's album.

In a letter dated April 8, 1822, Mr. Halleck says: "I have just recovered from another attack of the

complaint in my head; a course of Dr. Sangrado's prescription, 'bleeding and hot water,' has relieved me. The poetry you asked for is finished, and, but for my illness, I should have sent you the trunk filled with new books before this, but I am so low-spirited when the 'dark hour' is on me, that I can attend to nothing." In another letter, of May 31st, also addressed to Miss Halleck, he says: "On my arrival at New Haven I learned that the steamboat had ceased running. I therefore took the stage-coach at three o'clock, and reached here (New York) the next morning at six. * * * The loss of the steamer Albion has created a great sensation here. One of the passengers, Mr. Delpla, was my intimate friend. He was a fine young fellow, of literary taste and habits; with Lefevre Desnouettes, one of Bonaparte's generals, I was also well acquainted. His nephew, Mr. Gravin, boarded in the same house with me some weeks previous to his departure."

A letter to his sister, dated June 25th, gives the first intimation of the poet's projected European tour. He says: "I received your letter and package, and should have written you before this but for the uncertainty in what vessel I should sail, which was not arranged till yesterday. The John Wells has changed her voyage, and gone to Mobile. I have taken passage in the packet-ship Amity, Captain Maxwell, for Liverpool. She will sail on Monday, the 1st of July.

The John Wells will proceed from Mobile to Liverpool, and I may, perhaps, return in her."

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *June* 30, 1822.

MY DEAR SISTER: * * * I have left in charge of William Davis, a package, to be handed to you, in case any accident should happen to prevent my return, and DeKay has charge of my books, pictures, etc., which he will send to you in the event of such a state of things. I expect to return in December, but persons must die in Europe as in America, and it is a duty to be prepared for the worst.

I have letters of introduction to Byron, Campbell, Moore, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, and Washington Irving, now in England, and to Lafayette, Talleyrand, and many other great personages in France.[1] Whether I shall deliver them or not will depend upon circumstances.

If you have any thing to write me, please send your letters under cover to Jacob Barker, who will forward them to me wherever I may be. * * * I write this in great haste on Sunday evening, being very busy, as might naturally be expected, on the eve of departure. I shall write you again to-morrow from Sandy Hook.

Your affectionate brother,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[1] These letters of introduction were furnished to the poet by his friends Henry Brevoort, Jr., Brockholst Livingston, J. Fenimore Cooper, Henry Wheaton, and Drs. David Hosack and John W. Francis.

On the 22d of July, the poet, in a letter from Liverpool, says: "We arrived here yesterday morning, after a pleasant passage of twenty-one days. I was sea-sick for an hour or two on the first day, and in perfect health during the remainder of the voyage. We had some severe weather, which made all hands sick except myself, so that I passed for an old sailor. * * * There is little at this place worth seeing, and I shall start for London to-day at one o'clock. I should have left yesterday but for the difficulty in getting my baggage through the custom-house." August 3d, in another letter, he writes: "I reached London on the 25th ult., and remained there until Tuesday, when I visited Bath, returning by way of Bristol, Cheltenham, Stratford-on-Avon, and Oxford. To-morrow I shall embark in a steamer from Dover for Calais, and from thence shall proceed by way of Rouen to Paris." A fortnight later Mr. Halleck says: "I have seen nearly all the lions of Paris and at Versailles, and shall proceed to Bordeaux to-morrow." Another letter, dated Paris, September 10th, announces his having visited Nantes, Bordeaux, Lyons, Geneva, Mont Blanc, Lausanne, through Switzerland to Basle, and thence down the Rhine to Strasburg.

Halleck's education, as has been already mentioned, was completed in his fifteenth year; at least, from that period he assumed the direction of his own studies. Before leaving his native place he had paid some atten-

tion to the study of French, and soon after his arrival in New York he availed himself of the opportunities which the great metropolis afforded of perfecting and completing his knowledge of the language, so that when he reached France he understood and spoke the language of the country sufficiently well, if not elegantly, to be sometimes mistaken for a Frenchman.

Alluding, on one occasion, to some of the notable people whom he met in Paris, Halleck mentioned the name of Talleyrand, and then followed several of the diplomat's renowned *mots*, as the French have it. When Madame de Staël published "Delphine," she was supposed to have painted herself in the person of the heroine, and Talleyrand in that of an elderly lady, who is one of the principal characters. "On me dit," said he the first time he met her, "que nous sommes tout les deux dans votre roman déguisés en femme." A gentleman speaking of his mother's beauty, and dwelling at great length on the subject, he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind from his parents, "C'était, donc, monsieur, votre père qui apparemment n'était pas trop bien," was the reply, which at once relieved the company from the subject. "Ah, je sens les tourmens d'enfer," said a person whose career had been a dissipated one. "Déjà?" was the laconic inquiry suggested by M. Talleyrand. Another repartee related to me by the poet was made by the prince when in his eighty-fourth year, showing that

even then he was remarkable for the quickness of his perception and the poignancy of his wit. At a dinner-party in Paris the conversation turned on the longevity of animals, when some one appealed to Talleyrand whether the parroquets were not supposed to attain the greatest age. His answer was accompanied by a sarcastic glance at one of the guests, "Je ne me connois pas dans *la vie* des perroquets, mais j'en ai vû beaucoup qui radotent." From the wily and witty Frenchman the poet glided into remarks about the French language, concluding with the amusing reply of George Canning to a person who was expatiating at uncalled-for length on its merits, "Why, what on earth, sir, can be expected of a language which has but one word for *liking* and *loving*, and puts a fine woman and a leg of mutton on a par: *j'aime Julie*: j'aime un gigot!"

Describing to me, on the same occasion, his visit to the tombs of French kings at St. Denis, Halleck quoted the mocking epitaph made on the *Grand Monarque*, Louis the Fourteenth, by his oppressed people:

> "A Saint Denis comme à Versailles,
> Il est sans cœur et sans entrailles."

From London, Mr. Halleck writes under date of September 26th: "I wrote to you from Paris on my return from Switzerland. Since that time I have been at Brussels, Waterloo, Ghent, etc., and returned to Eng-

land by way of Calais and Dunkirk. * * I start for Cambridge this morning, *en route* for Scotland."

In Edinburgh, Halleck met and dined with the celebrated publisher Blackwood, better known among the *literati* of that day as "Old Ebony." Among the guests were the "Ettrick Shepherd," and James Balentyne, the intimate friend and partner of Sir Walter Scott. It was a pleasant occasion, and Halleck was delighted with the eccentricities of the author of "Kilmeny," no less than with the easy and simple manners of the persons present, who frequently called each other by their Christian names. Halleck ever held James Hogg in high estimation as a poet, and he once told me that few poems had afforded him so much delight as "The Queen's Wake." He deemed the Shepherd's lines, written for the famous Buccleugh Border celebration, much superior to Sir Walter Scott's.

The poet visited the Scottish lakes, Ayrshire, and the border country, including in his tour Abbotsford, Melrose, Hawick, Kelso, Jedburgh, Flodden Field, Carlisle, and the seat of the Earl of Minto, of whom he jestingly spoke as his cousin. Halleck was fond of claiming the Scottish Eliots as his ancestors, and often indulged in good-natured witticisms at the expense of the canny Scots. The writer, having on one occasion quoted the paradoxes, "that an Englishman is never happy except when he is miserable, an Irishman never at peace except when at war, and a Scotchman never at

home except when abroad," he replied: "No wonder Scotchmen are met with everywhere, for every man of that country, who has any sense, leaves it as soon as possible. You of course remember what Churchill said of the land of our ancestors:

> 'Formed in haste, was planted in a nook,
> But never entered in Creation's book.'"

From Scotland, Mr. Halleck crossed over to Ireland, where he remained for several weeks. I have no information concerning his sojourn in the land of Moore, beyond what is contained in his list of places visited and the distances travelled. On one occasion he said to a gentleman who had uttered an extravagant compliment in his hearing, "I perceive, sir, that, like myself, you visited Blarney Castle, when you were in Ireland."

Mr. Halleck spent some time in Wales, visiting various points of interest. Confined in a country inn, on a rainy day during his Welsh tour, he amused himself by looking over the newspapers (new and old), and to his great surprise recognized, in some lines entitled "Yankee Ravings," a poetical address "To the Critics of England," written during the March previous, in somewhat of a passion, after reading the *Quarterly Review*. Halleck gave the manuscript to an intimate friend before his departure for Europe, and, contrary to

his wishes, it had somehow found its way during his absence to the columns of a New-York journal, from which his spirited reply to the British critics had been copied into the London papers :

Growl, critics of England, growl on, ye hired hounds
Of a pitiful court! at America's name,
For long as that name through your vassal-air sounds,
It must crimson your cheeks with the blushes of shame.

Foam, foam at the mouth, while your venomed pens write
Your falsehoods—'tis all that is left for you now;
And 'tis wiser and safer to slander than fight
The nation that tore glory's wreath from your brow.

You have dared us to battle, and twice have we met
And beat you, alike on the field and the main,
And if your proud hearts are not satisfied yet,
Sound your bugles, fire first, and we'll beat you again.

Scribble on—let your England to ages expose
Her impotence, ignorance, malice, and fear,
Till the spirit that prompts your assassin-like blows
Be in Europe despised, as it long has been here.

And wear on your foreheads the brand ye have sought;
Prove that yours is the home of the coward and knave;
Where honor and conscience are sold and are bought,
And that "Briton" is now but the name for a "slave."

And think not there's one in our country so base
As to hope to quench ever the flame of your ire;
No, no! let it burn till the last of your race,
'Mid the war-fires you've kindled, in torture expire.

For our children are sworn at the altar to cherish
A hatred for England, heart-rooted and deep;
If that vow is e'er broke, may the perjured wretch perish;
And accursed be the spot where his traitor-bones sleep!

During a month's sojourn in London, from the second week of November to the 10th day of December, Mr. Halleck saw many places and persons of interest. He twice had the pleasure of gazing upon Mrs. Siddons, and repeatedly passed the Duke of Wellington in Hyde Park and elsewhere. He also saw his father's old crony, the Duke of Clarence, and many of the leading statesmen of that day. Halleck visited the India House, and saw Charles Lamb's desk, but missed a meeting with the gentle Elia, whom he really wished to see face to face, and whom he in so many respects resembled. He had Lamb's delicate organization; like him, he was wedded to an accountant's desk; like Lamb, Halleck was a bachelor, and for a portion of his life lived with an unmarried sister; like Lamb, he was poor; and he possessed Lamb's love of humor, his passion for reading, and the same genial, social, and lovable traits that endeared Charles Lamb to so many

admiring friends. Of them both it may be said, as was spoken of Antonio, that he was

> "The kindest man,
> The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
> In doing courtesies * * *
> That e'er drew breath."

In a pleasing description of his pilgrimage to Holland House, with allusions to Addison, and some of the other illustrious names connected with it, he on one occasion spoke of William Shippen, a stout old Jacobite, immortalized by Pope for his sincerity:

> "I love to pour out all myself as plain
> As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne;
> In them as certain to be loved as seen,
> The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within."

"When Shippen," said Halleck, "was asked how he should vote in Parliament, he would say, 'I cannot tell until I hear from Rome.' At the Eternal City resided the Pretender. Shippen was sent to the Tower for saying of King George, who could not speak English, that 'the only infelicity of his Majesty's reign was, that he was unacquainted with our language and constitution.'" It was on the same occasion that the poet said, after quoting some verses from an old Jacobite ballad: "Egad, my boy, if we had lived in Scotland in

those days (1745) we would have fought the bloody butcher Cumberland;[1] you with your good sabre and I with my stanzas."

"By the way," he added, "speaking of the British, did you ever hear my growl at the *Quarterly Reviewers*, written in 1822, before going to Europe?" when he repeated several verses of the address already given. This was one of the very few allusions that, from the days of my school-boy acquaintance with Mr. Halleck, I ever heard him make to his own poems. James Lawson, who enjoyed an unbroken friendship with the poet of nearly fifty years' duration, but once during that long period heard him refer to his own writings. In a conversation with Mr. Halleck, he incorrectly quoted two lines from one of his most popular poems, the tribute to the memory of Burns:

> "And it is joy to speak the best
> We *can* of human kind."

Touching Mr. Lawson gently on the arm, Mr. Halleck quietly uttered the correct word, "may," when the conversation was continued without any further reference to the subject; "and that," said Mr. Lawson, "was the only time I ever heard Halleck make the slightest allusion to his own poetry."

During his sojourn in London, Halleck was a fre-

[1] The Duke of Cumberland.

quent visitor to the theatres, and among the distinguished actors whom he saw at Drury Lane, the Haymarket, and other play-houses, was Scott's friend Terry, Charles Matthews, and Edmund Kean, with whom he afterward became well acquainted. The following letter is introduced here, as it contains an allusion to the widow of the celebrated Garrick, whose funeral Halleck attended in London in 1822:

[TO JAMES GRANT WILSON.]

GUILFORD, *Sept.* 11, 1867.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have your favor of the 31st ult. That the perusal, in coming years, of your present correspondence with Mrs. Dixon will help keep my name in your remembrance, is a joy to look forward to. Your gift of the two extracts has given me much pleasure. They are exceedingly well written, and place their hero and heroine[1] in "their habit as they lived" before us. By the by, I find that, like your friend, Captain Lahrbush,[2] I am myself a connecting link between Garrick and posterity to a small extent, for I was present in London in July, 1822, at the funeral of Mrs. Garrick, from No. 5 Adelphi Terrace, the death-place of her husband and herself.

[1] Sketches of David Garrick and Mrs. Sarah Siddons.

[2] Captain Frederick Lahrbush, an English veteran of one hundred and three years of age, who served under Nelson and Wellington, and who frequently saw Garrick and Siddons on the stage, and Dr. Johnson in the streets of London.

I am very thankful for your kind offer to send me the "Old New York" of my old favorite, Dr. Francis: but I have already the pleasure of possessing a copy, the gift of our friend Mr. Tuckerman. It is especially interesting to me, more so than it can well be to you, a younger man, from my personal intimacy with him, and with many of the persons and events it memorializes. In connection with it, allow me to beg you to read Mr. F. S. Cozzens's recently published volume, "The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker," etc., where you will see and hear the doctor (assuming that you have known him more or less intimately) alive and speaking before you. The "faculty divine," the power of invention, the wit, the wisdom, the stores of miscellaneous literature, the doctor did not possess. Your admiration of all these belongs to Mr. Cozzens; but the doctor dramatically represents them to your perfect delight.

I have long more than fancied, I have felt, that Mr. Cozzens, in that department of genius to which Mr. Irving's "Knickerbocker," a work superior, in my opinion, to the "Sketch-Book," belongs, is the best, or among the best, writers of our time in any language. Analyze his lines closely and critically, and I have little doubt of your concurrence in my belief.

Mr. Verplanck's two articles, included in the volume, are also worthy of all praise. As what I take great pleasure in terming "American specimens of

English literature," the writings of these two gentlemen do honor to our side of the Atlantic. As Addison says in his "Cato—"

"In them our Zama does not stoop to Rome."

We have others of whom we may also be and are fast becoming equally proud. I have been emphatic in using the word *English* in place of *American* literature, because I have never been able to define what "*American Literature*" means. Must its author live at and speak the language of Canada or Cape Horn? Must he write in Portuguese in the Brazils? in Spanish at Havana? in French at Quebec? or Cherokee among our Indians? Does not the fact of his writing in English (good English) entitle him to a place among the noblest of English authors, no matter to what form of political government he may chance to owe allegiance? The "court and capital" of the English language is London. To the honors of that "court and capital" Mr. Irving's writings have long been admitted, and those of such writers of ours as I have named and could name will, sooner or later, be admitted as gratefully and as gladly as his have been.

In thanking Mr. Cozzens for the present of his book, I told him that it proved him to have drunk of the waters of the "well of English undefiled," even if he had stolen the bottles in which they were imported!

I hope you younger authors will profit, or rather continue to profit, by his example.

There remains only room to add that

I am, my dear General,

Gratefully yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Halleck was as happy revelling among the immense collections of the old book-dealers of London as it was possible for any man to be, not even excepting the gentle Elia. One of his favorite haunts was the shop—I think in St. James's Street—of one Robert Triphook, a veteran bibliopolist, whose large establishment was a familiar resort with the leading gentry and *literati* of London. Triphook was a man of intelligence and very extensive reading, and in pleasant conversation with him the poet passed many agreeable hours. Here came occasionally Lord Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Shelley, Coleridge, Professor Wilson, Charles Lamb, Thomas Campbell, Samuel Rogers, Leigh Hunt, and William Hazlitt, to enjoy an hour's literary gossip with the St. James's Street bookseller. Halleck was introduced to Hobhouse, the friend of Lord Byron, who lodged with Triphook, but modestly declined the latter's offer to present him to Coleridge, who called one day to have a chat with the dealer in literary wares, while Halleck chanced to be in his shop. After a careful survey of the author of the "Ancient Mariner,"

and having heard him utter a few sentences, he diffidently withdrew. Triphook outlived all his distinguished literary friends and customers enumerated above, having died in the Charter House, London, in October, 1868, aged nearly ninety years.

On the 11th of December, the poet writes to Miss Halleck: "We have been detained by head-winds until to-day. We are now dropping out of the harbor, and, although the wind is not quite as fair as we could wish, we still hope to get out to sea in a day or two. You must not be alarmed if you do not hear of us for ninety days or even more, for at this season of the year the winds on the Atlantic are generally west, and, of course, ahead for us. Write me, addressed to New York."

The only written record, excepting his letters, most of which have been lost, that Mr. Halleck made of his European tour, was in a little memorandum-book, in which he jotted down the names of the various places which he visited, together with the distances from point to point, amounting in all, exclusive of the voyages to and from Liverpool, to nearly five thousand miles. I append the names as they occur, omitting the dates and distances, as being of no especial interest at this time:

ENGLAND.—Liverpool, Lancashire.
Prescott, Lancashire.
Warrington, Lancashire.
Knutsford, Lancashire.
ENGLAND.—Brereton Green, Lancashire.
Church Lawton, Lancashire.
Newcastle-under-Lynn, Staffordshire.

ENGLAND. — Trentham, Staffordshire.
Stone, Staffordshire.
Wolesey Bridge, Staffordshire.
Litchfield Bridge, Staffordshire.
Tamworth Bridge, Staffordshire.
Coventry, Warwickshire.
Lutterworth, Leicestershire.
Northampton, Northamptonshire.
Woburn, Bedfordshire.
Dunstable, Bedfordshire.
St. Alban's, Hertfordshire.
London, Middlesex.
Knightsbridge, Middlesex.
Kensington, Middlesex.
Hammersmith, Middlesex.
Turnham Green, Middlesex.
Brentford, Middlesex.
Hounslow Heath, Middlesex.
Slough, Buckinghamshire.
Salt Hill, Buckinghamshire.
Maidenhead, Berkshire.
Reading, Berkshire.
Hungerford, Berkshire.
Marlborough, Wiltshire.
Calne, Wiltshire.
Chippenham, Wiltshire.
Bath, Somersetshire.
Bristol, Gloucestershire.
French Hay, Gloucestershire.

ENGLAND. — Bristol, Gloucestershire.
Berkeley, Gloucestershire.
Gloucester, Gloucestershire.
Cheltenham, Gloucestershire.
Evesham, Worcestershire.
Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.
Shipston, Worcestershire.
Woodstock, Oxfordshire.
Oxford, Oxfordshire.
Henley-on-Thames, Oxfordshire.
Maidenhead, Berkshire.
London.
Deptford, Kent.
Blackheath, Kent.
Shooter's Hill, Kent.
Dartford, Kent.
Gravesend, Kent.
Rochester, Kent.
Chatham, Kent.
Canterbury, Kent.
Dover, Kent.

FRANCE.—Calais.
Boulogne.
Samer.
Montreuil (Cressy).
Abbeville.
Beauvais.
Beaumont.
St. Denis.
Paris.
Versailles and St. Cloud.
Paris.

FRANCE.—Étampes.
Angerville.
Orleans.
Blois.
Tours.
Samer.
Angers.
Anciens.
Nantes.
Montaign.
St. Hermand.
Rochelle.
Rochefort.
Saintes.
St. Aubin.
Fontarabie.
Danvut.
Bordeaux.
Libourne.
Thiviers, Périgueux.
Thiviers.
Limoges.
Guéret.
Chambon.
Montblucon.
Verneuil.
Moulins.
Ronaune.
Tarare.
Lyons.
Pont d'Ain.
Nantua.
Bellegard, Pays France.
Fort de Eluse.
SWITZERLAND.—Geneva.
SAVOY.—Annemase.
SAVOY.—Bonneville.
Cluses.
St. Martin.
Servoz.
Chamouni.
Trient.
SWITZERLAND.—Martigny (Valais).
Bex.
Villeneuve.
Vevay (Pays de Vaud).
Lausanne.
Mondon.
Payerne.
Fribourg.
Berne.
Fraubrunnen.
Soleure.
Balsthal.
Holstein.
Basle.
FRANCE.—Colmar.
Strasbourg Kehl.
GERMANY.—Blaumont.
FRANCE.—Nancy.
Bar.
St. Dijin.
Chalons Sur.
Château-Thierry.
Meaux.
Bondy.
Paris.
GERMANY.—Strasbourg to Kehl, etc.
FRANCE.—Paris to Compeigne.
St. Quentin.

FRANCE.—Cambray.
Valenciennes.
BELGIUM.—Mons.
Brussels.
Waterloo.
Brussels.
Ghent.
Bruges.
Ostend.
FRANCE.—Dunkirk.
Calais.
ENGLAND.—Dover.
London.
Epping Forest, Essex.
Hockrill, Hertfordshire.
Cambridge, Cambridgeshire.
Huntingdon, Huntingdonshire.
Stamford, Lincolnshire.
Grantham, Lincolnshire.
Newark, Nottinghamshire.
Tuxford, Nottinghamshire.
Bantry, Yorkshire.
Doncaster, Yorkshire.
Tadcaster, Yorkshire.
York, Yorkshire.
Easingwold, Yorkshire.
Thirsk, Yorkshire.
North Allerton, Yorkshire.
Darlington, Durham.
Durham, Durham.
Newcastle - upon - Tyne, Northumberland.
Morpeth, Northumberland.
Alnwick, Northumberland.
Wooler, Northumberland.
SCOTLAND.—Coldstream.
Kelso.
Melrose.
Edinburgh.
Linlithgow.
Falkirk.
Bannockburn.
Stirling.
Doune.
Calander.
Trosachs.
Inversnaid.
Ballach.
Dumbarton.
Glasgow.
Ayr.
Irvine.
Kilmarnock.
Mauchline.
Cumnock.
Sanquhar.
Dumfries.
Annan.
ENGLAND.—Carlisle, Cumberland.
Penrith, Cumberland.
Keswick, Cumberland.
Ambleside, Westmoreland.
Lowwood, Westmoreland.
Kendal, Westmoreland.
Lancaster, Lancashire.
Preston, Lancashire.
Liverpool, Lancashire.
Chester, Cheshire.
WALES.—Hawarden, Flintshire.

WALES.—Abergeley, Denbighshire.
Conway, Caernarvonshire.
Bangor, Caernarvonshire.
Menai Strait, Caernarvonshire.
Holyhead, Anglesea.
IRELAND.—Howth.
Dublin.
Rathcoole, Dublin.
Johnstown, Kildare.
Naas.
Kilcullen.
Timolin.
Castle Dermot.
Carlow.
Leighlin, Carlow.
Leighlin Bridge, Carlow.
Royal Oak, Carlow.
Gowran, Kilkenny.
Kilkenny, Kilkenny.
Thomastown, Kilkenny.
Waterford, Waterford.
New Ross, Wexford.
Wexford, Wexford.
Enniscorthy, Wexford.
Firnes, Wexford.
Camolin, Wexford.
Gorey, Wexford.
Arklow, Wicklow.
Rathun, Wicklow.
IRELAND.—Newtown, Mt. Kennedy.
Bray.
Dublin.
Howth.
Holyhead.
WALES.—Bangor Ferry.
Cerrig-y-Druidion, Denbighshire.
Corwen, Merionethshire.
Llangollen, Denbighshire.
ENGLAND.—Oswestry, Shropshire.
Shrewsbury, Shropshire.
Wem, Shropshire.
Whitchurch, Shropshire.
Chester, Cheshire.
Liverpool, Lancashire.
Stone, Staffordshire.
Stafford, Staffordshire.
Penkridge, Staffordshire.
Wolverhampton, Stafford shire.
Birmingham, Warwickshire.
Henley-on-Arden, Warwickshire.
Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.
Oxford.
London.
Liverpool.

During his European tour, Halleck wrote two of his finest poems—"Alnwick Castle" and "Burns." It was a lovely September day, and the last day of the

month, that the poet visited the historic "Home of the Percy's high-born race," in the north of England, near the Scottish border. The evening of the following day, as he sat alone beneath the shadows of Melrose Abbey, he arranged the thoughts that had filled his mind during the day, and on returning from his moonlight excursion to the Melrose inn, when long past midnight, the poet wrote with a pencil a rough draft of the beautiful poem of "Alnwick Castle," substantially as it now appears. If there be any finer lines in the whole range of English poetry than are to be met with in this abbreviated romance, I have yet to meet with them. It is a perfect gem, and contains a spirit of unadulterated chivalry which the true poet alone can picture forth to us. Not certainly in American poetry can be found a finer or more concentrated sketch than the following:

Gaze on the abbey's ruined pile;
Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
Her watch around it, seem to smile,
As o'er a loved one sleeping?
One solitary turret gray
Still tells, in melancholy glory,
The legend of the Cheviot day,
The Percy's proudest border story.
That day its roof was triumph's arch;
Then rang from aisle to pictured dome
The light step of the soldier's march,

The music of the trump and drum;
And babe, and sire, the old, the young,
And the monk's hymn, and minstrel's song,
And woman's pure kiss, sweet and long,
Welcomed her warrior home.

No one, it would seem, can possibly read these stirring lines, or the entire poem, which begins with a stateliness of verse and a grandeur of thought worthy of Pindar, without being wafted back with his "mind's eye" a thousand years, to days of feudal glory and warlike enterprise; of knights-templars and queens of beauty presiding over brilliant tournaments; without hearing the minstrel's lay and the retainer's shout; without seeing the plume of the heroic Hotspur and the scarf of the lovely Katherine flitting like visions before the eye, and without feeling the blood coursing more quickly through the veins, producing the same effect as the singing of the grand old border ballad of "Chevy Chase" never failed to produce upon that sweet poet and true mirror of chivalry, Sir Philip Sidney.

An allusion to "Alnwick Castle" which greatly gratified the author was made by his friend and admirer, John Quincy Adams, in a speech delivered by him in the House of Representatives, January 14, 1836, on the subject of the bequest made by James Smithson, of London, to the United States. The venerable ex-President said:

"The father of the testator, upon forming his alliance with the heiress of the family of the Percys, assumed, by an act of the British Parliament, that name, and under it became Duke of Northumberland. But, renowned as is the name of Percy in the historical annals of England, resounding as it does from the summit of the Cheviot hills to the ears of our children, in the ballad of 'Chevy Chase,' with the classical commentary of Addison; freshened and renovated in our memory as it has recently been from the purest fountain of poetical inspiration, in the loftier strain of 'Alnwick Castle,' tuned by a bard of our own native land; doubly immortalized as it is in the deathless dramas of Shakespeare; 'confident against the world in arms,' as it may have been in ages long past, and may still be in the virtues of its present possessors by inheritance; let the trust of James Smithson to the United States of America be faithfully executed by their Representatives in Congress: let the result accomplish his object, 'the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men,' and a wreath of more unfading verdure shall entwine itself in the lapse of future ages around the name of Smithson, than the united hands of tradition, history, and poetry have braided around the name of Percy, through the long perspective in ages past of a thousand years."

Edgar A. Poe said of this poem, that it "is distinguished in general by that air of quiet grace, both in

thought and expression, which is the prevailing feature of the muse of Halleck. Its second stanza is a good specimen of this manner. The commencement of the fourth belongs to a very high order of poetry:

> 'Wild roses by the abbey towers
> Are gay in their young bud and bloom—
> They were born of a race of funeral flowers
> That garlanded, in long-gone hours,
> A Templar's knightly tomb!'

This is gloriously imaginative, and the effect is singularly increased by the sudden transition from iambuses to anapæsts. The passage is, I think, the noblest to be found in Halleck, and I would be at a loss to discover its parallel in all American poetry." "Alnwick Castle" was an especial favorite with another eminent poet, Samuel Rogers, who often read passages from it at his famous breakfast-parties. The banker-poet's high opinion of Halleck's poetry is expressed in the following letter from Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

LONDON, *June* 15, 1849.

MY DEAR HALLECK: I must send you a line to report to you the substance of a delightful conversation I had with Rogers about you last week. He asked Lady Davy, at one of his breakfasts, if she had read

your poems; she answered no. "Shame on you," said he; "he has written some things which no poet living has surpassed, and you shall not be ignorant of him any longer." The book was brought, and Rogers read in his best manner several passages from "Alnwick Castle," the greater part of "Marco Bozzaris," and a few of the shorter pieces. He then laid down the volume and entertained us with a beautiful tribute to your merit as a poet. The consequence was, that Lady Davy begged me to tell her where she could buy the book. I have little or no time for society, but I cannot refuse Rogers's invitations, he is so very kind. Nearly eighty-three, he has the life and spirit of a man in the vigor of life. I breakfast with him once a week, and always meet pleasant people. * * *

Very truly yours,

Jos. G. Cogswell.

On the 10th of October, the poet visited the birthplace of Robert Burns. Two days later he stood by his grave. When or where he composed the verses so full of sensibility, tenderness, imagination, and feeling—verses which will forever connect the names of Burns and Halleck—I have no exact information. I only know that they were written and published anonymously in Great Britain before his departure for the United States. The poem attracted much attention in England and in Scotland, and a copy of it, printed in

large type and neatly framed, has ever since hung on the walls of the principal room of Burns's birthplace. "Nothing finer has been written about Robert than Mr. Halleck's poem," said Isabella, the youngest sister of the Ayrshire bard," as she gave me, in the summer of 1855, some rosebuds from her garden and leaves of ivy plucked from her cottage-door, near the banks of the "bonny Doon," to carry back to my gifted friend. This brave, beautiful, and manly poem, which Halleck valued more highly than any other of his own, and which Paulding deemed his noblest, although less known and less popular than several of his other productions, would, I think, be sufficient, had he written nothing else, to entitle him to a place in the front rank of American poets. Is it too much to say of Halleck, as he said of Burns:

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than his are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is the language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,

Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his the music, to whose tones
The common pulse of man keeps time,
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

In this connection my readers will, I trust, be interested in the following description of a visit to Ayr, in which Mr. Halleck's name occurs. It is from the pen of the poet's attached friend Charles Augustus Davis, and was written many, many years ago. "On a beautiful morning in June I took a conveyance from Ayr and drove to 'Alloway Kirk,' a few miles distant —the road leading by the birth-place of Burns, I alighted there—and found it occupied by a ruddy, hale, and animated Scotch matron. She was exceedingly civil, and entered at once with much enthusiasm into a full description of various events and incidents directly associated with the origin of Burns; particulars of which, as they are matters of history, it were needless here to repeat. The cottage is a very humble, thatched building, divided into three apartments: a kitchen, a sitting-room, and a stable, or rubbish-room. The kitchen floor is laid with rough, flat stones, and in one corner of this room is a small nook just large enough for an humble bed. Here Burns was born.

"The room next to this kitchen is what might be called a keeping-room or parlor. Its floor is of plank. A small elm-wood table and a few chairs constitute its entire furniture, every article of which is covered with names and initials of 'pilgrims to that shrine.' The good dame told me that she had 'sold all the furniture to a gentleman of Glasgow, for a good warm sum,—but,' said she, 'it is na the furniture of Burns, and I told the gentleman so: but he said it had been long enough in the house to answer his purpose, and as we move away in October next, it would na longer be of any value to us.'

"It appears that the father of this good dame took the house after the elder Mr. Burns (the father of the poet) left it, and the same family has retained possession ever since.

"'There,' says she, 'that little cupboard door there is worth more than a' the furniture; but that I could na' sell, as it belongs to the hoose—but many a supper has Robert eaten from that cupboard—and the door is the same that old Mr. Burns made himself.'

"In fact, the father of the poet built the cottage with his own hands. The whole structure is only one story high, about twelve or fifteen feet wide, and perhaps thirty feet in length.

"A short distance beyond this cottage stand the ruins of Alloway Kirk—a small remnant of a small building—its two gable-ends still remain with a por-

tion of its side walls, its roof and rafters, with every vestige of woodwork belonging to it, gone long since into chairs and snuff-boxes.

"The 'Bonnie Doon' was near—the space between its 'banks and braes' occupied by a beautiful cottage of exquisite form and finish (bearing the name of Doonbrae cottage), and covered with vines and surrounded with roses and other flowers. Whilst walking around the ruins of the 'Old Kirk,' an elderly person approached me from the cottage, whose manner and appearance at once invited me to a conversation with him. I soon found that he was the owner and occupant of the cottage I had been admiring, and he kindly invited me in; which invitation I readily accepted.

"I found him a second and improved edition of the good dame of the old cottage in all matters associated with Burns; his rooms were filled with beautiful pictures and drawings of scenes and events rendered immortal by the genius of the poet; and under glass cases were secured various letters and other papers in the handwriting of Robert Burns.

"I told him I had come from afar to visit the spot.

"'Ay, mon,' said he, 'many come even fra London.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'and so have I, even from *New* London.'

"He looked inquiringly; and to satisfy him at once, I told him I had come from New York in the

United States of America; and although I had visited many interesting points in Scotland, I felt that I had seen little, did I not visit the birthplace of Burns, Alloway Kirk, the braes of Doon, and other scenes consecrated by his genius.

"'You came from New York! then you may have haird of Halleck?'

"'Oh, yes,' said I, 'he is a neighbor of mine—I know him intimately and well—everybody knows him in America.'

"'Ye ken Halleck!' and looking at me with a mixture of doubt and joy, like a man who had just picked up a coin covered with mud, stands rubbing and looking at it alternately, to see whether it comes out gold or brass—'ye ken Halleck, say ye?—gie us your hand, mon, again.'

"I soon assured him of the fact; and, turning from me, he went to his library and brought me a very beautifully bound book—lately published—containing all the writings of Burns, sketches of honors paid to his memory, and filled with beautiful pictures of scenes and events associated with the poet; and hurrying back to its first pages: 'there,' said he, 'look at that—there is not in all that book, except what Burns has written, any thing that compares with Halleck's lines on that 'wild rose of Alloway.' Sure enough, there stood in proud and merited eminence that beautiful poem of my countryman. I commenced reading it, and at

every line he would make some exclamation—'Is na that poetry?'—'does not that warm the heart?'—'ay, mon.' 'There is nothing like it, sir, in a' the language, sin the days of Burns himself.'

"I had often thrilled with pleasure in reading those lines when far distant from the scenes they described; but reading them here on the very spot made the blood dance, to say nothing of the accompaniment of Davy Auld, my kind host, who stood by, slapping his hands, stamping his foot, and smacking his lips, and fetching a deep 'Hey, mon,' at intervals.

"After accompanying me to the monument hard by, and to the 'Brig O'Doon,' calling my special attention to the 'Key Stane' where 'Tam O'Shanter' just saved himself, but lost the tail of his old mare Maggie, and pointing out every scene and incident around, with all which Mr. Auld was as familiar as with his own fingers, I left him, and retuned to Ayr, where I proposed to wait for him, till he had carefully packed up some 'mementoes for Halleck,' which he desired me to carry to him, and which pleasing duty I strictly performed; for, as old Davy Auld says: 'Who kens Halleck and does na' feel proud o' him?'"

When Halleck's poem of "Burns" was first published in the papers of this country, in 1823, one of the fair Elizas of former days was returning in a carriage, with her husband, from the Philadelphia market. Being an ardent admirer of poetry, and noticing some

verses in the newspaper which the market-man had wrapped around the radishes—one of their purchases—she took it up, read and re-read it, and then, turning to Mr. R——, said: "There is but one poet in this country that could have written those lines, and that is our friend Fitz-Greene Halleck." Thirty-six years later he was equally gratified upon learning that a young acquaintance, who attended, as the orator of the evening, a centennial celebration of the birthday of Robert Burns in a Western city, had concluded his address by repeating the whole of his eloquent tribute to Scotland's poet—that the "braw lads and bonnie lasses" there assembled had, amid huzzas and waving of 'kerchiefs, drank his health, and that the speaker had been requested by the chairman to forward to Mr. Halleck a bunch of blooming heather, a large quantity of which had been imported from Scotland for the occasion.

In addition to "Alnwick Castle" and "Burns," Halleck composed during the year 1822, and prior to his departure for Europe, the song sung by Miss Johnson in the drama of "The Spy" in the character of Frances; a translation from the French of General Lallemand, beginning, "Sweet maid, whose life the frost of destiny," written in Miss Denning's album; and some lines for Miss Eliza Livingston, freely translated from an ode written by his friend and Italian tutor, Lorenzo Daponte, commencing, "Eyes blue and

bright, and beautiful as thou." Halleck was one of Daponte's two thousand New York pupils, and often spoke feelingly of his former *maestro*, and for many years professor of Italian literature in Columbia College, New York. To Signor Daponte, the personal friend of Mozart, and the composer of the libretto of "Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," the poet told me, we were indebted for the introduction of Italian opera in this country, he having, with the late Dominick Lynch and Stephen Price, induced Garcia, with his gifted daughter, Maria Felicia, Rosich, Augrisani, and Barbiere, to visit the United States in 1825. On the night of October 29th "Il Barbiere de Seviglia" was performed by the Garcia troupe at the Park Theatre, of which Price was then manager, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience, including Joseph Bonaparte, the ex-King of Spain, and the friends Fenimore Cooper and Fitz-Greene Halleck, who sat side by side, delighted listeners to the magnificent singing of the celebrated Signorina Garcia.

CHAPTER V.

1823–1830.

Arrival in New York.—Lines on Lieutenant Allen.—Visits Guilford.—Meets Percival.—Marco Bozzaris.—Sketch of the Hero.—Lafayette.—The Poet Brainard.—Maginn's Translation from Beranger.—Byron's Death.—Invocation to Halleck.—An Unpublished "Croaker."—Publication of Poems.—Lines on Red Jacket.—The Recorder.—Death of William Coleman.—Leaves Jacob Barker.—The Last "Croaker."

AS the poet had anticipated when writing to Miss Halleck from Liverpool, December 11th, the voyage was a stormy one, with head-winds all the way; and, indeed, was so protracted that his friends and those of his travelling companion, Robert Barker, felt great uneasiness in regard to their safety. Many believed the vessel to have been lost. She, however, arrived safely, after a tedious voyage of nearly seventy days. Mr. Halleck writes to the home-circle at Guilford: "I am sorry you were induced to despair of my arrival after the sixty days allowed me had gone by. I wrote you from Liverpool on, I think, the 23d of November, and also on the 11th of December (the day we sailed), requesting you not to be alarmed if you heard nothing

of me before the 1st of March, the winds at this season being almost invariably adverse to a homeward passage, and also asking you to write me at New York, that I might have the pleasure of opening a letter from you the first moment of my arrival. These two letters were put on board two of the regular packet-ships, which are supposed to sail better than the ordinary merchant-ships, and I presumed you would have them long before I reached home. But it has so happened that both vessels had longer passages than the John Wells, and the letter of the 23d November being enclosed to Mr. Barker, has reached me; the other I do not doubt has gone on to you at Guilford.

"As soon as I get my affairs a little in order, and the weather becomes more desirable for a traveller, I intend coming to see you. 'The gay lilied fields of France' have ruined the climate of this cold country in my good opinion, and I am afraid of another attack of my whirligig in the head if I expose myself much at this season. I am now perfectly free from it, except that I do not hear with my left ear; but at Liverpool I was tortured with it for three weeks, and I fear the cold and the rainy weather still. Please tell my father that I am well and intend visiting Guilford before long. I did not see the personages you mentioned.[1] Washington Irving was not in England while I was there. Had I seen him, I probably should have formed more

[1] Byron, Moore, Southey, Sir Walter Scott, etc.

acquaintances than I did, but I went to see things, not men, and it did not comport with my plans or my pocket to mix in society. I will write you more particularly soon. I wish we had money, we would go to France together; but——"

Lieutenant William Howard Allen, whose death was mourned by Halleck in the beautiful lines written soon after his return from Europe in 1823, was a native of Hudson, where he was born on the 8th of July, 1790, the same day that gave birth to the poet. He was appointed a midshipman in 1808, and served in the Chesapeake and United States. He was on board the Argus, as second lieutenant, in her desperate action with the British ship-of-war Pelican, August 13, 1813, and took command after the captain and first lieutenant were both wounded, the former mortally. Four years later he was promoted, and in 1822 he was assigned to the command of the Alligator, and immediately sailed for the West Indies, on a cruise against the pirates, in which he plucked a wreath of glory, but the shaft of death was in it. He found the outlaws, who were committing such ravages on American commerce, in the Bay of Le Juapo, near Matanzas, and at once attacked them in boats. The Alligator, in consequence of the shoalness of the water, could not take part in the action. The pirates made a desperate resistance, but were soon driven from their flag-ship by Lieutenant Allen, who led the attack. He pursued

them to the other vessels. A musket-ball struck him; still he pressed forward, cheering his men on, and, when about to board, another bullet pierced his breast, and he died about three hours after, without a sigh or a groan, having previously given directions respecting the captured vessels. His mother, as the poet says, a few hours after hearing of her son's death, died—literally of a broken heart.

Two months after Halleck's return from Europe, he made his annual visit to Guilford, and spent ten days very pleasantly among his relatives and friends, and amidst the cherished scenes of his boyhood. On his return, he halted for a day at New Haven, where he met a brother-poet, Dr. James G. Percival, and Professor Silliman. Professor Fowler, in his "Life of Percival," says: "Not very long after Percival became known as a poet, I happened to meet in New Haven my old friend Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet, who had just returned from his travels abroad. I proposed to him to call upon Percival, to whom he was personally a stranger. To this he readily consented. Accordingly, we went to Percival's room, a retired chamber in the house of Mr. Johnson, in Chapel Street. When the two poets met, there was certainly a great contrast between them. The one was a man of the world, polished and fashionably dressed, fresh from foreign travel, of warm manners, ready sympathies, fascinating address, and graceful conversation. The other

was Percival, such as I have described him to be. During the first of the interview they were still apart, though in the presence of each other. After a while Percival became responsive, the coldness passed off, and the souls of the two poets, in full and free communion, flowed on in a delightful stream of conversation. Recollecting this interview, I addressed a letter to the survivor, Mr. Halleck, asking him for some remembrances of Percival. To this he wrote me the following reply:

[TO WILLIAM C. FOWLER.]

'GUILFORD, CONN., *Aug.* 13, 1863.

'DEAR SIR: I have had the honor of receiving your favor of the 3d instant.

'I well remember the interview with Percival to which you allude, and for which I was so deeply indebted to your kindness; and I blush to remember that, in endeavoring to draw him out in conversation, I inflicted upon you both more of my own rambling talk than was meet or interesting. He certainly proved himself, on the occasion, rather a courteous listener than an intrusive speaker, saying very little, but saying that little exceedingly well.

'Several years afterward I had the pleasure of dining with him at the table of a gentleman of your acquaintance in New Haven, who had done me the honor of inviting me specially to meet Percival. He then took

gradually and gracefully the lead in conversation, and kept it, blending grave topics with gay, during the dinner and in the drawing-room after, to the delight of a circle of some seven or eight of us, including two or three ladies, one of whom has since told me how agreeably disappointed she was to find, in the place of the morose and silent and bashful personage she had been led to expect, so cheerful and charming a companion. He was then deep in the study of the languages of Northern Europe, and told a love-story or two, whose scenes were laid in Sweden, in so interesting a manner, that she now blends him with her pleasant recollections of the romances of Miss Bremer and the music of Jenny Lind.

'I was introduced to him, for the first time, as far back as 1821 or 1822, in New York, where he was passing a few weeks, and was a frequent guest of Mr. Cooper the novelist, and of a circle of gentlemen delighting in literature and its specialties, all of whom appreciated and admired him alike as a man and a man of letters, and were very desirous that he should become a resident of New York, and make authorship a pursuit as well as a pastime, with a view to which they tried to persuade him to publish a new volume of poems. A reminiscence connected with the subject may, possibly, aid in supplying you with materials for the contemplated work you mention.

'On Percival's return to New Haven, Mr. William

L. Stone, then the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, opened a correspondence with him, referring to the desired volume, and offering his services in obtaining a publisher, carrying the work through the press, etc., and for a time had reason to hope that his request would be granted; but, after a delay of some weeks, Percival wrote him that circumstances had put it out of his power to devote himself to poetry, and had compelled him to accept employment in that most degrading and disgraceful of all occupations—the editorship of a party newspaper! As Mr. Stone had long and honorably held that position, and cherished it dearly as a source, not only of power and profit, but of social pleasure, the *mal apropos* ingenuousness of the sensitive poet amused us all exceedingly, and no one more so than Mr. Stone himself. His son survives him, and resides, I believe, in New York at this moment. The letter would form a curious item in the forthcoming biography.

'I shall be happy to hear from you at all times on this and all subjects interesting to you, and hope that you will not allow us long to wait for a volume so certain to delight and interest us.

'Believe me, dear sir,

'Most truly yours,

'FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.'"

In a letter to Miss Halleck, dated New York, May 13

19th, the poet refers briefly to his sojourn in New Haven. He says: "I spent two or three hours with Percival in New Haven the day I left you. Mr. Fowler, now a tutor in the college there, formerly a classmate of George Elliot, met me in the street and very politely showed me the lions, that is to say, the colleges, library, pictures, minerals, Professor Silliman, and Mr. Percival. I found the latter an agreeable companion after his embarrassment at being introduced had subsided. He is wonderfully timid, and hardly spoke for the first half hour. * * * Should any letters for me be received at Guilford, please forward them to me here. I am going up the North River to pass a week or two."

"It is a curious fact," says Henry T. Tuckerman, "that Halleck composed the poem by which he is most widely known—the favorite elocutionary exercise of the schoolboy and the intuitive watchword of patriotic appeal—with that unconsciousness of its superior merit that seems characteristic of real poetic genius. Among his fellow-clerks in Jacob Barker's counting-house, was a young man of literary culture and disciplined taste,[1] to whom he used to confide his effusions, to be read overnight and reported on at the first interval of leisure the next day. One evening, having missed the usual opportunity of quietly slipping into his friend's hand the latest 'copy of verses,' he left

[1] The late Daniel Embury.

them at his lodgings, with '*What this do?*' written on the margin. The poem was 'Marco Bozzaris,' and the fortunate owner of the unique and precious autograph related the incident as he showed me the original manuscript." The last copy that Halleck made of this noble poem was at my request, in August, 1867, for a lady, to whom the late Greek minister remarked that "it was the link between America and Greece." No finer martial lyric has been produced since. Samuel Rogers, who was fond of reading it to his guests at his famous breakfasts, said "it is better than any thing we can do on this side of the Atlantic."

When Doctor Mott visited Europe, he met Rosa, the youngest daughter of Marco Bozzaris, justly styled "the Epaminondas of modern Greece," who bore a striking resemblance to the hero. She was studying the English language, that she might read Halleck's poems in the original, and with charming frankness and *naïveté* said she had an ardent desire to go to America expressly to see the poet who had immortalized her father. An amusing allusion to this poem, and to the fact of his being a bachelor, occurs in a letter to the author, dated April 20, 1867:

[TO JAMES GRANT WILSON.]

MY DEAR GENERAL: In conformity with my promise made you at our last pleasant interview, I

take leave to enclose herein *the certificate* of my being, or having been, a married man:

"STUDENT.—Fitz-Greene Halleck was the author of 'Marco Bozzaris.' It was written on a wager with his wife that, in a given time, he would produce a first-class poem, containing a certain number of lines. He won the wager, and the result of his inspiration was that grand versification that will live and be admired as long as the English language is written and spoken."

I have not the slightest recollection of the happening of the happy event recorded above: but, as the announcement of it comes from an infallible source, that of the pen of the editor of a party newspaper, there can be no doubt whatever of the fact; and I delight in congratulating myself upon my long-enjoyed matrimonial felicity accordingly. My position in the premises seems to be the reverse of that of the gentleman in "Joe Miller," who, when a friend of his said to him, "I was not aware, my dear sir, until recently, of your having been horsewhipped by Mr. ——, last June," answered, "Indeed! why I knew it at *the time!*" * * *

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

This noble poem first appeared in the *New-York Review*, and immediately acquired a degree of popularity not attained by any other of Mr. Halleck's compositions. As will be seen by the following letter, his

own family did not, however, happen to hear or know aught of it, for six years: a condition of things almost equal to the ignorance of Sir Walter Scott's children of their illustrious father's lyrical romances. His eldest son, a tall boy of sixteen, had a pitched battle with one of his comrades, who called him the Lady of the Lake. Master Walter, never having heard of his father's poem, and deeming it an offensive epithet to be applied to himself, set about the task of thrashing the culprit, but unfortunately got worsted in the battle, and went back to Abbotsford with a black eye and bloody face, and great was the amusement of Sir Walter upon learning the cause of the encounter.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *March* 26, 1827.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have yours of the 23d. I am somewhat surprised and quite amused at your not having before read or even heard of my rhymes on Marco Bozzaris. You remind me of the Chinese in one of Goldsmith's essays, who, on inquiring at a bookseller's shop in Amsterdam for the works of the immortal Chong-fu (or some such name), a Chinese author of great eminence, was astonished to find that the illustrious and immortal author and his writings were totally unknown out of China. Why, "Bozzaris" is here considered my *chef d'œuvre*, the keystone of the arch of my renown, if renown it be. It has been published

and puffed in a thousand (more or less) magazines and newspapers, not only in America, but in England, Scotland, Ireland, etc. It has been translated into French and modern Greek. It has been spouted on the stage and off the stage, in schools and colleges, etc., etc. It has been quoted even in the pulpit, and placed as mottoes over the chapters of a novel or two. It was published some months since in a Philadelphia magazine of foreign literature as selected from an Edinburgh work, and all the newspaper editors in town accused all England of plagiarism, etc., for a whole week (a long time for one subject to live, as times go), and the editor of the Philadelphia magazine came out with a puff and an apology, and something about "our accomplished countryman, F. G. Halleck, Esq.," and after all, that *you* should never have heard of, or read it; *you*, almost the only person living (for I have become accustomed to it) to whom the music of my fame can be delightful, is really worth remark. Keep this letter to yourself; it contains more about myself and my verses than I have ever said or written before, and much more than they are worth.

Yours affectionately,

F. G. HALLECK.

If I can find any of the newspaper and other puffs upon my poetry, I will collect and send them to you. They may serve to amuse you. I am now too old a Grub-street man to be flattered by them. F. G. H.

Two Greek translations have been recently made of Mr. Halleck's poem—one in prose, March, 1859, by Prof. Canale, a Zacynthian, which will surprise not a few scholars by showing how nearly the modern approaches the ancient Greek; the other translation, made in March, 1868, by A. P. Rangabe, the late Greek ambassador, and an accomplished scholar, who, in writing to the author March 31, 1868, says: "After the receipt of your letter, thinking that the beautiful poem ('Marco Bozzaris') should be known and considered as a poetical and sympathetic link between our two countries, nations devoted equally to the worship of freedom, I attempted myself a metrical translation of the ode. I sent it yesterday to Athens, and I presume that it will be published in the May number of the *Pandora*, the most important of our periodicals. If it can be of any interest to you, or to your proposed work, to possess the translation, I will, with the greatest pleasure, send you a copy of my manuscript, or, better perhaps, a printed copy, when I receive them from Greece." Both translations will be found in the appendix to this volume.

Of Prof. Canale's prose translation, a thorough Greek scholar says: "I have carefully compared the translation with the original in the King's English, and am satisfied that the translator has performed his task faithfully, truthfully, and conscientiously. So far as I am able to judge, the poem has lost nothing by its

transfiguration;" and I think the same high commendation can be awarded to the admirable metrical version made by Mr. Rangabe.

Soon after the publication of "Marco Bozzaris," the author repeated the poem to one of his most intimate lady-friends, who had not met with it in the magazines or newspapers, and, upon her expressing her admiration of the beautiful lines, followed by the inquiry, "Who was Marco Bozzaris?" Mr. Halleck answered in a somewhat despondent and disappointed manner, saying: "What is the use of men becoming martyrs for liberty, or of poets celebrating heroes, if ladies won't read and inform themselves of the events of the day?"

Another incident connected with this poem, of a grotesque character, any allusion to which never failed to elicit a groan from the poet, occurred several years after its first publication. At Villegrand's, in Church Street, near West Broadway, where the poet lived for so many years, they had a dinner-party, at which it was expected that each gentleman present would sing a song or make a speech. Among the persons living there at the time was a Dutch Jew, whose English was execrable, and, for a joke, Villegrand persuaded him, as he could neither sing nor make a speech, to commit to memory "Marco Bozzaris," and, when called upon at the dinner, to recite that very popular poem, which would gratify the author's friends no less than the poet

himself. He did as advised by the waggish Frenchman: and, when the day came round and he was called upon, rose and said: "Shentlemans, I can neither make de speech nor sing de shong, but vill deliver von grand poem," whereupon, to the indescribable disgust of the astonished poet, he fairly crucified him by reciting in his damnable Dutch every line of his exquisite composition. For a long time Halleck remained in ignorance as to the real perpetrator of this joke, and when he met, in after-years, Edmund Coffin, a fellow-lodger with himself at Villegrand's at the time, would invariably shake his finger at him in a playful manner, and say, "You did it!"

Mr. Sargent, of Boston, in a letter to the author, enclosing an epistle written by the poet, says: "In sending him a proof of his 'Marco Bozzaris,' I criticised the lines you will find quoted in his letter; not that I did not readily apprehend the reference, but because I thought, in the rapid flow of the poem, where all else is obvious and distinct, there should not occur a metaphor that to many readers would be obscure. With his usual good-nature, Halleck answered my objection in the best way he could, by reminding me of the *seals* mentioned in Revelation. But I do not think he was himself altogether satisfied with the couplet."

[TO EPES SARGENT.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Oct.* 18, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 10th instant, addressed to me at New Haven, has reached me here, where I now reside. I am grateful for your kind remembrance of me, after so long a separation. As you request, I have corrected the proof, so far as it goes.

What a question you do put in asking a rhymer what his rhymes mean! Were you not a poet yourself, I would not attempt an answer. But I think I I meant, in the lines you quote—

> "Come when the blessed seals
> That close the pestilence are broke—"

to speak of one of the instruments of Heaven's wrath toward man, named in the Litany—Plague, pestilence, and famine—kept bottled up, corked up, sealed up, and only opened on important occasions; a sort of torpedo, enclosed in a letter, which explodes when you break the seal. I do not recollect where I stole the idea. There is something very like it in Revelation, chapters v. and vi.

As John Wilson said, when he knocked a man down at Ambleside, "I hope I make myself understood now."

Pray let me hear from you often, and believe me, my dear sir, most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The following sketch of the hero, written by his countryman, Professor Canale, and dedicated to Fitz-Greene Halleck, "as a slight token of admiration for his genius and gratitude for his friendship," will, I trust, in this connection, be read with interest:

"Of all the heroes of regenerated Greece, Botzares 'stands alone in his glory.' His daring achievements are unparalleled in the history of our times. Not only the loftiest daring but the most consummate prudence distinguished the exploit which terminated his career.[1] He spared not himself, but he was economical in men; to be sure of which design, he accepted only three hundred. To make sure of heroes, he had them all partake of the sacrament, like men preparing to die. To fill them with confidence, he made them swear to rescue the wounded from the disgrace of falling into the hands of the Turks. To equalize his fate with theirs, he tore his official diploma in shreds, and, like the Americans, Putnam and Warren, claimed a soldier's privileges. Without drum or banner, his Suliotes and Parghiotes started on their march, after dancing the Pyrrhic round and singing a death-song to despotism, like the paean-ode of ancient Athens, recorded by Æschylus. A march of forty miles across the plains and mountains, and over torrents swollen by late rains, was

[1] He fell in a night attack on the camp of the Turks, August 20, 1823, at a place called Carpenesi, in the north of Greece.

accomplished in only seven hours, when they reached Subalacan and met Caraïscos, who had retreated all the way from Epirus, and was bleeding from wounds received, first from Omar Vryone's Chalcidian warriors, and next from the nucleus of Mustapha's immense force, which nucleus was a desperate body of eight thousand Miredites, under the immediate command of Jelaludin Bey, nephew and lieutenant of Mustapha. Caraïscos was astonished at Botzares's contempt of the enemy in bringing so small a counterpoise, and invited him to betake himself to Bruso's tower. Botzares replied that he was aware of the terrible odds, but that there was needed a breakwater of true Hellenic daring, and he had selected a Spartan band. Caraïscos smiled at the allusion to the ancients, but declared himself and men too long harassed by fatigue and hunger, and debilitated by wounds, to join his devoted corps. Botzares lauded his course, and ordered him to remain in the rear. At this order Caraïscos startled. 'Who is general?' asked he. Then a prominent subaltern informed Caraïscos of recent events. 'Mustapha's approach,' said he, 'was spreading alarm through Messolongi, when Botzares, hearing the appalling report of the Islamitish army's advance, was the only chieftain who advised immediate resistance, saying: "Let us dam the torrent near its source, before it become a deluge and dash against our city's earthy wall!" His eyes flashed nobly, and the army

felt proud of his resolve. The people approved, and the senate appointed him general-in-chief.' So spake the subordinate officer, but Caraïscos asked to see the diploma by which Botzares was made his superior. At that demand the chieftain of this hardy design gave a lightning-glance of scorn, and exclaimed: 'The sword is my diploma, and I will seal it in Ottoman blood.' Caraïscos still remonstrated, but Botzares and his men simultaneously shouted, 'Onward!' But, before starting, Botzares, at midnight, seeing the hostile camp-fires extending for miles, and knowing thereby that, to reach the nucleus of the Turkish armament, he must move with caution, ordered his men to leave their rifles behind. 'Our swords and pistols,' said he, 'will suffice; for the battle will be hand to hand. Commence not till you hear my pistol discharged. Our watchword shall be "Sword." On entering the camp we shall pass as an Albanian reinforcement, and, to prevent suspicion, all of you will scatter in bodies of five or ten in different directions, as if going to your posts. If you wish to know where to find me, so as to collect your strength, remember that my place of rendezvous is the pacha's tent. It shall be my headquarters if you are brave!' So spake the chief, and conducted them to the camp. 'Who is there?' shouted the sentinel. 'A reinforcement,' replied Botzares, and immediately the sentinel was deprived of existence. On reaching the tent of the

pacha, the Suliote chieftain found in it the lieutenant commanding the nucleus of the forces. Mustapha was reposing in the tent of the latter. Botzares discharged his pistol in the tent, and at that signal the three hundred discharged theirs, and drew their sabres, enacting a frightful carnage. Botzares met in the tent the lieutenant, seized him by the beard, and was asked, 'Who dares violate my sacred beard!' Botzares, in a voice of thunder, replied, 'Do you not know that Marco Botzares is in your camp?' At that word 'Botzares,' the Turks poured a terrible discharge of musketry into the pacha's tent. But the hero, though wounded, endangered himself still more by shouting, 'Where are you, my comrades? I hold the Turkish general's head. Only one Greek falls; rescue my body.' Then in the darkness began a bloody strife for his body, until the Turks, in dismay, struggled to cut a passage away from the scene of conflict. The Greeks were aided by their watchword, but the Turks, blinded by fear, slew one another. Botzares was rescued, and toward dawn Caraïscos descended and completed the victory. After this brilliant action, the Ottoman force was so inefficient, that the nation enjoyed comparative repose, and had leisure to bury the hero with the greatest honors. But the tribute due to his memory was paid not only by Greece, but by all nations that embraced the party of the oppressed. Byron was torn from a career of dissipation by admiration of the 'new

Leonidas,' and Halleck made his fame universal by this expression:

'Thou art freedom's now!'"

The family of Marco Botzares (as the name is properly written), not only by the bravery of the hero, but by the wisdom and integrity of his late brother Constantine, a senator of the kingdom, is one of the most popular in Greece. Mr. Rangabe writes to me: "The wife of M. Bozzaris is still living. She is a very respectable and worthy woman, of a fine nature and amiable character. His son, Demetrius, is one of the most distinguished friends of the Greek army. He was educated at Munich, at the expense of the late King Louis of Bavaria. He has been an aide-de-camp of King Otho, and several times minister of war under King George. Of the daughters of Bozzaris, the eldest married General Sissins, and after his death, A. Antonopoulo, a primate of Peloponnese; the other, Rose, was considered one of the most beautiful young girls in Greece. She has been maid of honor to the Queen Amalia. She is now the wife of General Carazza, a Greek native of Constantinople. The Greeks, as the prophetic words of the poet have foretold, bestow the greatest honors on the name and the memory of Bozzaris." Many years ago, the poet was gratified by receiving a gift of a picture from the nephews of the hero, accompanied by a letter addressed to "Fitz-

Greene Halleck, the American poet who wrote the 'Marco Bozzaris.'" Marco and Cresto, sons of Constantine Bozzaris, a brother of the Suliote chief, who were educated at the Greek Lyceum in Syria, closed their communication to Mr. Halleck with these words: "May you live long and be happy."

In addition to the lines on Lieutenant Allen and "Marco Bozzaris," Halleck wrote, during the year 1823, his poem of "Magdalen," concerning which I have no other information than is contained in the poet's note: "Written in 1823, for a love-stricken young officer on his way to Greece. The reader will have the kindness to presume that he died there."

It was after alluding to General Lafayette and describing at length his reception in New York in 1824, that Halleck repeated in his animated manner several stanzas of Beranger's "*Lafayette en Amérique*." Apropos of the French poet, I have seen in Halleck's handwriting a translation of one of his very popular poems, "The Garret," which was a great favorite of his, and a composition from which he often quoted in his letters and conversation both in the original and from Dr. Maginn's admirable translation, the best of the many English versions of Beranger's spirited lines.

The poet writes to Miss Halleck, May 15, 1824: "Since the first of this month, I have again become concerned in the affairs of the Washington and Warren Bank, and have not had a moment's time to answer

your letter of the 24th of April. * * * About the first of April, I accompanied Mr. Samuel Hazard, the brother-in-law of Mr. Barker, to Philadelphia to assist, as the French say, in marrying him to a Miss Pierce of that city. One of the bridesmaids, Miss Agnes Hamilton, my partner on the occasion, has a clear income of seventy thousand dollars — somewhere about a million and a half. There's a target for a bachelor to aim at. We remained a week in Philadelphia, from thence went to Bristol, a country-town about twenty miles distant, and returned from there at the end of another week to this city. I was also concerned in the marriage of Mademoiselle Estelle, some time ago, and seemed fated to be present at all weddings except my own."

Mr. Halleck's friend and correspondent, Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, remembers being in company with the poet one evening early in the summer of 1824, when some one entered with the news that Byron had died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April. Halleck, who was a great admirer of the poet, if not of the man, was quite overcome, and could not restrain his tears. He walked up and down the drawing-room wringing his hands, saying, with brief pauses between each remark: "What a terrible loss to literature!"—"Byron dead, and I did not see him!"—"All Dryden's best poems were written when he was past forty, and poor Byron to be taken away at thirty-six!"

When Edmund Kean visited the United States in 1824, he erected a monument in St. Paul's churchyard, New York, to the memory of George Frederick Cooke, whom, he told Halleck, he considered the greatest actor of modern times, Garrick alone excepted. For the tasteful monument raised by Kean, the poet wrote, at his request, the inscription, which singularly pleased the great actor. Having suffered somewhat by the ravages of time, Charles Kean, the son of Edmund, caused the monument to be repaired during his last professional visit to this country.

The beautiful lines beginning

> Lady, although we have not met,
> And may not meet beneath the sky;
> And whether thine are eyes of jet,
> Gray, or dark-blue, or violet,
> Or hazel—Heaven knows, not I—

were written in the album of an unknown lady, during the year 1824, and was the only poem composed by Mr. Halleck in that year, or at least the only one so far as I have been able to learn.

In the "Recollections of a Lifetime," by S. C. Goodrich, I find the following allusion to Mr. Halleck and another promising young poet, also a native of Connecticut, John G. C. Brainard, to whom the former was indebted for a happy idea struck out by him in his New-Year's verse on the same theme, for his pleasing

stanzas on their native State. Brainard was, says Goodrich, "a special admirer of Halleck, and more than once remarked that he should like to see him. I proposed to introduce him; but he was shy of all formal meetings, and seemed, indeed, to feel that there would be a kind of presumption in his being presented to the leading poet of the great metropolis. I was, therefore, obliged to give up the idea of effecting a meeting between these two persons, both natives of Connecticut, and peculiarly fitted to appreciate and admire each other. One morning, however, fortune seemed to favor us. As we entered the bookstore of Messrs. Bliss & White—then on the eastern side of Broadway, near Cedar Street—I saw Halleck at the farther end of the room. Incautiously, I told this to Brainard. He eagerly asked me which was the poet, among two or three persons that were standing together. I pointed him out. Brainard took a long and earnest gaze, then turned on his heel, and I could not find him for the rest of the day!"

The gentle poet of the Connecticut River was a singularly diffident man; of extremely small stature, and as sensitive on that score as was a much greater poet in regard to his club-foot.

From "Horace in New York" I take the subjoined invocation to Halleck, which appears with the following motto from Moore, as a title: "A *Bumper* to Fanny." The notes as well as the verses are Mr. Clason's:

"Ring the alarum-bell!" stout Lenox cried,
When Duncan's silver skin with blood was dyed:
"Malcolm, awake!" came forth in accents deep,
When woman leagued with man to murder sleep.

As mad and wretched as the faithful chief;
As strong in honesty; as loud in grief;
I fill the night air with the tocsin bell—
And ring a fright'ning and a fun'ral knell—
A knell for Poetry:—her shrine profaned;
And hurt by those her manna has sustained.
Ring the alarum, I say—too vexed to weep;—
HALLECK, awake! shake off this drowsy sleep.
Nay, man, no modesty—no shocks of shame:
I'll have a starling, sir, shall speak thy name.
Must eagles hide, while owls their dull wings rear?
Shake off this sleep! Halleck, I say, appear!

The awkward squad of Poetry's worst drill,
Spoil what they laud, and ignorantly kill.
The feet of fools the Muse's temple tread;
They choke the lamp their ardor should have fed;
With silly zeal press her pure altar down;
Rush on her footstool; shake away her crown;
Keep her from feeling sunny air and light;
And—mad as flashes in a stormy night—
Instead of nobly paying homage meet,
Instead of laying trophies at her feet,
They let their spoils upon her person fall—
And make her canopy her funeral-pall.

E'en those who should enact a better part,
Who have the scholar's strength and poet's heart,
Who ought to raise the rampart of the mind,
Let their brave powers be cabined, cribbed, confined;
Careless of rules, they pull their lyre's loose strings,
And fancy music if the brass wire rings.
BRYANT, within whose mind a crystal shines,
With adjectives and fustian fills his lines.
While PERCIVAL, so pleased with painted things,
Buoys on the air with tinsel, tawdry wings;
Blows a soft bugle over flowery ground,
And loses sense and music in the sound.
PIERPONT, whose strength a blazing flag might rear,
And give us thoughts as pure as childhood's tear,
E'en Parson Pierpont glides, a gilded snake,
And crawls and shines as if but half awake;
Sometimes, we see, he curves his hues about;
But yet, 'tis lengthened sweetness long drawn out.
There's one who might adorn the Muse's rank,
But he has left her *Temple* for a *Bank;*
'Tis WORTH, who now upon his own name dotes,
And cashiers' melody to count his notes.[1]
(Poor outcast JUDAH[2] should be sent to nurse;
He thinks blank nonsense must be good blank verse.)
Woodworth's long, rumbling notes in songs are borne,

[1] This gentleman is the author of "Horace in Cincinnati."

[2] Mr. Judah is the author of a poem entitled "Odofriede, or the Outcast." Samuel B. Helmuth Judah, who is still living in New York, is also the author of a satire entitled "Gotham and the Gothamites," published in 1823, for which libellous production both the writer and publisher were incarcerated in the city jail.

And all alike—"hot corn, hot corn, hot corn."
Yet these I can submit to:—but the shoal
Of senseless skulls offends me to the soul;
In impudence and ignorance they come,
And, though blue-bottles, make a mighty hum.
Each squashy-peasecod-New-York-schoolboy prates;
Young Boston bards croak worse than Boston-waites;[1]
E'en very spellers give a mighty roar;
Each feels a lion, though he is a boar;
While ladies' crow-quills play their little part,
And write of "love" and "dove," of "heart" and "dart."

Faugh! thin small beer! HALLECK—HALLECK, come forth!
Come like the borealis of the north,
A beauteous wonder. Rise and wildly shine!
Rise like a comet in the night's bright mine;
Making the upturned eyes of mortals gaze,
And leave the galaxy to track thy blaze.
A volunteer within Thalia's train,
Duty decides you still should there remain.
The British Critic justly sneers to see,
A pitchy void within our melody:
Let not the scribe full fairly point his dart,
But show a flame can from bitumen start.
Wait not for rules which Horace made of yore;[2]
Snatch up your manuscript; unbar your door;

[1] "Boston-waites" is an old nickname for frogs—the term occurs, I fancy, in Ray's Proverbs.

[2] "Nonumque prematur in annum."

Put in bold *pica* your own neat *italic ;*
And be no longer "*Secretary* Halleck."

You've found the silver nib of Byron's pen ;
Prove that its iron stem can plough again.
The last touch of the chisel you have shown ;
Prove that the block you work on is your own.
Wake every nerve ; and let us something view,
As smooth as marble, and as lasting too.
Want you a theme ? ah, no ! exhaustless roll,
Mysterious beauties o'er the poet's soul.
He seeks the sea, earth, sky, his scenes to aid :
While God's own finger's on his fire-tongue laid.
In every flower *he* sees Megarian bee ;
While gems shine forth in many a trembling tree.
He gains bright thoughts from spangles in the storm ;
Each em'rald wave turns up a siren's form ;
O'er the Atlantic's million billows dark,
He cuts a white track for the crackling bark.
Thinks he of lonely isle where wild-fowl flock ;—
He hears the sea-weed flap against the rock.
Let the bard seek the broad-spread, stilly wood,
Where nature's beauties grow in solitude ;
His mem'ry's ear will catch the dew-drops fall,
As bright birds flutter, and the cobras crawl.[1]
His fancy see the Indian's wild eyes shine,
From the green cave, as rubies in a mine.

[1] The critic may fancy this a queer sort of solitude : Cowper's poem of Selkirk is open to similar observation.

Should his soothed sight his own savannas view,
Blushing in autumn's tint, and twilight's hue;
The joys of home within his mind's eye rove,
And soothe like sunbeams in a shady grove.
If to the hills he sends his condor-glance,
The rifles ring, and make the echoes dance;
Each height seems bristled with a noble band,
Defenders of their rich primeval land—
A noble band filled high with manly words,
And manly daring strong as their true swords,
Ready to let the turf they lately trod,
Grow fresher, nurtured by their own heart's-blood;
Ready to trust their lives, their cause, to their protecting God.[1]

A glory like the sun's the poet feels.
His own light on himself a beauty wheels;
Yet, while he knows he has this rich resource,
Many enjoy and praise his splendid course.

[1] I was desirous of inserting, at this place, the following nervous lines from the Pursuits of Literature; in order to give a finish to No. VII. But, upon consideration, I thought my verses would suffer less by adding the extract to this note:

"Such is the poet: bold, without confine,
Imagination's 'chartered libertine.'
He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream
On listless satisfaction's torpid stream,
But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide;
While thoughts encount'ring thoughts in conflict fierce,
Tumultuous rush, and labor into verse,
Then, as the swelling numbers round him roll,
Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of his soul."

Blessing and blest his high meridian glows,
He sets in greater richness than he rose.
And e'en when gone beneath this mortal scene,
His place of dying smiles in pearly sheen.
Eternal as the sun his fame will stand;
Forever burning, breathing in the land.

Who would not rather have a Shakespeare's fame,
Than Gresham's wealth, and Montmorency's name? [1]
Or, be a Milton, pennyless and blind,
Than have the praises heaped on Cromwell's mind?
The son of Philip, midst the battle's dead,
Slept with old Homer's scroll beneath his head.[2]

What were known as the New-York Conspiracy Trials of 1826, in which the then District Attorney charged the poet's friends, Jacob Barker, Henry Eckford, and others, with conspiring, through the medium of insurance and other companies with which they were connected, to defraud the public, and who were in Mr. Halleck's judgment innocent, and persecuted in a vindictive and remorseless manner by the relentless young limb of the law, drew down upon him the following philippic, which was circulated at the time among a small circle of chosen friends, but never, until now, published. The poet called it "Billingsgate McSwell:"

[1] It is said the Montmorency family can trace its descent from the Horatii. I have no objection:—Adam was a relation of mine.

[2] For this, consult Plutarch.

Ye gentlemen and ladies all
That reverence the law,
Come, listen to the law's own bird,
That holds it in his claw.
I who am famed for turning tail,
And have a tale to tell,
Am a tale-bearer, and my name
Is Billingsgate McSwell.

At twenty, for a brawly crime,
They placed me at the bar;
They tried, convicted, punished me,
The brand has left its scar.
I had made the sacred house of prayer
Ring with the rabble's yell,
I had trampled on her broken pews,
I, Billingsgate McSwell!

Thus taught acquaintance with the bar,
I made the bar my trade,
And, after having broke the law,
I practised it for bread.
For the profession I was found
In fitting mind and state,
From bully to attorney the
Transition is not great.

Then glorying in my impudence,
My only reputation,

I joined the Federalists and made
Speeches about the nation.
"*Show me a Democrat*," my words
Are yet remembered well,
"*And I'll show you a scoundrel*," thus
Said Billingsgate McSwell.

When once in office snugly fixed,
I could not fail to rise,
For few have such a face as mine,
Or such a pair of eyes.
And then my voice—it blends all tones
That to the heart appeal,
The jackass, owl, and guinea-hen,
Cock-turkey, and cart-wheel.

And now I'm master of the law,
Its hangman and its rope,
And in infallibility
His Holiness the Pope;
And since that kind protecting power,
Impunity, was mine,
I've been a wholesale dealer in
The Inquisition line.

But soon deserting and turned rat,
On Democrats I called,
And, like Sir Pertinax, I boo'ed,
And, like a worm, I crawled,
And told them, when before mine eyes
They placed my traitor fee,

"*Once I was blind*," my worthy friends,
"*But now*," you see, "*I see*."

For I do hate your ugly wounds
From gunpowder and ball;
A kick upon one's pantaloons
Is not much, after all.
Nor is a cowskin much—I know
Their stings extremely well,
For few have felt them oftener
Than Billingsgate McSwell.

But all my fears of these are gone,
I am, 'tis now well known, a
Great coward, *ex-officio*,
And *in propria persona*.
Woe to the citizen who dares
To ask me if I'm brave,
There's not a grand-juryman
But feels himself my slave!

And I can slander, stain, insult,
In my own natural way,
And kill my victims in cold blood,
Fair semblance and foul play.
I'm now attorney, bailiff, judge,
Informer, witness, spy,
In short, a public officer
'Gainst whom no suit can lie.

What though gray Scandal prates about
An actress, play-house scenes,
"Fair, fat, and forty," and all that,
I care not what she means.
A public officer cannot
Rude, weak, or wicked be,
A public officer cannot
Commit adultery.

In Britain's monarch-governed isle
"No *titled* fool or knave,"
While satire breathes, "can walk the world
In credit to his grave."
But here, thank Heaven, we are free,
Here law can *titles* give
That screen her cowards, knaves, and fools,
A blest prerogative.

I make, and I unmake, the laws,
I also make the crimes;
I make for courts and constables,
And lawyers, golden times.
I make the causes, and the judge
And jury that must try them;
I make the people fools, and make
A deal of money by them.

"Full many a flower," the poets sing,
"Is born to blush unseen,"
But I, who never blush, am not
The flower the poets mean.

For lately I received a note,
Addressed to me by name,
And read it with my loudest voice,
That trumpet of my fame.

Yes, read it to my wondering friends
At corners of the streets;
Ordered it to be printed, and
Corrected the proof-sheets.
These are its words—the writer seems
To know his subject well;
It is a portrait to the life
Of Billingsgate McSwell:

"*That you're a* SCOUNDREL, *sir, is now*
As clear as sky at noon,
A base, dishonored VILLAIN, *and*
Contemptible POLTROON;
The scorn, the SHAME, *of all that sit*
Around your household fire,
Of mother, sister, wife, and babes
That blush to call you sire."

The above is a true copy,
As I hereby certify,
And he who wrote it lives and smiles
Daily before mine eye.
Such letters have been writ before,
But who till now e'er heard
Of one received and published by
A man that wears a beard?

England, for gallant deeds of arms,
Made princes of her Howards,
And I by other deeds have made
Myself the prince of cowards.
In one respect, my friend the Prince
Of Darkness I excel—
He never "sported the white feather,"
Like Billingsgate McSwell.

In February, 1827, there was published in New York a thin 8vo volume, entitled "Alnwick Castle and other Poems," *but without the author's name.* Reference to this collection of his poetical writings is made by Mr. Halleck in the following letter:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *May* 31, 1827.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have requested the editor of the *Albion*, an English newspaper published here, to send you his paper for one year. Its selections are very good, and I have no doubt you will glean much amusement from it. He has done me some kindnesses, and I deemed subscribing to his paper the most acceptable way of repaying them.

I received your letter of the 2d instant, and am pleased to learn that your health is good, and improving. Mine is but tolerable. I have occasional attacks of giddiness, the necessary result of a regular life of mental employment unaccompanied with sufficient

bodily exercise, but, on the whole, I have, as to health, no right to complain.

You appear to suppose that if I had known Miss B——'s address I should not have called on her. This supposition is, doubtless, grounded on my unsocial habits and love of solitude and quietness. But the fact is, that during the past winter I have been, to my own astonishment, quite a ladies' man, a particularly fashionable person. I scarcely know how I got into the whirlpool, but I did get in in the early part of the season, and find it impossible to get out until the season is over. My name is on the visiting-list of all our ultra-fashionables, and I have received, on an average, a dozen invitations per week to parties, balls, etc. They do not interfere either with business or other daily pursuits, for a party does not begin until ten o'clock in the evening. It is pleasant enough while one is there, but, to an indolent person, hardly enough so to compensate for the trouble of dressing. I have become, for it is soon learned, quite *au fait* in the small-talk of society, and can say as much about nothing at all as if I had been taught by a lady-patroness of Almack's. However, the season is nearly over, and I shall, if not forgotten by the next year, invent some excuse for declining all future civilities in this way. The last season has been really a carnival, in consequence of a number of weddings, some twenty or thirty, among "the aristocracy," "the *haut*

ton," for such there are in all towns, cities, and villages in the world, no matter under what governments. But those who have country-seats will visit them in the course of the month of June, and those who have not will lounge at the watering-places, for it is nearly as horrid a thing to be seen in town here in the month of July as in London in the month of October. Apropos, I sent several dozens of my last published poems to several dozen ladies, at whose houses I had danced or dined. It seems they thought it a becoming compliment to get them elegantly bound, and I have unwittingly put them to an expense of five dollars apiece for binding. No matter, it encourages the bookbinders. From these premises, as the lawyers say, I think it reasonable to infer that I might have called on Miss B——, had I known her address, but do not say that I promise to do so, because I may change my mind. * * *

Yours affectionately,

FITZ-GREENE.

Among the many notes received by the poet from the ladies to whom he presented copies of his poems, was the following from his gifted friend, Catherine Maria Sedgwick, the authoress of "Redwood" and other New-England stories: "Miss Sedgwick begs Mr. Halleck's acceptance of a copy of 'Hope Leslie,' not in exchange as a return for the book Mr. H.

was so good as to send to her, for Miss S. does not delude herself with the idea that a stone, though it be as big as a rock, is an equivalent for a diamond."

Halleck did not belong to the school of rapid writers, nor did he imitate the general fault of the poets of that school, who, almost without an exception, write too much. Gray's "Elegy" will outlive Lope de Vega's dramas, which are numbered by thousands, and who wrote more than a hundred of them, as he says himself, each in less than twenty-four hours.

> "Pues mas de ciento en horas veinte y cuatro
> Pasaron de las musas al teatro."

Several of Halleck's poems will, like the verses of Gray, be remembered when the writings of the prolific Spaniard, the six-canto lays of Scott, and the six-week epics of Southey, are rarely, if ever, read. The art which Boileau boasted that he had taught Molière—that of writing easy verses with difficulty—was an art of which Halleck was master. This, as is well known, is the only kind of easy writing which is not found to be very hard reading.

"Red Jacket" was composed more rapidly than any other of Mr. Halleck's poems of similar length, having been written in two days for the *Talisman*, a small illustrated annual published by Elam Bliss in 1828. There were two subjects given to him from

which to choose—"Weehawken" and "Red Jacket." Halleck selected the latter, and wrote the poem to accompany the spirited picture of the Indian warrior painted by Robert W. Weir. Alluding to Halleck's "Red Jacket," an eloquent writer, some thirty years since, said: "It is one of those lofty and fervid effusions that one reads to remember. The author's humorous propensity creeps out in it occasionally; but as a whole it is magnificently done. There is a pathetic under-song in this production which leaves its echo in the heart. The author has represented Red Jacket very much to the life; though the transatlantic allusions might have been well dispensed with. That noble old chief had a spice of the philosopher about him, which would have done honor to the wiliest potentate that ever bent the million to his beck or swayed a party with his nod. There was a natural grandeur about him, forest-born; the air that circulates over interminable wildernesses, and sweeps in freedom across inland seas, was the vital element for which his free nostrils thirsted; the perfume that goes up to the sky from vast reservations, as it went from the flowery tops of Carmel in the olden time, was his chosen element of respiration; the anthem for his ear was Niagara. We can readily believe that he admired his own untrammelled way of life; revered the Great Manitou; and, perhaps, loved the fire-water, which drowned the memory of his wrongs. In a part of his tenets he had wis-

dom on his side. The man who chooses to run wild in woods, a noble savage, can find many enlightened wights in the purlieus of Christendom to bear him out in his partialities. The dress of Red Jacket, in his primitive condition, was of the simplest kind. He was not in the straitened tailor-owing condition of many of the present day. 'I have thatched myself over,' says a modern European writer, perhaps in the predicament just hinted at, 'with the dead fleeces of sheep, the bark of vegetables, the entrails of worms, the hides of oxen or seals, the entrails of furred beasts; and walk abroad a moving rag-screen, overheaped with shreds and tatters raked from the charnel-house of nature.' In his best days Red Jacket had no fancy for integuments like these; and his bard should not have stooped to compare his dress at any time with that of 'George the Fourth at Brighton;' for Halleck is a man who cannot easily conceal from himself the fact that there are noblemen of nature—and that a drawing-room, whether of the British monarch, or of *le Roi Citoyen*, is simply a section of infinite space, where so many God-created souls do for the time meet together."

The poetical epistle beginning "Dear * * * I am writing not *to* you but *at* you," was composed in 1828, as were the "Lines to the Recorder," which first appeared in the columns of the *Evening Post*, prefaced with the following remarks by Mr. Bryant: "There is a won-

derful freshness and youthfulness of imagination in the following epistle for a septuagenarian, if not an octogenarian, poet, as the writer must be if we are to judge from the chronology of his initial lines. He has lost nothing of the grace and playfulness which might have belonged to his best years. The sportive irony of the piece will amuse our readers, and offend nobody. Indeed, we are not sure but a part of this is directed against ourselves; but, as Mr. Castaly has chosen to cover it up with dashes, it might imply too great a jealousy of our dignity to make the application, and to mutilate the poem, by omitting any part, is contrary to the strict charge of the writer, who insists upon our publishing the whole or none."

A. Oakey Hall, in a letter to Mr. Halleck, dated July 13, 1863, says: "Permit me to enclose to you a photograph of a man whom you did much toward immortalizing, ex-Recorder Riker. It is not a super-excellent one, because of the disadvantages under which it was taken. I found in the Colden memorial of the Erie-Canal celebration a steel engraving of Mr. Riker, and sent it to a photographist. Hence the picture. Excuse my intrusion; but I never hear the name of Riker mentioned without immediately associating 'The Croakers,' 'Fanny,' and the household word of Halleck with him. And, in obtaining the head, it seemed to me to be a satisfaction to know that I had strengthened the chain of that association by

allowing myself to forge this photographic link and enclose it by post." Mr. Halleck acknowledged the gift in the following letter:

[TO A. OAKEY HALL.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *July* 21, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I am very grateful for the compliment your letter pays me, and for a gift so interesting in itself, and so pleasantly proving your kind recollection of me and mine.

The photograph, as you observe, does not do the Recorder justice, for, although showing successfully his remarkably fine forehead, it gives us no idea of the play of his features, which, as you doubtless remember, were in their expression, when lit up by a merry thought or an impulse of manly courtesy, as fascinating as his characteristic bow.

I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with him before making him the theme of the sportive lines you allude to, and that acquaintance became afterward more and more cordial, as he learned how highly—

> "In his happier hour,
> Of social pleasure ill exchanged for power"—

I respected and esteemed him; and he kindly bore with me for selecting one in his high position as an "office-holder," to do duty as a vicarious sufferer for

the sins of the whole "class," in the consciousness of my knowledge of his own individual blamelessness.

Let us hope that all our public men, seeking as he sought, and winning as he won, honorable distinction in a political career, may find no arrows aimed at them by that "chartered libertine," the press, more envenomed than those forged for a playful and ephemeral purpose in the pleasant armory of song; and that each one of them may be remembered hereafter, as Mr. Riker now is, for noble qualities of head and heart, and the cultivated mind and manners of a scholar and a gentleman.

Repeating my thanks for your courtesy, I beg you to believe me, dear sir, most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

When Halleck, in the "Recorder," said of New York forty years ago, "Our fourteen wards contain some seven-and-thirty bards," he rather underrated than exaggerated the fact; but except himself there is scarcely one of the number whose now-forgotten stanzas are ever read, those of Bryant and Drake alone excepted. To the former he renders a richly-deserved compliment, when he says:

> BRYANT, whose songs are thoughts that bless
> The heart, its teachers, and its joy,

As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way,
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb;
But those that graced his own Green River,
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever.

How beautifully, in the same poem, Halleck, after playfully alluding to a poet's death, as

the debt, the only one
A poet ever pays,

speaks in tender and most touching words of his own:

But many are my years, and few
Are left me in night's holy dew,
And sorrow's holier tears will keep
The grass green when in death I sleep.

And when that grass is green above me,
And those who bless me now and love me
Are sleeping by my side,
Will it avail me aught that men
Tell to the world with lip and pen
That once I lived and died?

No! if a garland for my brow
Is growing, let me have it now,
While I'm alive to wear it;
And if, in whispering my name,
There's music in the voice of fame
Like Garcia's, let me hear it!

Was ever a more beautiful compliment paid to a singer, than the poet renders to his friend Felicia Garcia, in the last line of the above stanzas?

"This period (1819) of the existence of the *Evening Post* was illuminated by the appearance of the poems of Drake and Halleck in its columns, under the signature of 'Croaker' and 'Croaker & Co.,' in which the fashions and follies, and sometimes the politicians of the day, were made the subjects of a graceful and good-natured ridicule. The numbers containing these poems were eagerly sought for; the town laughed, the subjects of the satire laughed in chorus, and all thought them the best things of the kind ever written; nor were they far wrong. At a subsequent period within the past twenty-five years, another poem, which, though under a different signature, might be called the Epilogue to the 'Croakers,' was contributed by Mr. Halleck to the paper. It was addressed to the Honorable Richard Riker, Recorder, better known as Dick Riker. This poem, with the marks of a riper intellect, is as witty as the best of 'The Croakers.'"[1]

[1] "Reminiscences of the *Evening Post*," New York, 1851.

Early in January, 1828, George P. Morris one day met William Leggett, not at that time connected with the *Evening Post*, and asked him to write for the New-York *Mirror* a series of biographies of prominent American poets. "Certainly," said Leggett, "if you will give me the facts;" to which Morris replied: "Damn it, write the lives and omit the facts." A week after their interview, there appeared in the *Mirror*, dated January 26th, from the pen of Mr. Leggett, sketches of James G. Brooks, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Washington Irving, James G. Percival, John Pierpont, Edward C. Pinckney, Charles Sprague, and Samuel Woodworth. I reprint the third of the series, only altering a few incorrect dates:

"Fitz-Greene Halleck was born July, 1790, in Guilford, Connecticut, where he resided until the year 1811. At a very early period of his life, the bias of his mind toward poetry was evinced by various metrical effusions, represented to us as having possessed uncommon merit, as juvenile productions: but all of which, we are sorry to add, have been destroyed by their author. It would have been highly gratifying to peruse these precocious ebullitions of genius, and to trace in them the faint glimmerings of that light of song, which has since brightened into such unusual splendor. Whatever relates to the early efforts of those who are destined to become, in any way, 'a nation's glory,' possesses deep moral interest; and it is not only pleasing, but profit-

able, to watch the unfoldings of such a mind as Halleck's, and note its first struggles to give language to feelings, created by 'all various nature pressing on the heart.' One of the effusions of his youthful muse, but of a later date than those to which we have alluded, was published in a New-York paper, in 1813, when the author was twenty-three years of age. This may, perhaps, be recovered; though it is much to be feared, from the ephemeral nature of the publication in which it appeared, that, like the others, it has passed away into oblivion.

"The thought-inspiring stillness of a country life, and the romantic character of the scenery around his birthplace, tended, in no small degree, to nourish the poetic germ, of the possession of which Mr. Halleck gave such early evidence. In the poem entitled 'Connecticut,' he has shown how highly and how justly he appreciated the beauties of his native State, and how indelibly they are imprinted on his memory. To use his own impressive language:

'Her clear, warm heaven at noon, the mist that shrouds
Her twilight hills, her cool and starry eves,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest-leaves,
Come o'er the eye, in solitude and crowds,
Where'er his web of song her poet weaves;
And in his mind's brightest vision but displays
The autumn scenery of his boyhood's days.'

"At the age of twenty-one, Mr. Halleck came to this city, where he has since resided; and has produced, on various occasions, some of the sweetest and noblest lyric, and some of the most pungent and caustic satirical poems, to be found in the language. In March, 1819, the 'Croakers,' a series of Pindaric odes, in which the follies and extravagances of society were lashed with infinite pleasantry and humor, made their appearance in the *Evening Post*. The curiosity of the town was greatly excited to know by whom they had been written; and they were ascribed, at different times, to various literary gentlemen, while the real authors passed, for a long while, entirely unsuspected.

"In the production of these delightful satires, there was associated with Mr. Halleck a gentleman who is now no more—Joseph Rodman Drake, a scholar, a wit, and a poet. 'The American Flag,' an ode which all our readers must be acquainted with, is the production of his pen. He was gifted with an exalted genius, and gave promise of great poetic excellence. Besides his share in the 'Croakers,' and the beautiful lyric we have just named, he left behind the manuscript of a fanciful and imaginative poem, in two cantos, called 'The Culprit Fay.' It is a production of much merit and beauty, and we cannot but regret that it is withheld from the public. Mr. Drake died of a consumption, in September, 1820. It was on the death of this gentleman, with whom Mr. Halleck was on terms of the

closest intimacy and friendship, that he wrote those sweet elegiac lines commencing—

'Green be the turf above thee.'

"'Fanny,' the next production of our author, was published in December, 1819. This is the longest of his poems, and the one, perhaps, which entitles him to most praise. It is an exquisite compound of playful humor, light satire, and tender sentiment; and no one has ever read it without according to the writer a high rank among the poets of this country. It was but three weeks from the time the work was commenced, until it issued from the press. He who writes with such ease and rapidity, and, at the same time, so sweetly, can scarcely be excused if he writes but little; though the condition of that poet is truly enviable, who, like Mr. Halleck, is censured, not for what he has written, but because he has written no more. In February of the year 1821, a second edition of 'Fanny,' with alterations and additions, was published.

"We now come to 'Alnwick Castle, with other Poems,' a volume which comprises, with what we have already mentioned, all the productions which Mr. Halleck has yet given to the public. It was published in January, 1827, but most of the pieces which it contains had previously appeared in various periodical miscellanies. The name of the work is derived from the title

of the poem that stands first in the collection, which was written during a visit to Europe, in 1822 and 1823. 'Marco Bozzaris,' a poem which has been so widely copied, so generally read, and so highly admired, that we cannot suppose any reader ignorant of its beauties, occupies the second place. The remaining pages are filled with other 'bright gems of thought,' from the same rich intellectual mine.

"As a poet, Mr. Halleck ranks very high. He has not written much, but what he has written is almost faultless. If tenderness and warmth of feeling, playfulness of fancy, imagery, not abundant, but appropriate, and great copiousness, and invariable euphony of language, constitute a claim to excellence, his effusions are excellent. There is one censure—we have already named it—in which all concur; and we most cordially hope that Mr. Halleck will speedily amend the fault that occasions it. But whether he write more or not, as the poet is to be estimated by the quality, and not the quantity of his works, he is entitled to a place which but few can hope to attain."

During the summer of 1829 Mr. Halleck's genial and accomplished friend, William Coleman, died suddenly, cut off by an apoplectic stroke, July 13th. Theodore Dwight, a younger brother of Dr. Dwight, and a lawyer of good literary attainments, having declined the position of editor of the *Evening Post*, which was offered to him by Hamilton, Wolcott, and

others, it was conferred upon William Coleman, and the first number issued November 16, 1801. Mr. Coleman was born in Massachusetts, in 1766, studied law, and settled at Greenfield about 1794, where he also edited a newspaper and erected a house noted for its architectural beauty. In the second year of the present century he assumed the editorship of the New-York *Evening Post*, which became a leading Federal paper, worthy of the editorial successorship of Robert C. Sands, William Cullen Bryant, and William Leggett. Mr. Coleman enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, John Jay, and other political and literary notabilities of that day, and for ten years a close friendship existed between him and Mr. Halleck. Goodrich, in his "Recollections," describes him as being "a large man, of robust appearance, with a vigorous and manly countenance. His nose was long and prominent, and, in connection with a strongly-defined brow, gave his face an expression of vigor and sagacity. His eye was gray, his hair light brown, and at the time I speak of (1812) was slightly grizzled." Buckingham, in his "Reminiscences," relates that Coleman "was remarkable for his vigor in skating, having passed in an evening from near Greenfield to Northampton, a distance of twenty miles."

After a most pleasant business connection of eighteen years with Jacob Barker, acting as his confidential clerk, the reverses of the eminent banker and merchant

deprived him of the ability of longer retaining Halleck's services, and the poet, indulging the hope that Mr. Barker's affairs would soon assume a more favorable attitude, refused the employment offered by others, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. Fortune continuing to frown on the affairs of his old friend, a neighboring merchant offered Mr. Halleck employment at fifteen hundred dollars per annum, which he mentioned to Mrs. Barker, when she inquired if he would enter the service of another for the miserable sum of fifteen hundred dollars. The reply was, "No, madam, it is the miserable want of fifteen hundred dollars that may tempt me." The offer was, however, declined.

My venerable friend, Jacob Barker, of New Orleans, a native of Swan Island, Kennebec, then the Province and now the State of Maine, where he was born December 17, 1779, writes to the author: "I would gladly contribute to the praiseworthy object you are pursuing if I could say any thing which would add to or extend the fame of my lamented friend Halleck. He entered my service at the age of about twenty-one, and continued therein until he reached the age of forty years, when the reverses in my business deprived me of the means of compensating him. He was my confidential clerk, an excellent book-keeper, a good mathematician, with an amiable and quiet disposition. Subsequently he devoted himself to literature, refusing the

employment of others, in the hope that my concerns would assume a more favorable attitude. * * * I notice with great pleasure your successful exertions to obtain funds for the erection of a suitable monument over his grave at Guilford."

In another letter, dated April 12, 1868, Mr. Barker says: "The embargo, non-importation laws, blockade, and War of 1812, interrupted business to such an extent, that I could not afford to pay accustomed compensation to my employés, when Halleck associated himself with a relation of mine in the ship-chandlery business, but, being unsuccessful, they soon abandoned that pursuit, and Mr. Halleck returned to my employ, without ever again embarking in any commercial business on his own account. * * * I omitted to say that Mr. Halleck so far left my service, as near as I recollect, in 1822, and accepted the office of secretary of the Dutchess Insurance Company, which was managed and controlled by me, he assisting me at the same time in my other business until about 1828, when the business of the company was closed. * * * Mr. Halleck was so useful, that it would have been difficult for me to have done without him, and in our long connection of nearly twenty years not a cool word ever passed between us."

The poet writes to his sister, July 27, 1829: "In yours of the 6th you ask if it be possible for you to learn Spanish, so far as to translate it, in three months.

You, no doubt, can do so, if you work very hard. But I do not think, to be candid, that your translations of any 'Spanish novel or romance' would sell to a profit in quite three months, unless it be some one at present untranslated, of which I am ignorant. If you wish to enjoy what has been called one of the world's most delightful pleasures, namely, that of reading 'Don Quixote' in the original, to say nothing of Calderon, one of the greatest men of any age, study the Spanish; but, if you study it solely for the purpose of playing author, take a brother-author's word for it that the end will not compensate for the means."

In the *Evening Post* of November 16, 1830, appeared an "Epistle to Robert Hogbin," being the last "Croaker" written by the surviving partner of the poetical firm of Croaker & Co. Philip J. Forbes, at at that time librarian of the New-York Society Library, remembers meeting Mr. Halleck at the office of the *Post* on that day and conversing with him on various topics while they were waiting for the afternoon paper. When Mr. Forbes reached the library and looked over the *Post*, he saw the "Epistle to Robert Hogbin, Esq.," and felt assured in his own mind, from words that dropped from the poet during their interview, while speaking of Hogbin, that Halleck was indeed, as Cooper called him, "The Admirable Croaker." Two days later, the following paragraph appeared in the *Evening Post*: "Several inquiries having been made

of us respecting the name of the author of an 'Epistle to Mr. Hogbin,' published a day or two since in our paper, he took measures to acquaint him with the fact, in order that, if there was no objection on his part, we might satisfy the curiosity of those who had applied to us. This morning we received from him the following note in reply: 'The author of the "Epistle to Mr. Hogbin" has, unfortunately, no name. His father and mother, in that season of life in which children are generally named, took advantage of his youth and inexperience, and declined giving him any. He is, therefore, compelled to imitate the Minstrel of Yarrow, in Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy," and like him

'Saves others' names, but leaves his own unsung.'"

CHAPTER VI.

1831–1840.

The *New-England Magazine* on Halleck.—Joseph Snelling.—Miss Sedgwick.—Campbell and Pollok.—Poems of 1831.—Edits Byron's Works.—Visits Washington.—Enters Astor's office.—The Cholera.—Fanny Kemble.—Anecdotes of the Kembles.—Piero Maroncelli.—Translation from the Italian.—Ellen Campbell.—Her Letters.—Publication of Poems.—Description of Halleck.—Letter from Samuel Rogers.—The Authors' and other Clubs.—Louis Napoleon.—William Reynolds.—Fort Lee.—Anecdotes.

IN the *New-England Magazine* for August, 1831, there was published an appreciative article on Fitz-Greene Halleck, being the first of a series of literary portraits which appeared in that excellent periodical, conducted by the brothers Buckingham, and issued by Munroe & Francis. "The first thing," says the writer, "that strikes us in reading his poems is the singular union we find in them of the humorous and pathetic. He seems like 'two single' poets 'rolled into one;' and his mind presents a singularity of formation, analogous to that of the Siamese twins. Read his serious poems alone, such as 'Magdalen,' or those beautiful verses beginning 'The world is bright before thee,' which ten thousand albums can-

not make hackneyed, and you would suppose him to be a man steeped in romance, whose common language was sighs, a stranger to mirth and smiles, and whose mind was crowded with images of tenderness and gloom. You would picture him to your mind's eye as a pale and melancholy man, in suit of solemn black, with dark, mysterious eyes, a low and sweet voice, a woman's gentleness, and a child's simplicity, much given to serenading and repeating poetry by moonlight, and not a whit to songs and suppers. You would as soon think of a Lord Chancellor's fiddling a jig, or of an Archbishop of Canterbury's dancing one, as of such a man's cracking a joke, or even laughing at one very boisterously. On the other hand, take him in another point of view, and read his 'Sketch,' or 'Domestic Happiness,' and you would think the mantle of Prior had fallen upon him, and would set him down for one of the merriest souls that ever chirped over a wine-cup, and 'doffed the world aside and bade it pass.' You would never suppose he knew how to sigh, or had ever talked sentiment this side of the third bottle. Harlequin's playing Hamlet would not be so wild an incongruity as such a man's being 'melancholy and gentlemanlike.' So readily does he slip from grave to gay, that if he ever begins a piece in a serious and penseroso style, you may be pretty sure that he will fall into his comic vein before he gets through. * * *

"Who can read his verses on Burns, or his 'Magdalen,' and say that humor is his distinguishing characteristic? Who can be insensible to the feeling, the sensibility, the tenderness, and the imagination, that breathe from every line and hallow every word of these beautiful poems? The heart and the pulse of a true poet are here—the bright dreams, the romantic hues, the thrilling sense of the beautiful and the grand, 'imagination's world of air,' 'the vision and the faculty divine.' They strike you, too, as the productions of a man with whom poetry is the natural expression of thought, and who writes for the same reason that a bird sings or a child frolics.

"If we were asked what is the peculiar charm of Mr. Halleck's poetry, and what it is that distinguishes him from the other poets of our country, we should answer in one word—Grace. One of his tuneful brethren may be more reflective, another more intense and passionate, and another may translate more easily the hieroglyphics of nature, but none of them are so graceful as he. He is graceful in every thing, in his thoughts, in the appropriateness of his imagery, in the grouping of his words, and in the magic harmony of his numbers, which, from the lips of a fine reader, are as good as music. Every one must have observed how much effect he will produce by a single epithet, or by the peculiar form in which he will mould a thought, and how much novelty and aptness there is in his

illustrations. To enumerate instances would be almost to copy out his poems, word for word. This uncommon gracefulness of expression, which gives the same kind of indescribable charm to fine thoughts that the cestus of Venus is feigned to have done to a beautiful face and figure, is partly the effect of nature and partly of art. He is evidently a careful writer, and does not belong to the school of Lucilius, who, as Horace says, would stand upon one foot and dictate two hundred lines in an hour. Mr. Halleck knows well that the most enduring works are those which are the slowest in construction, in mental architecture at least. His poetry reminds us of an antique cameo, in which we know not which to admire most, the beauty of the material or the exquisite finish of the workmanship. Without knowing any thing of the matter, we should say, from internal evidence merely, that he was a slow writer and a merciless corrector, and that he blotted, to say the least, as many lines as he left. Nothing that he has written bears the marks of carelessness or haste. You cannot say of any of his poems, 'It would have been better for his fame if he had never written this;' but every individual line has been, as it were, a drop to swell the tide that bears him on to immortality. * * *

"Since this article was commenced, we have read that Mr. Halleck is to be the editor of a magazine in the city of New York. We wish him as much success

as he deserves, and we can say nothing more than that. We hope he may receive *golden* opinions from all men, and exchange his own notes for another sort of notes which have a very magic sound, and which, when properly arranged, form the tune of 'Money in both pockets.' We are sure of the success of the work, for one stanza of his would buoy up the rest of the number, were it unmingled lead."

There was no foundation for the rumor referred to in the last paragraph. Two years previous, Dr. DeKay proposed to the poet to advance the necessary capital to establish a monthly magazine in New York, which he (Halleck) should edit, and the subject was seriously considered by Mr. Halleck, who, however, finally decided to abandon the project, as being too hazardous, and also as likely to interfere with his desire to obtain a position similar to the one he had so long filled with Jacob Barker.

The following letter alludes to the groundless rumors of the poet's intention of becoming the editor of a magazine, which, for some reason, appears to have been a subject of great annoyance to him:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Aug.* 6, 1831.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have your letter of the 3d. The report of my intention of editing a magazine was contradicted, by the bookseller who gave rise to it, in

all the newspapers. I regret that the contradiction should not have met your eye. The whole thing was a piece of impertinence on his part. He said to me in an accidental conversation that he intended some day or other to get up a magazine. I made some general commonplace remarks expressive of my wish to see such a work established, and my willingness to render it all the aid in my power. On this slight foundation, he immediately advertised, printed a prospectus, and obtained subscribers, without my knowledge or suspicion. He contradicted it a few days after, which was all the atonement he could make me. I was, as you may well suppose, exceedingly annoyed by the affair, particularly at this moment, when I do not wish to appear before the public, for reasons which I mentioned in my last. * * *

My health, I am sorry to say, is none of the best. I can neither eat, drink, nor sleep, with any pleasure. I have tried a jaunt in the country, but it would not do. *Pazienza*, as the Italians say.

Yours affectionately,

F. G. HALLECK.

During the year 1831, Joseph Snelling published in Boston a *brochure* of some sixty pages, entitled "Truth, a New-Year's Gift for Scribblers;" in which most of the poetical writers of the country were excoriated. The following lines contain mention of Halleck and a few other then well-known names:

"Dear Halleck, Nature's favorite and mine,
Cursed be the hand that plucks a hair of thine:
Accept the tribute of a muse inclined
To bow to nothing, save the power of mind.
Bard of Bozzaris, shall thy native shore
List to thy harp and mellow voice no more?
Shall we, with skill like thine so nigh at hand,
Import our music from a foreign land?
While Mirror Morris chants in whimpering note
And croaking Dana strains his screech-owl throat;
While crazy Neal to metre shakes his chains,
And fools are found to listen to his strains;
While childish Natty P. the public diddles,
And Lunt and Rockwell scrape his second fiddles;
While Brooks, and Sands, and Smith, and either Clark,
In chase of Phœbus howl and yelp and bark—
Wilt thou be silent? Wake, O Halleck, wake!
Thine and thy country's honor are at stake!
Wake and redeem the pledge—thy vantage keep;
'Tis pity one like thee so long should sleep!"

It is to the author of the above lines that the authoress of "Hope Leslie" alludes in the following brief note to the poet:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

MY DEAR MR. HALLECK: Do you happen to know either good or evil of a Mr. Snelling, author of a poem called "The Fair Maid of Iowa?"

Yours very truly,

C. M. SEDGWICK.

NINTH STREET, BELOW AND NEAR UNIVERSITY PLACE.

27th April.—Not the first, as you might imagine from my inquiry!

In the month of November, the poet wrote the beautiful theatrical address beginning

> Where dwells the Drama's spirit? not alone
> Beneath the palace-roof, beside the throne—

which was delivered by Mr. Langton, on the opening night, November 14, 1831, at the Richmond Hill Theatre, occupying the site of Richmond Hill House and Gardens, once the country-seat of Aaron Burr, the subject of one of the most interesting episodes in American history.

To his friend Mrs. Barnes, who applied to him in the following spring for an address to be spoken in the same theatre, at the commencement of the season of 1832, which reopened May 23d, under the management of her husband, Mr. Barnes, a comedian of much excellence, and the great favorite of laughter-loving audiences, the poet sent the following note, for which I am indebted to Joseph N. Ireland, author of the "Records of the New-York Stage:"

Thursday, May 10th.

Mr. Halleck presents his most grateful compliments to Mrs. Barnes, and assures her that nothing could give him greater pleasure than the power of complying

with the request with which she has honored him in her note of yesterday, but he deeply regrets to be compelled to add that he has been estranged for so long a time from the habit of writing and rhyming, as to find it utterly impossible to frame an Address in the least degree worthy of her who is to speak it, or capable of aiding his own good wishes for the success of herself, and of his excellent friend Mr. Barnes. He therefore begs her to accept those good wishes in place of his bad verses, and to summon to her flattering task some of his youngers and betters. He is himself becoming, like King Lear, "a foolish, fond old man, fourscore and upward," and is broad awake with both eyes from the morning-dream of poetry.

James Lawson, of New York, in a note to the author, enclosing the subjoined letter, says: "Halleck's admiration of Campbell was unbounded. Now I had a right to toast Pollok—he was in the Glasgow college with me, though I do not remember him personally, and when I first read his 'Course of Time,' it greatly pleased me—perhaps the impression of its merit has somewhat faded since."

[TO JAMES LAWSON.]

NEW YORK, *December 1st.*

DEAR SIR: I have called for the book which you were so good as to make me a present of, but it does

not appear at hand. You must, therefore, allow me the pleasure of calling on you again.

What the devil did you mean by classing Campbell and one Pollok together in your toast at the St. Andrew's dinner? Your wine must have been detestable. No sensible man like yourself could have made such a remark under the influence of champagne or Scottish whiskey. Campbell and Pollok. Hyperion to a satyr! Pray can you repeat without a book six lines of the "Course of Time?" If so, you have a very good memory badly employed. Can you not repeat without book every line which Tom Campbell has published? If not, you have never been as happy a man as you ought to have been.

Yours, F. G. H.

The lines addressed to "A Poet's Daughter" were written in December, 1831, for the album of Miss Harriet Woodworth, at the request of her father, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket," and for many years an intimate friend of Mr. Halleck's. It contains several sweet verses:

"A poet's daughter—dearer word
Lip hath not spoke, nor listener heard;
Fit theme for song of bee or bird
From morn till even,
And wind-harp by the breathing stirred
Of starlit heaven.

"My spirit's wings are weak—the fire
Poetic comes but to expire;
Her name needs not my humble lyre
To bid it live:
She hath already from her sire
All bard can give."

"The Field of the Grounded Arms" is a loftier strain, concerning which very diverse opinions have been expressed by critics, one of whom, a writer of classical attainments, refused to allow any merit whatever to the poem, and quoted with great energy Horace's ode:

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosâ,
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grata Pyrrha sub antro?
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditiis!—"

Mr. Halleck's friend, Charles P. Clinch, in a letter to the author, written at the time of the first appearance of this poem, in which a modern has touched the Latin harp with great success, remarks: "Being addressing you, as the English writers would say, allow me to take the opportunity (which I should otherwise never take, perhaps) of congratulating you upon your having produced the finest poem of the age, 'The Field of the Grounded Arms.' It is the most finished poetry that I know of in the English language, and, knowing nothing of any other language but the Eng-

lish. it is to me the most finished poetry in the world. If ever I deliver a course of lectures upon the poetical art, 'The Field of the Grounded Arms' shall be my text-book. There is not a line of it but what is an illustration of the spirit of poesy. Your first stanza contains the most beautiful description of thought that ever was conceived, and the entire piece is, in my estimation, perfect. What the devil did Bryant mean by leaving out the last stanza? I have just met with the whole in the *Legendary*. Did he mean to say that it was not in keeping with the rest? or that the piece was complete without it? He is as bad as Leggett, who objected to its want of rhyme! The remembrance of the homely proverb, that 'nothing is little or great but by comparison,' would have convinced Bryant of the 'fitness' of the last stanza. Of its poetical beauty he cannot have doubted, nor ——. But, pardon me, this is a rhapsody. My excuse is, that 'The Field of the Grounded Arms' lies before me."

The closing stanza referred to by Mr. Clinch, and for some unknown reason omitted by Mr. Halleck in the later editions of his poems, is as follows:

> "Feelings as proud as were the Greek's of old,
> When in his country's hour of fame he stood,
> Happy and bold and free,
> Gazing on Marathon."

During the month of January, 1832, the poet com-

pleted for a New-York publisher an octavo edition of Byron, containing nearly seven hundred pages. The title is "The Works of Lord Byron, in Verse and Prose, including his Letters and Journals, with a Sketch of his Life," and the advertisement of the publisher, George Dearborn, as follows: "The works of Lord Byron, to be found in this edition, comprising the whole of his poems, letters, journals, etc., have been collected and arranged, and a memoir added, by Fitz-Greene Halleck, Esq. The poetical works of Lord Byron have been published in a variety of forms, but at no time, or in any country, has a uniform edition of his prose and poetical works been attempted before the present. The edition now publishing in London, by Murray, contains so much of Byron's prose writings as is included in the Life by Moore. In the American edition there is a great number of the letters of Byron not in the English copy, including his letters to his mother. There is also in this edition a large collection of poems not in any previous American one; many blanks are filled up, and explanatory notes added, which will be found of essential service to the reader. The present, therefore, is emphatically the *first* complete edition of the poetical and prose works of Lord Byron. The head of Byron, engraved for this edition, is from a painting by an American artist, and was considered by Byron and his friends as the best ever taken." Halleck's editorial labors are executed with

skill and fidelity, and, as stated by the publisher, his edition was the first complete collection of the poet's prose and verse.

Halleck made a visit to Washington during the month of February, 1832, in company with a party of friends, remaining at the capital for several weeks. As the then favorite poet of America, he was the recipient of flattering attentions from President Jackson—with whom he dined twice—several members of the Cabinet, and Mr. Vaughan, the British minister, who gave a grand dinner in his honor. During this visit the poet made the acquaintance of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and many other prominent statesmen of that day.

On the 15th day of May, 1832, Mr. Halleck entered the counting-house of John Jacob Astor, at that time the wealthiest merchant in the United States. The poet, in a letter to his sister, dated May 29th, briefly announces the fact in these words: "A few days previous to the receipt of your letter of the 21st, I accepted a proposition made me by John Jacob Astor, to take a charge in his business here. He himself goes to Europe in two or three weeks. This will probably, if I wish it, be a permanent arrangement, and, possibly, a profitable one." If the latter hope was not fulfilled, the former certainly was, as Mr. Halleck remained with the wealthy merchant until his death. He not only enjoyed Mr. Astor's entire confidence in their business relations, extending through a period of sixteen years,

but the poet and merchant were on the most friendly terms. Mr. Halleck, both in the millionnaire's town-house and at his country residence at Astoria, was, with Washington Irving, a frequent guest, and it is a curious illustration of the general thought that it was recognized that Mr. Astor was honored by the friendship of Halleck and Irving, whose wealth of intellect inspired more respect from the distinguished people who gathered around the rich merchant's table than did all his vast accumulations. Washington Irving, in a letter dated September 15, 1833, says: "Halleck, the poet, resides a good deal with him (Astor) at present, having a handsome salary for conducting his affairs;" and in another letter alludes to Halleck as "a very pleasant companion." Again, under date of September 26, 1835, Irving writes: "For upward of a month past I have been quartered at Hell-gate, with Mr. Astor, and I have not had so quiet and delightful a nest since I have been in America. He has a spacious and well-built house, with a lawn in front of it, and a garden in the rear. The lawn sweeps down to the water's edge, and full in front of the house is the little strait of Hell-gate, which forms a constantly moving picture. Here the old gentleman keeps a kind of bachelor's hall. Halleck, the poet, lives with him, but goes to town every morning, and comes out to dinner. The only other member of his family is one of his grandchildren, a very fine boy of

fourteen years of age.[1] Pierre Munro Irving has been a guest for several weeks past, but has recently returned to New York. I cannot tell you how sweet and delightful I have found this retreat: pure air, agreeable scenery, a spacious house, profound quiet, and perfect command of my time and self."

The following letters to Miss Halleck describe the fearful ravages made in New-York City and elsewhere by that dreadful scourge, the cholera, during the summer of 1832:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *July* 9, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have this moment received your letter of the 6th. You should not be alarmed about the cholera. There is not the slightest cause for alarm. All the cases reported with so much ostentation are either cases of the common cholera of the season, or of other ordinary diseases. Fear and the physicians have killed many, and magnified the whole affair. That death is within and without and around us at all times and in all places, is a truth known alike to the wisest and the weakest. We must be prepared to meet it hourly and momently, whether in town or country, in sickness or in health. But, that there is any thing particularly pestilential in the air of New York at this time more than at other times, I do not believe, nor is there the least reason to believe so. The

[1] Charles Astor Bristed.

number of deaths, on the contrary, is not equal to that of the same period the last year. The Board of Health is composed of aldermen who are proverbially blockheads, and doctors who are fast winning the same reputation. DeKay and Rhinelander are both the best fellows in the world, but they began to be frightened before they reached Canada, and have not yet been restored to their senses. For my own part I do not believe the cholera to have existed either at Montreal or Quebec. Out of some two or three thousand of His Majesty's troops stationed at those places, though exposed, from the nature of their duties, to all weathers and all fatigues under the sun and the stars, only three or four died, and they probably of the usual diseases. If there was pestilence in the air, as is said by the affrighted, how could all these escape?

It would give me great pleasure to see you in Guilford, and were I at leisure I would visit you, but not from apprehensions of any malignant disease prevailing here. My business, however, now confines me to the city, and it is, therefore, very uncertain when we shall again meet. * * *

[TO THE SAME.]

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 13, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER: I hasten to answer your questions. Mrs. Bristed was the daughter of John Jacob Astor. Mrs. J. B. Lawrence was not the mother of

Mrs. Hillhouse, and not, I believe, a relative. I met Miss Warren at Washington, and I have also met her here and at Saratoga. She is very amiable and lady-like. If you make her acquaintance, please present my compliments. I have not yet had the cholera; on the contrary, my health has been through the summer somewhat better than usual. I have taken no precautions against any new disease, believing in a special Providence, and have not deviated from my general habits of life. Those habits are, however, and have ever been, temperate and regular, but this is a constitutional virtue, and deserves no applause, for it asks no sacrifice. The ravages from the cholera still continue, though to a limited extent. Had proper precautions been taken by the city authorities, the mortality would have been comparatively not much more than is usual at this season. The fact that, of 882 burials in one of the July weeks, 638 were in the Potter's field and 138 in the grounds of St. Patrick's Cathedral, leaving only 46 deaths among persons able to purchase a grave, proves that the poor and the stranger had not fair play. The poor in the almshouse, amounting to about 1,200, were all discharged and turned destitute into the streets on the approach of rumors of the cholera, under the pretence of danger from contagion, crowded rooms, etc. They all died, to a pauper. Fear also had its victims, and the ignorant physicians did the rest. The cholera has now ceased to be a subject of conversation here,

but Death has more darts than one in his quiver, and men will die "from time to time." I am somewhat surprised that this truth cannot be thought of except in seasons of epidemic alarm. I will endeavor to pack up the prints you ask for soon and forward them.

Yours affectionately,

F. G. HALLECK.

The sprightly lines addressed "To Her who can understand them," his only poetical composition of the year 1832, were written for Mrs. E. F. Ellet, then Miss Lummis, who, while on a visit to New York, expressed a desire to obtain the poet's autograph; and at the suggestion of a friend sent Mr. Halleck a complimentary note, to which he immediately replied. Afterward Prof. Ellet (to whom Miss Lummis was married years after) wrote a poem addressed to Mr. Halleck, apostrophizing his greatness as a "violet-flower" addressing the sun, and sent it as from Miss L. Mr. Halleck alluded to this in one of his poems, and to the young lady's age, as follows:

"'Tis youth—'tis beauty asks; the green
And growing leaves of seventeen
Are round her; and, half hid, half seen,
A violet-flower;
Nursed by the virtues she hath been
From childhood's hour."

One of the last notes of Mr. Halleck, speaking of Miss Lummis's age, which she had told him, said: "Seventeen! The very word is an invocation more delightful than Tasso's, which has hitherto been deemed the most delightful of all invocations."

Miss Lummis, of course, concealed her name in all this; and Mr. Halleck never knew who had written or sent him the poem referred to. His own poem, entitled "Lines to Her who can understand them," beginning—

> "The song that o'er me hovered
> In summer's hour, in summer's hour,"

is addressed to the unknown lady and correspondent. The allusions throughout show it to be so.

In the following letter occurs the first mention I have met with in Mr. Halleck's correspondence of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, of whom he was then and always afterward a great admirer:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *May* 6, 1833.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have received your two last letters, and will endeavor, at some leisure moment, to answer the questions they ask me, particularly. I should be happy to make the acquaintance of Mr. Scoville, but am so much engaged in my "bread-winning" employments in the counting-house, that I can find no time to

devote to visits. With the exception of the party you mention, given to Fanny Kemble, and one other party, both of which were so pressed upon me that it was less painful to say "yes" than "no," I have not mingled with the "gay world" for more than two years in a single instance. I hope to be able to be more social some day or other, though I know not on what the hope is founded. But, as Corporal Nym says, "Things must be as they may."

I have put on board the steamboat for New Haven, to sail to-morrow, a package for you, addressed to the care of Mr. Elliot, containing the lithographic prints of my "face divine," about which I formerly wrote you. You will know them, because my name is on each. If they resemble the personage intended, Nature might have made, if she had pleased, a handsomer man. * * *

Yours affectionately,

F. G. HALLECK.

During the year 1833 Mr. Halleck wrote for the second volume of the "National Portrait Gallery" a memoir of De Witt Clinton, being chiefly influenced to do so by reason of its being the particular wish of the illustrious statesman's family that he should prepare it. If Mr. Halleck wrote any poetry during this year, I have been unable to designate or discover the compositions.

The following verses were translated by the poet in January, 1834, from the Italian of Piero Maroncelli, the companion of Silvio Pellico in his memorable imprisonment in the Austrian prison at Spielberg, and the friend of his countryman, Lorenzo Daponte. The poem, which has been so happily rendered by Mr. Halleck, is introduced by the author in his "Additions to 'My Prison Memoirs of Silvio Pellico,'" with the following lines and letter: "The surgeons were in the adjoining room for three-quarters of an hour, making preparations for the operation. After the hopes which I had been allowed to indulge, in April and May, of recovering the use of my limb, the spring had quite passed away, and this was the end of all! Filled with this thought, and, on the one hand, little expecting a favorable result, and, on the other, regarding even the worst without much apprehension, I sang as follows. These verses being intended for my mother, and other dear friends, when I should be no more, it was proper that they should wear the semblance of composure, that they might be the less unworthy of the noble objects for whom they were designed."

Piero Maroncelli's letter, in which his verses were enclosed to A. De Latour, the translator of the "Prigioni" of Pellico, is subjoined, as it explains his object and design in composing them: "I send you the poor verses which I sung extemporaneously in the interval while they were preparing the instruments to amputate

my leg; how long that interval appeared to me! Pellico alludes to them in his 'Memoirs,' which you are translating with so much grace and beauty. When I composed them they were designed for my mother, as a legacy, which I confided to the memory of my friend, that they might be religiously transmitted, word for word, to those who were dear to me. If this bequest had been in prose, those dear friends might have doubted its authenticity; but such a doubt could not arise with regard to words connected by rhyme. This influenced me; and not the desire of writing verses. The consequences of the amputation were not fatal. Two years after I regained my liberty; but my mother has not yet been able to embrace her son, nor to read the words I dictated for her. My life is indeed a tissue of misfortunes."

Winds of the wakened spring!
O'er my loved land, my Italy, again
Ye speed with happy wing,
But visit not my prison-couch of pain.

For April's dewy air,
For smiling May I prayed, but prayed in vain;
They came—but could not bear
Their blessing to my prison-couch of pain.

These cold Moravian skies,
That wither spring's first buds on hill and plain,

Fright from my suffering eyes
  Her power to soothe my prison-couch of pain.

How many pangs have passed!
  How many more must rack me, limb and brain,
Ere the day dawns, at last,
  That frees me from my prison-couch of pain!

Blest day! when on the arm
  Of mother, sister, brother, deep I drain
The cup of Love, whose charm
  Will heal my prison-wounds of grief and pain!

Alas! these dreams of sleep
  Break but to rivet my unbroken chain,
And Hope but comes to weep
  Beside me at my prison-couch of pain!

Maroncelli acknowledged in the following poetic letter his gratitude to Mr. Halleck, "the first English poet of America," for so far improving his "artless breathings of an early inspiration," that they should by every intelligent person be called original:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, 25 *Gennaro*, 1834.

SIGNORE: Un gentile pensiero di Miss Johnson, nel primo dell' anno, à proccacciato a me l'onore d'essere tradotto dal primo poeta inglese dell' America,—ed all' America la gloria di vedere accresciata la patria letteratura d'un componimento che ogni intelligente chia-

merà originale. Gusto e spontaneità fluiscono, in questa vostra odicina, con parole e pensieri. Consentite, Signor Halleck, ch' io dico di non riconoscere in sì gentili versi le mie *primavriti auretle*. Certo, quel dolore è fedele, quell' accento è vero; ravviso in esso il dolor mio e la parola del core; ma la grazia onde questa e quello sono abbelliti è tutta vostra.

Perchè sì felice esperimento non è caduto sopra qualche mio poemetto meno in-significante e meno indegno di voi, come forse o alcuno de' miei Psalmi, o una Spielbergica, o una Tradizione ìtala, o una delle quindici Rose, e forse tra queste il Natale?

Permettete ch' io vi stringa la mano con rispetto, riconoscenza e cordiale affezione?

PIERO MARONCELLI.

[TRANSLATION.]

NEW YORK, *25th January*, 1834.

SIR: A beautiful little notice received from Miss Johnson apprises me of having had the honor of being translated by the first English poet of America. To America be all the glory of seeing her literature enriched with a composition which every intelligent man will call original. Each word, each thought, of your elegant little ode bespeaks taste and ease. Will you allow me to say, Mr. Halleck, that in your beautiful verses I would not recognize the *artless breathings of my early inspirations?* True, *that* sorrow is faithfully portrayed, *that* accent is truthful. I plainly perceive my grief, and the voice of the heart re-echoed through the ode; but then the graceful garb in which both are clothed is all yours.

Alas! that so happy an experiment should not have fallen on some other one of my poems, less insignificant and less unworthy of you, such as one of my Psalms, or a *Spielbergica*, or an "Italic Tradition," or one of the fifteen "Roses," and, among these last, perhaps "*il Natale.*"

Allow me to press your hand with respect, gratitude, and cordial affection. PIERO MARONCELLI.

Frances Anne Kemble made her first appearance at Covent Garden Theatre, London, October 25, 1829: her venerable but still stately-looking aunt, Mrs. Siddons, and John Philip Kemble, being present at the greatest success ever achieved by a *débutante*. The play was "Romeo and Juliet," with her father, Charles Kemble, as Mercutio; his beautiful and gifted wife as Lady Capulet; and the slight, graceful, and girlish Fanny, of sweet seventeen, as Juliet.

Halleck particularly admired her Portia, and also spoke on one occasion in terms of the highest commendation of her Bianca, in "Fazio," Julia, in the "Hunchback," and Louise de Savoy, in her own play of "Francis the First," written before she was eighteen. She appeared with her father at the Park Theatre, New York, September 18, 1832, as Bianca, and, after a lapse of thirty years, the poet could not speak without enthusiasm of that evening, or of the following night, when he saw her play Juliet to Charles Kemble's Romeo. Halleck's description was most vividly recalled to the writer, in November, 1868, by his witnessing the *début*, in the character of another of Shakespeare's heroines, of Mrs. Kemble's kinswoman, a lovely and equally gifted young lady, who does no discredit to the illustrious name of Siddons. Halleck became intimate with Fanny Kemble, and their acquaintance and friendship continued after her marriage with, and her separation from, Pierce Butler.

Describing to me his first dinner with Fanny Kemble, Halleck gave a most ludicrous account of the manner in which she amused herself with a cat upon retiring with the other ladies present from the dining-hall to the drawing-room, and not a word could be extracted from her till the gentlemen, having finished their wine and cigars, made their appearance. Among the poet's stories of "Fanny," as he invariably called her, was one of a curious character, arising entirely from a typographical error of a single letter. A distinguished *littérateur* of New York, and a very particular friend and admirer of the gifted lady, in a notice which he wrote of one of her performances for an evening paper, stated that she had "a dark, flashing eye, when roused in any degree, that streams with fiery rays, and, diamond-like, lights up the tints that show themselves through a brunette *skin*." If the careless compositor had substituted "skin" for the italicised word of the quotation, it would, of course, have been what the unlucky and exasperated poet wrote.

Another Kemble anecdote, which Halleck related to me with great gusto, was as follows, the *dramatis personæ* being John Philip and Charles Kemble, and a son of the Emerald Isle; scene, Drury Lane Theatre, London. The gifted brothers sat one night in the pit, listening to a play written by the "divine Williams." In the course of the evening Charles Kemble said to his brother, "I really think this is the best play for

representation that Shakespeare ever wrote." No sooner had he made this remark, than a huge, red-headed, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, ferocious-looking Irishman, who sat immediately behind him, leaned forward, and tapped him on the shoulder, to secure his attention. "I think, sir," he observed, with a strong brogue, "ye said it was one Shakespeare what wraught that play. It was *not* Shakespeare, sir, but my friend Linnard McNally what wraught that play." "Oh, sir," replied Charles Kemble, coolly, "very well." A short time after this the Irishman tapped him on the shoulder again. "Do you belave, sir, that it was my friend Linnard McNally what wraught that play?" "Oh, yes, certainly, sir, if you say so," was the peaceable answer. For a while the brothers remained unmolested; but at length Charles felt the heavy hand once more upon him. "Your friend, what sits on your left side," exclaimed the Irishman, "don't *look* as if he believed it *was* my friend Linnard McNally what wraught that play." This was too much for the Kembles; they rose and left the theatre together, not deeming it either pleasant or perfectly safe to remain in such belligerent society. Who the man was they never knew; but the friend whom he was so determined to pass off as the greatest dramatic genius of every age was an obscure writer of plays and songs, who is entitled to remembrance only as the author of "The Lass of Richmond Hill."

The following very interesting letter from the poet to his sister contains allusions to himself and to Miss Kemble, or, as she had then become, Mrs. Pierce Butler:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *June* 22, 1835.

MY DEAR SISTER: Previous to the receipt of your letter of the 15th, I had written you a letter, addressed to the care of Mr. Elliot, at New Haven, which you probably have not yet received. As it enclosed a bank-note, I am anxious to learn that it reached you. So you wonder what Fanny Kemble could find to admire in me after a personal acquaintance, and charitably attribute her praises of me to her fears of my reputation as a satirist. Thank you. Still I cannot but do her the justice to say that you are the first person that ever accused her of fearing any thing. As for her age, about which you ask, she is probably not far from twenty. She has remarkably fine eyes, and is, when and where she chooses to be, very agreeable. The newspapers, whose editors she dislikes, abuse her and hers without mercy. About them she cares little. Her lot in life is a happy one. She has youth, health, heart, and intellect, a good husband, a pretty baby, and twenty thousand dollars a year. I wish all my lady-acquaintances were as fortunate. By the way, she alludes to me in asterisks in the body of her book. The allusion would doubtless escape your notice. She says of the

dinner-party at which we first met, "It was very pleasant, very." As she was seated between Mr. Berkeley (a son of the Earl of Berkeley) and myself, and conversed with us exclusively, I take half the compliment. After describing my visage, and saying something about "radiancy of eye and forehead," she closes thus: "The expression of his features is strongly sarcastic. I liked him very much, notwithstanding." I really care little, at my age and in my circumstances, about what is thought of my countenance, but such a remark as "strongly sarcastic" from an indifferent observer made me, when I read it, quite melancholy. You remember me in my boyhood. You have a miniature of me taken at twenty-one. "Twenty years," as Southey says, "have wrought strange alteration." Indeed they have. The knowledge which I have been compelled, against my will, to acquire of my fellow-men has certainly not raised them in my estimation; and yet I am unwilling to believe that the feelings with which I regard them are written on my features. But I fear it is so. Heaven forgive them and me.

I was not aware that the article about Sachem's Head, in the *Mirror*, was written by George Hill, although the initials might have taught it me had I reflected upon them. I cannot deem it illy written. On the contrary, he is a very clever writer. I always feel a sort of romantic interest in all I hear or see about Guilford, which you, of course, from being on or near

the spot, do not appreciate. Still I thought you would be amused by the thing, and sent it accordingly.

Yours affectionately,

F. G. H.

In Mrs. Kemble's journal, I meet with the following allusion to Halleck and other literary celebrities, in the course of some remarks on New-York society: "When we arrived in America, we brought letters of introduction to several persons in New York; many were civil enough to call upon us, we were invited out to sundry parties, and were introduced into what is there called the first society. I do not wish to enter into any description of it, but will only say that I was most disagreeably astonished; and had it been my fate to have passed through the country as rapidly as most travellers do, I should have carried away a very unfavorable impression of the *best* society of New York. Fortunately, however, for me, my visits were repeated and my stay prolonged; and, in the course of time, I became acquainted with many individuals whose manners and acquirements were of a high order, and from whose intercourse I derived the greatest gratification. But they generally did me the favor to visit me, and I still could not imagine how it happened that I never met them at the parties to which I was invited, and in the circles where I visited. I soon discovered that they formed a society among themselves, where all those

qualities which I had looked for among the self-styled *best* were to be found. When I name Miss Sedgwick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding, and some of less fame, but whose acquirements rendered their companionship delightful indeed, amongst whom I felt proud and happy to find several of my own name, it will no longer appear singular that they should feel too well satisfied with the resources of their own society, either to mingle in that of the vulgar *fashionables*, or seek with avidity the acquaintance of every stranger that arrives in New York. It is not to be wondered at that foreigners have spoken as they have of what is termed fashionable society here, or have condemned, with unqualified censure, the manners and tone prevailing in it; their condemnations are true and just as regards what they see; nor, perhaps, would they be much inclined to moderate them when they found that persons, possessing every quality that can render intercourse between rational creatures desirable, were held in light esteem, and neglected, as either bores, blues, or dowdies, by those so infinitely their inferiors in every worthy accomplishment. The same separation, or, if any thing, a still stronger one, subsists in Philadelphia between the self-styled fashionables and the really good society. The distinction there is really of a character perfectly ludicrous. A friend of mine was describing to me a family whose manners were unexceptionable, and whose mental accomplishments were of a

high order; upon my expressing some surprise that I had never met with them, my informant replied, 'Oh, no, they are not received by the Chesnut-Street *set*.' If I were called upon to define that society in New York and Philadelphia, which ranks (by right of self-arrogation) as first and best, I should say it is a purely dancing society, where a fiddle is indispensable to keep its members awake; and where their brains and tongues seem, by common consent, to feel that they had much better give up the care of mutual entertainment to the feet of the parties assembled, and they judge well. Now, I beg leave clearly to be understood, there is another, and a far more desirable circle; but it is not the one into which strangers find their way generally. To an Englishman, this *fashionable* society presents, indeed, a pitiful sample of lofty pretensions without adequate foundations. Here is a constant endeavor to imitate those states of European society which have for their basis the feudal spirit of the early ages, and which are rendered venerable by their rank, powerful by their wealth, and refined, and in some degree respectable, by great and general mental cultivation."

The poet was prevented by business from making his usual visit to Guilford in the summer of 1835, and, as it appears, was not likely to have a vacation in the season following. He writes to Miss Halleck, May 7th: "Would it be convenient for you to meet me at New Haven some Sunday in the course of this or the

coming month? Time is now fast altering me, and I fear that in a few years more you would not know me without a letter of introduction. It would gratify me much to see you, but my employment here will not admit of my absence for a length of time. I propose to leave here some Saturday afternoon in the steamboat, remain at New Haven on the Sunday, and return the next morning."

I come now to one of the little romances of Mr. Halleck's life, the memory of which the poet numbered among the dearest of his inconsiderable joys. On the last evening of the year 1835, several young ladies and gentlemen were assembled at the house of a friend, in the village of Mount Pleasant, Ohio—the birthplace of General Grant—to watch the old year out and the new year in. During the evening one of the party suggested to Miss Ellen A. F—— the propriety of availing herself of the privileges of leap-year, and challenging some literary gentleman to a correspondence, and mentioned, as likely to relish the joke, the bachelor poet, Fitz-Greene Halleck. Miss Ellen, a pretty and gifted young Quakeress, accordingly addressed a poetical epistle to him, dated leap-year, under the assumed name of "Ellen A. F. Campbell," playfully offering Mr. Halleck her hand and heart. The lady's poem was of precisely the same length and measure as the poet's reply. I exceedingly regret my inability to recover it, no copy existing among Mr. Halleck's papers, and the

heroine of this romantic episode having died many years ago, and her family gone, no one knows where. Prefixed to the poem "To Ellen (The Mocking-Bird)," was the following letter, exhibiting that characteristic modesty for which he was so remarkable:

[TO MISS E. A. F. CAMPBELL.]

DEAR MISS CAMPBELL: Were it not that the delightfully flattering lines with which you have favored me date "Bissextile," I should have taken post-horses for Albi Cottage immediately on receiving them. As it is, I thank you from my heart for your merry mock-bird's song. Though they did not seriously intend to make me a happy man, they have certainly made me a very proud one. I have attempted some verses in the style of your own beautiful lines, and I hope you will laugh gently at their imperfections, for they are the first, with a trifling exception, that I have written for years. Would they were better worthy of their subject! A new edition of the humble writings which have been so fortunate as to meet with your approbation has recently been published here. It is, to use the printer's phrase, "prettily got up." Will you pardon the liberty I take in asking you to accept a copy from me, in consideration of the beauty of its type and the vastness of its margin, and may I hope for a return to this letter, informing me by what conveyance I can have the honor of forwarding it to you?

I am, dear Miss Campbell, very gratefully, or, if you are in good earnest, as I very much fear you are not, I am, dearest Ellen, very affectionately yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The Scottish border-minstrel's lay
Entranced me oft in boyhood's day;
His forests, glens, and streams,
Mountains, and heather blooming fair;
A Highland lake and lady were
The playmates of my dreams.

Years passed away; my dreams were gone;
My pilgrim footsteps pressed alone
Loch Katrine's storied shores;
And winds that winged me o'er the lake
Breathed low, as if they feared to break
The music of my oars.

No tramp of warrior-men was heard;
For welcome-song or challenge-word
I listened, but in vain;
And, moored beneath his fav'rite tree,
As vainly wooed the minstrelsy
Of gray-haired "Allan Bane."

I saw the Highland heath-flower smile
In beauty upon Ellen's isle;
And, couched in Ellen's bower,
I watched, beneath the latticed leaves,
Her coming, through a summer eve's
Youngest and loveliest hour.

She came not; lonely was her home;
Herself of airy shapes that come,
  Like shadows, to depart.
Are there two Ellens of the mind?
Or have I lived at last to find
  An Ellen of the heart?

For music like the borderer's now
Rings round me, and again I bow
  Before the shrine of song,
Devoutly as I bowed in youth;
For hearts that worship there in truth
  And joy are ever young.

And well my harp responds to-day,
And willingly its chords obey
  The minstrel's loved command:
A minstrel-maid whose infant eyes
Looked on Ohio's woods and skies,
  My school-book's sunset land.

And beautiful the wreath she twines
Round "Albi Cottage," bowered in vines,
  Or blest in sleigh-bell mirth;
And lovelier still her smile, that seems
To bid me welcome in my dreams
  Beside its peaceful hearth.

Long shall I deem that winning smile
But a mere mockery, to beguile
  Some lonely hour of care.

And will *this* Ellen prove to be,
But like her namesake o'er the sea,
A being of the air?

Or shall I take the morning's wing,
Armed with a parson and a ring,
Speed hill and vale along,
And at her cottage-hearth, ere night,
Change into flutterings of delight,
Or (what's more likely) of affright,
The merry mock-bird's song?

The poet's letters to Ellen Campbell, with the exception of the one accompanying the above poem, I have not succeeded in recovering, but the following epistles, written by the pretty young Quakeress to the poet in answer to his communications, may not be without interest, at least to the younger portion of my readers:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

ALBI COTTAGE, *March* 26, 1836.

I know not whether to thank you, "Glorious Stranger," for having created a new era in my existence, or to lament that your goodness and condescension have done me a deep and irreparable injury. I feel that I am no longer the unambitious, contented cottage-maid, with wishes and hopes confined within her humble sphere, joining

"In the laugh of forest girls,
That braid their sunny hair,"

or, smiling with pride and pleasure over a sonnet to her eyebrow, or an apostrophe to Albi Cottage, rude as the hands that penned them. "Oh, never more on me" those glow-worm sparks can shed a ray of light. Cold, fastidious, and impatient, I turn away to worship my own bright luminary of the East, beneath whose radiant beams my heart, like Memnon's harp, gives out its hidden music.

Words fail me to tell you, nor can you realize my feelings on the reception of your delightful packet! Had you, in the zenith of your enthusiasm, admiration, and reverence for "The Scottish Border Minstrel," received from his hand such a treasure, you might have clasped it in a delirium of gratitude, exultation, and pride; but to these you could not add the crowned hopes, and fears, and doubts, and daring of woman's heart. That my simple, untutored rhymes should be compared by Fitz-Greene Halleck to Walter Scott's, was too, too flattering, even for the "pleasant mockery" with which you convince me you do not mean to be buried "without benefit of clergy. But "waters gushing from the fountain-spring of pure enthusiast thought" dim my eyes, while I peruse those beautiful lines whose exquisite pathos and wit declare by what unrivalled pen they were traced; and that I have, by

any means, even for a moment, recalled the sweetest minstrel of my country to his neglected harp, is cause of the proudest exultation. But there is one part of your letter, dear Halleck, in which you cannot, must not jest. I cannot tell you how ardently, how impatiently I have coveted the delightful volume you promise me; for not so silent to the voice of Fame are the echoes of

"My own green forest-land,"

that we have not heard of its beauty and merit; and eager expectation stands tiptoe on the misty heights of the blue Ohio, to hail its approach. Highly as I should prize the treasure, however obtained, to receive it from your hand will tenfold enhance its value. I have delayed answering your letter, with the hope of being able to point out some suitable means for its conveyance. Our merchants are discouraged from going to New York for goods the present season, on account of the great destruction by the recent conflagration. And I know not how to obtain patience to wait for some accidental opportunity. There is much intercourse between your city and Wheeling. If it should be in your power to send it to Mr. Lewis Walker, Wheeling, Va., for Dr. William Flanner, of Mount Pleasant, Ohio, I believe nothing better can be done at present.

I dare not ask you to write to me again. You have already done me but too much honor. I know it is im-

possible you can derive any pleasure from such a correspondence. Perhaps in pity you ought not—for I feel that I am "playing with fire"—but if it be true, that "what comes from the heart carries conviction to the heart," you will feel there is no fiction here.

Oh, not in Fashion's crowded hall,
When every eye is turned to thee,
To thee, the brightest star of all
That form her brilliant galaxy,
Nor when the hand of deathless Fame
A garland for thy brow shall twine,
And proudly trumpet forth thy name,
I would not claim one thought of thine.

But when the busy crowd is gone,—
And brightly on the Western sky
The changeful sunset hues are thrown—
Oh, wilt thou thither turn thine eye
And send one gentle thought to her,
Whose spirit ever turns to thine,
Like Persia's idol-worshipper,
Or Moslem to his prophet's shrine?

ELLEN.

ALBI COTTAGE, *Sept.* 25, 1836.

I little thought it possible that it could ever be my duty to apologize to my gifted correspondent F. G. H., whose notice I had so warmly solicited, and obtained with so much pride and pleasure. Yet when I

refer to your last letter, and see that three months have elapsed, and its reception yet unacknowledged, I fear I have incurred the charge of ingratitude. You wrong me, if you think so. The wish and intention to write to you have mingled with my thoughts by day and my dreams by night: but I hope to be able to inform you of the arrival of one, at least, of the books you mentioned. "By disappointment every day beguiled," day stole upon day, and week upon week, and all my applications (repeatedly made at every probable place) have proved fruitless. My last messenger has just returned, and brought, as usual, only "hope deferred." If you should do me the honor to write again, will you have the goodness to point to whose address, and where I shall apply, both in Pittsburg and Wheeling? I cannot bear the idea of losing it. The other, in the care of Mrs. F. (who has been detained longer than she anticipated), I believe I shall obtain some time, though that time is at present uncertain.

Though, as a gentleman, it can afford you no gratification to be a subject of personal interest to a simple *paysanne* whom you have never seen, and never will, yet as a poet, you will not scorn the conviction that your tuneful lyre has made your name a word of music and beauty in the rural cottages and beneath the "Buckeye" shades of the far West. Perhaps a stronger evidence that it breathes the eloquence of truth and nature, than that it is a theme of pride and approba-

tion among the "savans" of your own fair Eastern land. But I fear, from some expressions in your last letter, that I have been very impertinent. Probably more so than I am myself aware: for I know you but as the master of the lyre—

> "Who can rule like a wizard the world of the heart,
> And call up its sunshine and bring down its showers."

If I have committed an error, I must retaliate on you, by saying "it is your own fault." While reading the works of an author, especially a poet, who does not, unconsciously, conceive an idea of the author? his mind, his heart, his temperament, his very face and person? and if my admiration dwells principally on the taste, feeling, and poetic excellence of your writings, my presumption is based on their sportive humor and piquant jests. I hope you will not call this flattery. It is said in self-defence, with many a sad misgiving, that I am more indebted to your gallantry than your esteem for the favors you have bestowed on me.

In vain I have looked around for some recent literary production of the West, worthy of your acceptance, and of my own feelings. I have nothing—save a vow of imperishable gratitude for your kindness, admiration of your talents, and prayers for your happiness.

Respectfully and truly yours,

E. A. F. CAMPBELL.

ALBI COTTAGE, *Nov.* 20, 1836.

I hope you will not, my dear sir, think me intrusive, that I come once more unbidden. I feel that it will be a relief to my grateful feelings to inform you that your kindness has not been thrown away or unappreciated. In September I wrote to you, explaining why I had so long delayed acknowledging yours of June 25th. At that time I understood from Mrs. Flanner's friends that she would probably spend the autumn, possibly the winter, in the State of New York. On the contrary, soon afterward, she passed through Wheeling, but too ill to attend to any thing; consequently the book you had committed to her care was taken on to Zanesville, eighty miles from Mount Pleasant, and has just now found its way back again. I must not again displease you by my excessive acknowledgments. You are accustomed to praise, perhaps to censure. It is an author's fate; and the opinion of a peasant-girl, whom a combination of circumstances has deeply prepossessed, and to whom this book has been, for a number of months, a subject of the greatest solicitude, admits of neither doubt nor interest. I have seen a number of beautiful things attributed to your pen which are not in this collection. I presume you meant to set criticism at defiance with this volume; and yet, with all its regal external charms and internal perfections, it has a fault—at least, I wish for something more. There is no *portrait*, no *biog-*

raphy. But I do not forget you bid me "receive it as your representative." You could not have chosen a fairer. This is the third attempt I have made to write to you since the reception of your beautiful present. The first was the inspiration which it brought, untutored rhymes; but, when I had compared them for an instant with their subject, I threw them in the fire. Every step that I have made in your acquaintance has increased my timidity. With a reckless laugh I flung my first offering on the current of accident, little thinking it would ever bring me back tears and smiles, anxious thoughts and fevered dreams. Yet I cannot repent it, when I look at the beautiful volume before me, or on what is still more beautiful to my eye and more dear to my heart—the lines "To Ellen," *your own autograph*.

The term of my privilege will soon expire. This is probably the last time I shall ever address you, but e'er I make my parting bow, permit me to return my most sincere and cordial thanks for the gentle courtesy with which you have entertained my idle folly, and more than crowned my most ambitious hopes. I never, till now, repined at the want of talents, fashion, and accomplishments, that I might, fearlessly and undisguisedly, challenge your friendship and esteem. It may not be. You will soon forget this idle correspondence and my very existence, but the name of Fitz-Greene Halleck is forever engraven by the hand of gratitude on the heart of ELLEN.

May health and pleasure, wealth and fame,
United, be thy happy lot,
When joy and hope thy thoughts shall claim,
And Beauty blushes at thy name,
I will not ask—forget me not.

But should misfortune's chilling frown
Thy cherished schemes of comfort blot,
When sunshine, friends, and joys, are flown,
Should thy crushed heart feel left alone,
Without a friend—forget me not.

Should Fame a mocking phantom prove,
And Fortune's promise be forgot,
Thy heart will pause, thy thoughts will rove,
To friendship, gratitude, and love,
Dear Halleck, then—forget me not.

P. S.—If I have not already intruded too much on your time and attention, it would be a gratification to know that you received this letter.

MOUNT PLEASANT, *Feb.* 8, 1837.

I certainly did suppose I had written to Mr. Halleck for the last time; but you know, before I confess it, that I am but too happy to be convinced by your profound "logic," that it is not only my privilege, but duty, to acknowledge how much I am indebted to you for your last kind and humorous epistle. I do assure you there is no affectation in acknowledging that your witty assumption of your extensive "privilege" has

delivered my "woman's pride" from "the bastile of a word," for whose adamantine bars, perhaps, I have not shown a proper reverence, but such a prize as I gained was worth the daring—beyond my most sanguine hopes, but never to be repeated, for higher I cannot gain, less I could not prize, *now*.

You are right in supposing I have not received the *Mirror* you mention, and I pray you do not think for a moment that I am indifferent about it because I have not earlier advised you of the fact. I was absent from home, and did not receive your letter so soon as I should otherwise have done. You ask if I have "any curiosity about it." "Curiosity!" What a poor word! I am not sure that you would be pleased to be told how much your humble cottager will prize the picture you promised her, but you will not be displeased with the conviction that "Fitz-Greene Halleck" is a subject of more than mere *curiosity* to the daughters of America. I shall count the time by hours till this letter has had time to reach you, and the *Mirror* to return.

While reading your reference to your late illness, I could have wept to think that the author of "Bozzaris" should be subject to "the ills that flesh is heir to," but you must pardon me that your irreverent conjectures concerning the beautiful volume committed to the Messrs. Harper unhinged my grief and gravity. If such be the fact, it deserves an elegy, at least an epitaph, but I will not admit so profane a jest. Wherever

it be, I doubt not it is prized and cherished, but I cannot say its present possessor is at all welcome.

I have written this note in much haste, to embrace this opportunity, and beg you will pardon its deficiencies.

Ever yours, ELLEN.

ALBI COTTAGE, *April* 18, 1837.

I have resolved and reresolved on the subject of writing to you, and am yet undecided. Pride and "etiquette," on one hand, remind me that "a new year has arrived," and that I have not received a letter from you since I wrote to you; while my heart asserts that I ought to have written to you immediately on the reception of the portrait which you were so kind as to send me, thanking you for it in such language as my heart dictated. You see to which I have finally preferred listening. It may be possible you did not receive my letter from Washington, and that the *Mirror* I have received is the one you mentioned as having been sent previous to the date of your last letter. If so, I fear you will think my delay unpardonable; but you must not believe for an instant that the shadow of ingratitude ever passed over the least of the favors you have bestowed on me. You would not if you knew how constitutionally and habitually cold, indifferent, and indolent I am, and yet how long and how devotedly I have knelt before the idol of my fancy, the

beau ideal of imagination; or witnessed the reception of the packet containing the *Mirror*, and the impetuous ebb and flow of the vital current of my heart, as the portrait of "Fitz-Greene Halleck" met my eye, and I felt the conviction that he is not

"A being of the air,"

while for a moment I expected to see the curled lip relax and the spirit of Democritus become audible. You tell me it is "an ugly likeness"! What would you have me believe? Though four or five hundred miles divide us, and in all probability always will, a space that might veil my blushes, if I should have the grace to blush, yet I will not tell you all I think about it. I would go a pilgrimage to look on the magnificent brow and eloquent eye, but not for worlds would I one moment brook the satirical mockery which the lower part of the face expresses. I have framed it, to preserve it from injury, but it is not my purpose to tell you where I have hung it, nor how often I look at it, nor how impatient I am sometimes with the placid immobility with which it looks on all the fanciful apostrophes and sonnets addressed to it, as pathetic as Petrarch's, and quite as sincere, though, unfortunately, the comparison ends there.

And I am only less obliged to you for the *Mirror* itself. Is it our poet Bryant who has written the beautiful and appropriate eulogy on your writings, and

so gracefully and candidly yielded you the palm? He has written many good things that do honor to his taste and judgment, and this is one of them. I shall always think the better of my humble opinion for its having been originally like Bryant's, especially with regard to "Marco Bozzaris" and "Red Jacket." It is not the first time I have seen the merits of the latter compared with those of Campbell's "Ontalissi," but never saw or heard the difference more truly expressed. Had I been at his side when he was penning the article, I would have petitioned for some comments on some of the smaller pieces, "To the memory of Dr. Drake," "Love," "Twilight," etc., lines that are unsurpassed in our language. I do not mean to flatter you, and the opinion of a rustic damsel who has never in her life seen the inside of a ball-room or theatre, and who has no pretension to learning or wisdom, would be utterly impotent were it not in accordance with the voice of Fame, and by critics and rivals admitted.

Since the above was written, a dear friend of mine, who has a peculiar *penchant* for mischief and considerable skill in copying, has presented me with an outline of myself in masquerade, and dared me, under the penalty of a heavy forfeit, to show it to you. It is declared on all sides to be a striking likeness, though roughly cut with scissors. Will you condescend to

look at this prim shadow of your friend Ellen, and then do her the favor to throw it in the fire?

The following letter is in answer to one written to him by Mr. Lawrence expressing his acknowledgments to the poet for the pleasure he had received in meeting with the playful and poetical acceptance of Ellen Campbell's heart and hand, and also enclosing an old colonial bill of Connecticut:

[TO RICHARD LAWRENCE.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Aug.* 4, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I have had the honor of receiving your letter of the 2d instant, and hasten to beg you to believe me most earnestly grateful for the high compliments it pays me, and for the so "rich and rare" present, its companion—the latter binding me at once with the dignity and the vote of a "forty-shilling freeholder," and cherishing and preserving it, as I shall not fail to do, as an inviolable investment, drawing compound interest, its possession will insure me from posterity the respect due to a "millionnaire," and falsify the proverbial rebuke that verse-making is not money-making. I am also greatly obliged by your kind inquiries about the "Croakers." I have always declined consenting to their republication, but they have been several times embodied without my previous knowledge in a volume more or less imperfect, although

generously improved by additions from other and unknown sources. All, however, I presume, have long since vanished from the book-market. I have never deemed my portion of them worthy of collection or recollection. They were harmless pleasantries, luckily suited to the hour of their appearance, and their interest and value passed away with it.

Your allusion to the Ohio River alike surprises and delights me, for it induces me more confidently to hope that you will hasten to give me happy tidings of the welfare of the lady you name, the heroine of one of my life's most cherished romances, whose memory has heretofore been numbered among the dearest of my inconsiderable joys. Mr. Hicks, the painter, some two years since, hinted to me his knowledge of the subject, but seemed very sly and shy about it, to my exceeding grief and disappointment. I shall impatiently wait for the kindness of your further communications, so full of interest as they will be to me.

Renewing my grateful acknowledgments of your flattering courtesy, I am, dear sir, truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A second edition of Halleck's miscellaneous poems, with the same title as the first, but with the addition of a number of new pieces, was published by George Dearborn, of New York, who, during the previous

year, had brought out an edition of the poetical writings of Joseph Rodman Drake, fitly dedicated by his daughter to her father's friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck. The following letter mentions the new collection of his verses and the poet's gratification that they should be admired by his friend John Quincy Adams:

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 23, 1836.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have handed to Mr. Harvey Spencer a package addressed to you. He promises to forward it by the first opportunity. It contains a copy of the new edition of my verses, and a copy of the "Byron" which I edited some years ago. Of the latter, some of the notes, I do not now recollect which, and the sketch of the life, were written by me. I have also enclosed in the package two pamphlets, the one as a specimen of the "puffs direct" which my verses have brought me, the other of the personal compliments. Of these last, I am quite proud of Mr. Adams's "admiration." Though not destined to be famed as a poet, he is a thorough-bred scholar, and his opinions on literary subjects are worthy of respect. I fancied that these flatteries might gratify you, and therefore sent them. For my own part, the only instance where I have cared enough for my temporary notoriety, to wish the remarks of reviews, etc., about me true, was some weeks since, on seeing in a Paris paper a para-

graph concerning my writings, which stated that I was "une riche banquier qui a fait fortune," a banker who had made himself rich. They probably mistook Bucephalus for his groom. I would give all these "golden opinions of all sorts of people" for a few golden guineas—a very few.

Yours affectionately,

F. G. HALLECK.

Apropos of the concluding portion of the foregoing letter, I have been favored by Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, with the following anonymous lines, which she copied from a newspaper many years ago, and which were entitled a "Description of the poet Halleck:"

Methought that brow, so full and fair,
Was formed the poet's wreath to wear;
And as those eyes of azure hue,
One moment lifted, met my view,
Gay worlds of starry thoughts appeared
In their blue depths serenely sphered.
Still to his task the bard applied,
Unrecked, unheeded all beside;
And as he closed the solemn sheet,
I heard his murmuring lips repeat—
Total a semi-million clear
Income received for one short year;
Aladdin's wealth scarce mounted faster
At its spring-tide than thine, Herr Astor.

A few months after the publication of the new edition of Halleck's poems, there was published in the New-York *Mirror* a fine engraving on steel of Henry Inman's portrait of the poet (previously referred to in Mr. Halleck's letters), accompanied by an article from the pen of his friend William Cullen Bryant. From this estimate of a brother-poet, with which every reader of taste must agree, I quote the following paragraph: "Sometimes," says Mr. Bryant, "in the midst of a strain of harmonious diction, and soft and tender imagery, he surprises by an irresistible stroke of ridicule, as if he took pleasure in showing the reader that the poetical vision he had raised was but a cheat. Sometimes, with that aërial facility which is his peculiar endowment, he accumulates graceful and agreeable images in a strain of irony so fine that, did not the subject compel the reader to receive it as irony, he would take it for a beautiful passage of serious poetry—so beautiful that he is tempted to regret that he is not in earnest, and that phrases so exquisitely chosen, and poetic coloring so brilliant, should be employed to embellish subjects to which they do not properly belong. At other times he produces the effect of wit by dexterous allusion to contemporaneous events, introduced as illustrations to the main subject, with all the unconscious gracefulness of the most animated and familiar conversation. He delights in ludicrous contrasts, produced by bringing the nobleness of the ideal

world into comparison with the homeliness of the actual; the beauty and grace of Nature with the awkwardness of Art. He venerates the past, and laughs at the present. He looks at them through a medium which lends to the former the charm of romance, and exaggerates the deformity of the latter. His poetry, whether serious or sprightly, is remarkable for the melody of the numbers. It is not the melody of monotonous and strictly regular measurement. His verse is constructed to please an ear naturally fine, and accustomed to a range of metrical modulation. It is as different from that painfully-balanced versification, that uniform succession of iambics, closing the sense with the couplet, which some writers practice, and some critics praise, as the note of the thrush is unlike that of the cuckoo. He is familiar with those general rules and principles which are the basis of metrical harmony; and his own unerring taste has taught him the exceptions which a proper variety demands. He understands that the rivulet is made musical by obstructions in its channel. In no poet can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that, to make this smoothness perceived, and to prevent it from degenerating into monotony, occasional roughness must be interposed."

In the following letter the gifted and unfortunate child of genius, Edgar A. Poe, solicits from his brother-

poet contributions to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, of which periodical, published at Richmond, Virginia, he was then the editor:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

RICHMOND, VA., *June* 7, 1836.

DEAR SIR: At the request of the proprietor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, I take the liberty of addressing you, and of soliciting some little contribution to our journal. It is well known to us that you are continually pestered with similar applications; we are, therefore, ready to believe that we have little chance of success in this attempt to engage you in our interest—yet we owe it to the magazine to make the effort.

One consideration will, we think, have its influence with you: our publication is the first successful literary attempt of Virginia, and has been now, for eighteen months, forcing its way unaided, and against a host of difficulties, into the public view and attention.

We wish to issue, if possible, a number of the *Messenger*, consisting altogether of articles from our most distinguished *literati*, and to this end we have received aid from a variety of high sources. To omit your name in the plan we propose would be not only a negative sin on our part, but would be a positive injury to our cause. In this dilemma may we not trust to your good-nature for assistance? Send us any little scrap in your

portfolio—it will be sure to answer our purpose fully, if it have the name of Halleck affixed.

With the highest respect,

Your obedient servant,

EDGAR A. POE.

On the evening of March 30, 1837, a complimentary dinner was given at the City Hotel by the booksellers of New York, to authors and other distinguished gentlemen, including James Kent, Chancellor of the State, Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Edgar A. Poe, William Cullen Bryant, and the artists, Colonel Trumbull, Henry Inman, Robert W. Weir, and John G. Chapman. Among the speakers on this pleasant occasion was the sunny and genial Geoffrey Crayon, who, being called upon for a toast, observed that he meant to propose the health of an individual whom he was sure all present would delight to honor—of Samuel Rogers, the poet. Irving remarked that, in a long intimacy with Mr. Rogers, he had ever found him an enlightened and liberal friend of America and Americans. Possessing great influence in the world of literature and the fine arts in Great Britain, from his acknowledged soundness of judgment and refinement of taste, he had often exerted it in the kindest and most gracious manner in fostering, encouraging, and bringing into notice the talents of youthful American artists. He had also manifested, on

all occasions, the warmest sympathy in the success of American writers, and the promptest disposition to acknowledge and point out their merits. "I am led to these remarks," continued Irving, "by a letter received yesterday from Mr. Rogers, acknowledging the receipt of a volume of Halleck's poems which I had sent him, and expressing his opinion of their merits." Mr. Irving then read an extract from the following letter written by the poet-banker:

[TO WASHINGTON IRVING.]

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, *Feb.* 20, 1837.

A thousand thanks, my dear Irving, for all your letters; but more especially for your last, not only for the account it gave me of yourself and your doings, but because it brought me a delightful companion, and one in the most splendid attire, one not to come and to leave me, in spite of all my solicitations to stay a little longer, such as those you had before introduced to me, but to remain with me as long as I lived.

With Mr. Halleck's poems I was already acquainted, particularly with the two first in the volume, and I cannot say how much I admired them always. They are better than any thing we can do just now on our side of the Atlantic, and I hope he will not be idle, but continue to delight us as often as you have done, and will, I hope, long continue to do. When he comes here again he must not content himself with looking on the

outside of my house, as I am told he did once, but knock and ring and ask for me as an old acquaintance; I should say, indeed, if I am here to be found, for if he or you, my dear friend, delay your coming much longer, I shall have no hope of seeing either of you on this side of the grave. You say you are building a house; this looks ill for us; but when you have roofed it in and looked once or twice out of the windows, perhaps you will think of us before we are all gone, and I among the first.

Pray remember me very affectionately to Mr. and Mrs. McLane, and also assure Mr. Van Buren, when you see him, how much we are all delighted with his election. I regret that I saw so little of him when he was here; but I think with some pride that he, as well as other Presidents, was once my guest. I have little more to add than to say again, pray come and come soon, or I shall not be the better for your visit.

Yours ever,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

I am delighted with Mr. Duer. He is just now at Paris, but promises to make his appearance here again before the May flowers.

Upon the conclusion of Irving's remarks there was a great cry of "Halleck! Halleck!" but the diffident poet, notwithstanding DeKay's appeal, "For God's sake, Fitz, get on your feet!" clung steadfastly to his

seat, for the reason, as he expressed himself, on another similar occasion, that when he attempted to speak on his legs, "the brains ran to his heels."

In the month of April, 1837, there was organized in the city of New York an authors' club, of which Washington Irving was chosen president and Fitz-Greene Halleck vice-president. Among its members were James Fenimore Cooper, John Pierpont, Charles Fenno Hoffman, George P. Morris, Calvin Colton, Theodore S. Fay, Grenville Mellen, J. F. Schroeder, D. D., John Inman, James E. DeKay, and many other gentlemen well known in the literary world. Another club, at whose weekly meetings, during the winter months, Mr. Halleck was for many years a regular attendant, was the Bread-and-Cheese Lunch, organized by his friend Fenimore Cooper, in 1824. Among the other prominent gentlemen who belonged to this club were Gulian C. Verplanck, William and John Duer, Charles and John A. King, Charles Augustus Davis, Philip Hone, and Dr. John W. Francis. When Halleck told Dr. Edward G. L. (who had a very slight impediment in his speech) that he had proposed his name for membership, and that he had been duly elected a member, the poet's young medical friend, knowing that one of the requisites necessary to become a member of the club was, that a person should be distinguished in some walk of life—as an artist, author, merchant, physician, *savant*, or statesman—said, "Well, Halleck, what did

you say I was famous for?" "Stuttering," laughingly replied the poet.

At the Bread-and-Cheese Club were entertained for nearly fifteen years, either at Washington Hall, the site of which is now occupied by A. T. Stewart's warehouse, on the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, or at the houses of the members, nearly every distinguished person who visited New York during that period. Two club notices now before me, addressed to Mr. Halleck, read as follows: "The next meeting of the Lunch takes place on Wednesday next, the 6th of January, at Mr. McIntyre's, No. 5 Broadway, at 8 o'clock. An election for members on that evening. You are particularly requested to attend. William Gracie, Secretary. January 5, 1830." The other, dated a year later and signed by Charles Augustus Davis, is in these words: "The members of the Club will dine together on Thursday, 7th April, at 5 o'clock, at Washington Hall, as a testimony of regard for their distinguished associate, John Duer, Esq."

Dr. Francis, in his "Old New York," relates the following incident, which occurred at one of their meetings: "A theatrical benefit had been announced at the Park, and 'Hamlet' the play. A subordinate of the theatre at a late hour hurried to my office for a skull; I was compelled to loan the head of my old friend, George Frederick Cooke. 'Alas, poor Yorick!' It was returned in the morning; but on the ensuing

evening, at a meeting of the Cooper Club, the circumstance becoming known to several of the members, and a general desire being expressed to investigate phrenologically the head of the great tragedian, the article was again released from its privacy, when Daniel Webster, Henry Wheaton, and many others, who enriched the meeting that night, applied the principles of craniological science to the interesting specimen before them; the head was pronounced capacious, the function of animality amply developed; the height of the forehead ordinary; the space between the orbits of unusual breadth, giving proofs of strong perceptive powers; the transverse basilar portion of the skull of corresponding width. Such was the phrenology of Cooke. This scientific exploration added to the variety and gratifications of that memorable meeting. Cooper felt as a coadjutor to Albinus, and Cooke enacted a great part that night." Halleck was present, and I have heard him relate the incident in substantially the same words used by the venerable and versatile doctor.

In the following extract we have another glimpse of club-life: "Facile in address," says Tuckerman, describing Halleck, "and heartily recognizing the claims of others, gentle and simple, wise and ignorant, the right kind of pride lent its dignity to one whose genial frankness, in convivial or intellectual association, was balanced by a kind of noble individuality, not inappropriate to his political creed. No man could be more

keenly satirical as to all pseudo-aristocracy; apropos to which, I remember a piquant illustration. There was a select club many years ago in New York, the members of which dined together at stated intervals at the old City Hotel, on Broadway; the utmost freedom of intercourse and good faith marked their prandial converse; and, one day, when a sudden silence followed the entrance of the host, it was proposed to elect him to the fraternity, that they might talk freely in his presence, which was frequent and indispensable. He 'kept a hotel' after the old *régime*, was a gentleman in his feelings, an honest and intelligent fellow, who prided himself upon his method of serving up roast-pig—in which viand his superiority was such, that the gentle Elia, had he ever dined with the club, would have mentioned him with honor in the essay on that crispy and succulent dish. The proposition was opposed by only one individual, a clever man, who had made his fortune by buying up all the bristles at Odessa, thus securing a monopoly which enabled him to vend the article to the brush-makers at an enormous profit. His objection to Boniface was that he was famous for nothing but roasting a pig, and no fit associate for gentlemen. 'Your aristocratic standard is untenable,' said Halleck, 'for what essential difference is there between spurs won from roasting a porker or by selling his bristles?' and, amid the laugh of his *confrères*, 'mine host' was elected."

Among the notable people who visited New York in 1837 was a well-mannered but somewhat silent young man, who was landed at Norfolk, Virginia, from a French frigate, in the month of March, and upon whose cards were engraved Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. During his two months' sojourn in New York, Halleck became well acquainted with him, meeting "the pretender to the French crown," as he was then styled, often in society, and having a seat next to the prince at a large dinner-party given by Chancellor Kent. Times change, says the Latin proverb, and persons change with them. How astonished old George the Third would have been had any one shown in a mirror, like that of Cornelius Agrippa, such a vision of the future as his grand-daughter being on a visit to the nephew of the man whom in his day English satirists were accustomed to ridicule as "a little Corsican soldier!" Relating to the poet my having seen Victoria leaning on the arm of Louis Napoleon as they entered, with Eugenie and Prince Albert, the Grand Opera at Paris, he remarked: "'Tis indeed strange. I thought him a dull fellow, which he certainly was while among men, but sprightly enough when surrounded by young ladies. He would sometimes say, 'When I shall be at the head of affairs in France,' or 'When I become emperor,' and I then looked upon him as being as mad as a March hare, or as my poor friend McDonald Clarke." To Alfred Pell

he said of the prince, that he was "a rather dull man, of the order of Washington." A lady-friend of the poet remembers Mr. Halleck describing him "as a person who never looks you in the face, and who always drops his eye if an individual, in turning suddenly, detects him looking at you;" adding, on her own part, that "the emperor still has the same disinclination to looking any one square in the face." The poet and prince exchanged dinners, the latter dining with Halleck at Villegrand's, while he was entertained by Louis Napoleon at the City Hotel. When Napoleon became emperor, and confessedly the first statesman of Europe, until his laurels as such were somewhat dimmed by the Prussian Bismarck, the poet was often asked for letters of introduction to his imperial friend, but, with his characteristic diffidence, declined obtruding himself upon the notice of the emperor, who, however, to this day retains a kindly remembrance of his poet-friend.

Among the other events of the year worthy of mention was the receipt by Halleck of a copy of a London edition of "Fanny," published in 1837, the gift of his old bookselling friend Triphook; and the conferring upon him by the Trustees of Columbia College of the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

During the month of December Halleck attended a grand party at the residence of ———, in Park Place, and in the course of the evening was introduced to a

lady from Philadelphia. Seating themselves, the poet was requested by his companion, who was a stranger, to inform her who were in the company, and so, as they passed, Mr. Halleck would say, "That lady with the diamonds is a daughter of ———, who failed last winter;" another lady in a superb dress, with magnificent pearls to match, was "the wife of ———, a bankrupt;" a third, elegantly dressed, was "Mrs. ———, whose husband don't pay his notes," and so he ran through the whole gorgeously-attired company, until the lady inquired if they were all wives and daughters of bankrupts, and received for an answer, "Fully three-fourths of them." This occurrence, be it remembered, was soon after the greatest financial crisis that ever swept over this country.

When the venerable Venetian poet, Lorenzo Daponte, died, August 20, 1838, at the age of ninety, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Second Avenue, after the "*Missa*" had been magnificently performed at the Cathedral, among the many attached friends who followed the nonogenarian to the grave was his former pupil, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Drs. McNevin and Francis, G. C. Verplanck, and Maroncelli, whom the poet described to me as being "short and slight; spoke hurriedly, with excessive gesticulation; and was a generous and chivalric gentleman, with an unbounded love for his native land."

In the month of November, 1838, Mr. Halleck wrote

the following translation from the French of Victor Hugo, in the album of his friend Mrs. J. J. Roosevelt:

Moorland and meadow slumber,
In deepest darkness now,
But the sunrise hues of wakened day
Smile on that mountain's brow.

And, when eve's mists are shrouding
Moorland and meadow fast,
That mountain greets day's sunset light,
Her loveliest and her last.

And thus the God-taught minstrel,
Above a land untaught,
Smiles lonely in the smiles of heaven
From his hill-tops of thought.

Three months later Mr. Halleck made the much-admired translation from the German of Goethe, which appears in the later editions of his poems, beginning—

"Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!"

The following lines were addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck in the month of March, 1839, by his kinsman, Barnabas Hallock, of Brooklyn:

Thou of the lute and lay,
Whose notes so sweetly play

Round "Alnwick's" lordly castle, o'er the sea;
Why sleeps thy harp in silence—why no more
From sweet "Weehawken's" shore
Floats thy song on the waters, light and free?

Is there no voice of fame,
No loved or lovely name,
To wake its slumbering melody again?
Amid Columbia's valleys, no bright spell
To make its numbers swell,
And move the heart like music o'er the main?

Thou once couldst freely fling
Thy hand o'er chord and string
To the poet's grave, 'mid Caledonia's hills;
In thy own land of beauty, are there none,
No solitary one,
That to thy heart a kindred music thrills?

"Bozzaris'" battle-shout
Like a trumpet-voice rings out,
And proudly swells thy requiem o'er his grave:
Has Columbia no heroes—lives no name
In her patriot-wreath of fame
Can claim a poet's tribute for the brave?

Oh, say not thou art old,
That thy heart is waxing cold,
The fire upon its altar burning low;
Time hath no power to quench it—music still,
Responsive to thy will,
Would like thy native rivers brightly flow.

Then sweep thy lyre again,
While many a tuneful strain
Flows forth to greet the beautiful and brave:
Let its melody awaken, as of yore,
Ere life's pilgrimage is o'er,
And the cypress casts its shadow on thy grave.

[TO MISS HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *April* 13, 1839.

MY DEAR SISTER: I have entered into an agreement with Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of this city, for the publication of some of my writings, in two parts. First, "Fanny and other Poems;" second, "Poems by Fitz-Greene Halleck." They are to print immediately fifteen hundred copies of each, and give me their note at six months from the completion of the printing, for my proportion, which is to be twenty-five cents per copy. I retain the copyright in my own possession, but they are to be allowed to print as many editions hereafter as the market may require, on the same terms. I write this, that, in case of my death, you may claim from them the fulfilment of the agreement.

Yours affectionately,
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

"Fanny, and other Poems," appeared in the early autumn, and, for the first time, with the author's name on the title-page. The "Poems" were published in

the following spring. "Fanny" had long been out of print, and manuscript copies were made and sold at from ten to fifteen dollars each. One of these may be seen at the Mercantile Library of New York. At the foot of the title-page, in lieu of a publisher's name, appear these words: "Copied by Charles C. Spencer, in 1834." Harpers' beautifully-printed 12mo volumes of Halleck's poems were eagerly sought for, and several editions were immediately exhausted. In noticing these books, the late Horace Binney Wallace said: "Harpers' editions of Halleck's poems are, in respect to appearance, worthy of the poet, and creditable to the gentlemen from whose press they proceed. The gratification of the senses has so much to do with even the mental perception of the beauties of works of elegant taste, that a poet ought to consider the style of publication of his works part of the works themselves. A poem ill printed is like an overture badly played. The finest performance cannot redeem a musical composition essentially worthless; but a slovenly execution may destroy the effect of the noblest harmonies that ever flowed from the genius of a composer."

During the year 1839 Mr. Halleck made a most admirable selection from the British poets, which was published by Harper & Brothers, in two 18mo volumes, the following year. They at the same time brought out a similar collection from the American poets, edited by William Cullen Bryant. These works

form a part of the well-known Family Library Series.

William Reynolds was an Englishman who came from Staffordshire to New York in 1813, and, after the lapse of a number of years, opened an ale-house in Thames Street, which soon became a place of resort for many prominent merchants and politicians. Halleck frequented his place for a number of years, and Reynolds, being an eccentric character, he formed a friendship for the gruff Englishman and fierce Democrat, which not only continued until 1837, when Reynolds gave up his business, having acquired a competency, and retired with his family to Fort Lee, but endured through life. For many years Halleck was a constant and regular visitor, and, even after the poet retired to Guilford, he would, on coming to New York, now and then run up to Fort Lee to see his old friends and the deeply-cherished scenes. Halleck's visits were always looked forward to with the greatest pleasure, and were considered by Mr. Reynolds and his family as an important event. The poet's favorite resort was to a high bluff commanding a noble prospect of the city and bay of New York, as well as of Manhattan Island, the East River, and Long-Island Sound. To this spot, which he once described to the writer as his "country-seat at Fort Lee," and to Flat Rock, another commanding height, he almost always went, accompanied by the young ladies, with whom he would

also make excursions in the neighborhood in quest of other scenes of beauty and interest. The poet's friend, Commodore George C. DeKay, a younger brother of James, and the son-in-law of Joseph Rodman Drake, lived in the vicinity of Fort Lee, and to his cottage at Bull's Ferry Mr. Halleck often went to dine during his excursions to Fort Lee.

Among the many anecdotes told of Reynolds, whose death preceded the poet's but by a few months, was one of his throwing his hat overboard upon learning, from the pilot who boarded the vessel on which he was returning from a visit to England, that Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States, which circumstance, combined with his noisy ebullitions of delight, so exasperated the captain of the vessel, who happened to be a furious opponent of "Old Hickory," that he threatened to throw him overboard after his hat if he did not make less noise. Reynolds had an especial dislike, while he was in business, to having persons touch his fire either by kicking the coals with their boots or stirring it up with the poker, and used to say: "Mr. Halleck is the only gentleman who comes to my house. *He never interferes with my fire.*" His little ale-house stood in the rear of the immense edifice known as the City Hotel. "I'm going to buy that house," said the grumbling Englishman one cloudy day to Halleck, "and tear it down. It interferes with my light."

It was soon after he found his way to the ale-house in Thames Street, where he was taken by Langstaff, that the poet first saw "Reynolds's pretty daughter" Eliza, and, as it was not a place in which he expected to see such a lovely vision, it affected the impressive poet very much, as did the sight of a rosy-cheeked English girl whom he met in crossing the Alps, which was not as common an occurrence among ladies forty-five years ago as at the present day. On his next visit to Reynolds's he again saw her and made some commonplace remark, in answering which she called him by name. "Do you know me?" said the poet, with surprise. "Oh yes, certainly, I do," said the young blue-eyed beauty; "you are Mr. Halleck, the poet." From that hour they were friends, and when many, many long years had passed away, the poet confessed to the fair Eliza that few things had gratified him more than her answer on that occasion. Although in a very different walk of life from the high society in which Mr. Halleck moved, he often took her and her sister Mary to the theatre and to other places of amusement, where they never failed to be objects of curiosity and interest to the poet's more aristocratic friends and acquaintances. While the poet admired the beauty of the elder, he was also charmed with the vivacity and the merry, cheerful, and contagious laugh of the younger sister. One of her peculiarities was an inability to ride in a sleigh without becoming sick, and so the poet and

Miss Mary would, on the occasion of her visits to New York in midwinter, be sometimes seen riding in a carriage, while the rest of the New-York world were enjoying the sleighing. Miss Van S——, who was a summer visitor at the Mr. Reynolds's cottage, tells me that Mr. Halleck always came there "with his pockets filled with books and papers for Mr. Reynolds and his daughters, with peanuts (of which I was very fond) and bonbons for me, and cake and ribbons for Veto."

Soon after negro minstrelsy was introduced in New York, the poet invited Miss Reynolds, who was then residing at Fort Lee, to accompany him to one of their entertainments. At the door they happened to meet Washington Irving, who joined them, and, seating himself next to the young lady, he remarked, "How fortunate we country people are, Miss Reynolds, in having a city gentleman like Mr. Halleck to explain things to us!"

The lady remembers going with Mr. Halleck to the National Academy of Design, to attend one of their annual exhibitions, and recalls the pride with which the poet pointed out the portrait of a remarkably handsome man as an Elliot and a kinsman of his own, and the same gentleman of whom he said to the Earl of St. Germans (who is an Elliot), when he was in this country, "My lord, you see the stock does not degenerate by being transplanted to the United States." On another occasion she went with Mr. Halleck to see a fine

full-length portrait of Pauline Bonaparte, sent by her as a present to one of the Waterloo generals, she having no money to give her impecunious friend and her brother's devoted adherent. Of the emperor's beautiful sister the poet once told this story to Miss Reynolds: While presiding at the Tuileries, there came to Paris a Russian princess, the fame of whose beauty had preceded her, and great was the excitement in court circles over the respective claims of the two noted beauties for the precedence. As the princess passed Pauline, after being presented, she said audibly, "What ears!" It was the only defect in the Russian, and with her eagle eye Pauline instantly discovered it. The comment upon her asinine attribute clung to her, and her highness soon after returned to St. Petersburgh.

Of the old soldier to whom Pauline sent her portrait, and with whom he was well acquainted, Halleck had many anecdotes to tell the young ladies, as he had of a large number of the *sabreurs* who were driven from France to the United States by the downfall of their chief, and the return of the Bourbons.

Halleck was extremely fond of dogs, although I have no information that he ever owned one. In his frequent visits to his friends at Fort Lee, he never failed to carry some cake to Veto, a small dog, so named by his owner in the days of Jackson's presidency. In addition to the cake, the poet was also in the habit of carrying with him bright-colored ribbons to tie around

Veto's neck, his possession of which was viewed with no little envy by some of the rustic beauties of the neighborhood. Arriving on his usual weekly visit with the accustomed stock of cake and ribbons, he was visibly affected when informed of the sudden death of his little favorite. My informant added: "We got no fun from Mr. Halleck during that visit." He afterward wrote some lines on poor little Veto, but I have been unable to recover them.

"Many years ago," writes Richard E. Mount, an occasional companion of the poet in his hours of leisure, "on the corner of Thames and Temple Streets, in the city of New York, stood an ancient wooden ale-house—the ale is yet there, but not the old house—kept by one Reynolds, an oddity in character and manners. He had been a grave-digger in the old Trinity yard opposite, and had married the daughter of the former proprietor, who was the church sexton. This ale-house was in a secluded, quiet spot, and may have been like the 'Mitre' of Ben Jonson and Herrick. Halleck never forgot his landlord in his retirement, but on every summer's Sunday went to see his 'Mug' on the Weehawken Hills, taking the steamboat at the foot of Spring Street. Many a time have I met him on the boat, full of smiles and glee, joking and chattering and enjoying." [1]

During the summer months, the poet always went

[1] Evart A. Duyckinck, in *Putnam's Magazine.*

by boat to Fort Lee, but in winter would cross over to Hoboken and take a carriage. On one occasion, he was accosted by a stranger, who called him by name, and proposed that, as he was also going to Fort Lee, they should take a single horse and carriage together, which would save expense. Stating, in answer to Mr. Halleck's inquiry, that he was an expert driver, they started; and, going down Bull's Ferry Hill, the horse ran away, the poet was thrown out headlong, injuring himself severely, and spraining his wrist. He, however, managed to reach Fort Lee, and never again trusted himself in a carriage with a stranger to drive. The poet's visits were generally made alone, but he was occasionally accompanied by a friend, Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant being among the remembered visitors who honored Reynolds's pretty cottage with their presence.

When the eldest sister was married to Dr. Day, in 1840, the poet sent her a beautiful Oxford Bible, with the following inscription: "A present, on her marriage, from one who for years has known her worth, and been grateful for her friendship. As a daughter and a sister, she has merited all love and honor. As a wife and a mother, may her life be long and happy." When the younger sister, Mary, was married to Adrian H. Dunning, by Bishop Wainwright, in 1852, in St. John's Church, New York, Mr. Halleck came from Guilford to give away the bride.

The following letters were addressed to various members of Mr. Reynolds's family, and contain numerous allusions to the "ancient and honorable circle," and to the happy days spent with them amid the beautiful surroundings of their happy home at Fort Lee.

[TO ADRIAN H. DUNNING.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Dec.* 13, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR: I am happy to learn from your kind letter that you are all well and wealthy, and have not, in your prosperity, forgotten your old friendships. The "olive-branches round about your table," to quote Scriptural language, seem to be increasing in number in a most exemplary manner. You do not tell me their names, but their general name will soon be "Legion." Please present to their excellent mother my congratulations and best good wishes, and tell her that, when in New York two weeks since, I declined Mr. Duer's invitation to drive with him from Highwood (Hoboken) to Fort Lee on the new road now completed along the banks of the river, because I could not assist in desecrating, in such a manner, my old romantic walks. If our dear old and lamented favorite Veto were alive, how he and I would bark together at such barbarity! I was at Fort Lee for a few hours in October, and found "our ancient and honorable circle" all much as usual. The exquisite beauty of the place, which so long since won my heart, is still preserved in

most respects, and I hope that, in spite of the threatened improvements, its beauty will outlast *mine*. Fort Lee was, by the way, recently honored by the presence of Lola Montez (the Countess of Landsfeldt)—only think how much Mary Ann has lost by missing the acquaintance of a real live countess! She was the guest of the two parsons on the hill, alternately, share and share alike, as the lawyers say, and was, moreover, the belle of the village.

I presume that the Mr. McCauley you mention is the gentleman who was with me some (I forget how many) years ago, when I was a babe in arms, in Wall Street. If so, please beg him to accept my kindest remembrances, and say that I shall be very glad to receive a letter from him, informing me of his welfare, to which he may rely upon an answer, granting every request he may make. I am delighted to hear of his success in life. He is an Irishman, and deserves success.

So you are going farther west! Do you mean to stop at the Pacific Ocean? or embark upon it and sail on? Wherever you go, on sea or land, may happiness attend you and yours!

[TO THE SAME.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Nov.* 19, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: I delayed from day to day answering your last letter, in the hope of finding, by a previous visit to New York, subjects of a nature more

interesting to you than my own monotonous and uneventful life could supply. I have now been and returned without seeing Fort Lee except from the Bloomingdale side of the river, from whence I satisfied myself that so vividly and so indelibly were its scenes of beauty and its old associations impressed upon my memory as to render a nearer view of it unnecessary for enjoyment, and resolved not to risk what I have been long fearing, the sight of some villanous alteration, miscalled *Improvement*, which might sadden all my future recollections of so many of my pleasantest hours and pleasantest acquaintances. I learned, however, from good city authority, that all were well there as usual, and I hope that your advices from them of a later date are equally cheering.

I am highly flattered by the so kindly expressed intention of yourself and your good lady to name one of your coming boys after me, but I pray you not to let the one who is to do me so much honor be born until I am gone, in order that the world's tree may be grateful to you for giving it, in exchange for a shook-off wintry leaf, a bud in promising spring beauty.

Before this letter reaches you, I trust you will have returned from your "Farther Western prospecting" journey, and will have found some nearer, and therefore dearer home. Your motive for changing your residence seems to be much like Tom Moore's motive for changing his sweethearts:

"'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, kind, or true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me, if she's a new one!"

I trust that I need not add that, wherever you go, I wish you happiness, and that I wish often to hear from you.

Should you be still in Mr. McCauley's neighborhood, please assure him of my anxiety to receive another letter informing me of his welfare, and telling me in what manner I can do him service.

[TO MISS FANNY WAKE.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Feb.* 21, 1863.

MY DEAR MISS WAKE: I hope that you will cease to reproach me for my long delay in answering your letter, when you learn that there is no photographer here in my neighborhood from whom I could obtain my *carte de visite* you have done me the honor to prize so highly. I have, therefore, been compelled to send to New York for the enclosed, taken some two years ago, and so wait impatiently until to-day for it. It now presents itself most diffidently for your gracious acceptance with its hat in its hand, and will, I hope, with its very best bow express, in unison with my own, its grateful acknowledgments of the courtesy of your wish to possess it as a memorial of me. It is not by a great deal so handsome (begging its pardon) as I am at present, for, in order to be in the fashion, I have

allowed my beard to grow long; and, to avoid being accused from my youthful appearance of being under forty-five and liable to be drafted in the army, I keep it nicely whitewashed, so that were you to meet me you would mistake me for my good friend Mr. Reynolds's friend Bryant the poet, and would esteem and respect me accordingly.

It is now a long time since I have been seen at Fort Lee, but I am in all my moments of real enjoyment invisibly there in mind and in heart, living over its past pleasantness, and revelling in the memory of its beautiful scenery and the associations so delightfully blended with it. Let me hope, I pray you, that while I live you will not allow a person whom I refrain from naming (the same person who entered of old the only Paradise on earth to be compared to Fort Lee, in the shape of a rattlesnake, and played the very devil there), to come in the shape of a railroad locomotive, screaming his way through your garden up to a crystal palace on the top of the Palisade, at the rate of forty miles an hour.

I shall be happy to know by a letter from you that this has reached you, and relieved me from any imputed neglect; and I beg you to present to all the members of your family, whether in New York or at Fort Lee, and wherever Mrs. Day and Mrs. Dunning may be, the assurance of my ever-continued and grateful recollections of their bounteous hospitality and

many kindnesses toward me for so many pleasant years, and of my best good wishes for their continued welfare. I shall be also greatly pleased to learn your latest tidings from Mrs. Dunning, fearing, as I do, that her living so near the seat of war at this moment must be the cause of much annoyance to her and hers.

[TO MISS ANNA B. DAY.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *March* 4, 1863.

MY DEAR MISS DAY: I take great pleasure in granting the request so courteously conveyed to me in your note of the 27th instant, and am delighted to find that the "willingness to be acquainted with me" of the father and mother of twenty years ago has been inherited by the daughter of to-day, making me trebly proud and grateful.

I hope the father and mother, in accepting my present remembrance of them, will, on looking at the enclosed, console me by telling you that my style of beauty does not appear to advantage in a photograph. For my own part, I think that the sun, since he commenced taking likenesses for a living, has been more successful in his hats and great-coats than in the "human face divine."

Please present my best compliments to my fair friend Miss Van Sickle, and assure her that I have not forgotten my promise to be ready at any moment to be near her at the altar for the pleasant purpose of giving her away.

Trusting that you will kindly let me know in your very pretty handwriting that this letter has reached you, I am, dear lady, most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[TO MISS MARIA VAN SICKLE.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *June* 23, 1863.

MY DEAR MISS VAN SICKLE: I am made quite proud by your beautiful letter, expressing, as it does, alike your courteous remembrance of me and your willingness to give that remembrance longer life by possessing (to be looked at now and then) my "graven image." In asking your acceptance of the enclosed, in preference to a more modern "*carte de visite*," I gratify a desire that you should continue to see me rather as I appeared in the delightful days of old, and when you were one of the delightful companions who so often and so kindly welcomed me to our darling Fort Lee, than as I now appear in portraits by that new-fashioned painter, the sun, who, because he is as old as the creation, takes pleasure in making those who are silly enough to sit to him look as old as himself.

I deeply regret that it is not in my power to share with you the enjoyment of a visit to Fort Lee and to the neighborhood during this their scenery's loveliest month. Please present my truest and best regards to all our cherished acquaintances there, and may you find our favorite paradise as much resembling that of

Eve and Adam as ever, and its apple-orchards better watched than theirs, so that there be no "*tête-à-têtes*" in them between young ladies and the devil!

I am as impatient as youself to be present at the giving away of the warm heart and willing hand of the maiden you mention, and as anxious as yourself, for her sake, to entrap the "millionnaire;" but here in the country such birds are scarce and shy. The war contracts, however, must have set a number of them flying in our cities, and, when I am again in New York, I will spread my net over a brace of them and have them bagged to her address. She can choose the eldest first, and reserve the youngest for future choosing.

Pray, do you ever write to our dearly-loved Mary Ann? If you do, please add to your own good wishes for her welfare a thousand from me.

I shall be happy to learn from you that the enclosed has reached you, and, in the mean time, beg you to believe me very truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

CHAPTER VII.

1841–1847.

A Poet's Trials.—His Generosity.—Letter from Edgar A. Poe.—A Poetical Epistle.—Charles Dickens in New York.—Notes from the Novelist.—Authors' Compensation.—"The winds of March are humming."—Letter from Scotland.—Notice of Halleck.—Mrs. C. M. Kirkland.—Death of Henry Inman.—The Poet's Haunts.—His Conversation.—Tribute to Halleck.—Reminiscences of the Poet.—Valentines.—Halleck on Compliments.

"DISTINCTION," said the poet, as we sat together one evening at Guilford, "has its penalties as well as its privileges, its pains as well as its pleasures. For many years I have been persecuted by autograph-hunters, those 'mosquitoes of literature,' as Irving called them, whose requests I should comply with less reluctantly if they were more merciful on my stock of stamps. In addition to modest appeals from perfect strangers for manuscript copies of 'Marco Bozzaris,' 'Alnwick Castle,' or the lines on Dr. Drake, with my name attached, and occasional equally cool requests that I will send the writer a copy of my poems, with my 'signature written in the book,' I receive innumerable applications for my autograph; requests

for those of John Jacob Astor, my friend Joseph Rodman Drake, or any other distinguished person with whom I may have had correspondence. Then, I have frequent appeals for letters to hard-hearted editors, asking them to give immediate and impartial examination to the contributions offered by the applicant, with sad and sorrowful descriptions of the cold, uncivil, and disheartening manner in which their writings were returned to them, as they believed, unexamined; requests to have manuscripts printed under my supervision, I correcting the proof, and also making any changes that 'my superior literary abilities would suggest' as an improvement; illegible manuscripts are consigned to me, with requests that I will give my 'opinion of the poem, and such counsel as the tone and character of the piece will justify;' a Bohemian begs the loan of ten dollars, to be returned 'next week;' a distinguished poet encloses his note at three months, with a request for the sum of one hundred dollars for that length of time, in order that 'a magazine, which he has set afloat, may not founder;' and persons wanting loans of money, as well as those who were begging for themselves or others, would graciously express their willingness to accept F. G. H.'s influence with Mr. Astor to advance their object. Then there were showered upon me, by *littérateurs* and penny-a-liners, applications for my powerful aid in obtaining for them the position of librarian or assistant librarian in the

Astor Library. A fellow who neither spells correctly nor writes grammatically sends me a huge manuscript, accompanied by a note, in which he expresses the hope that 'Mr. Halleck will kindly correct the same, as it is the author's first attempt at a novel;' appeals from lecture committees in as many as sixteen States, requesting that I should exhibit myself to a highly respectable audience for fifty dollars: myriads of notices from college and juvenile literary societies throughout the land, notifying me that I have been elected an honorary member, and signifying their willingness to accept a copy of my poems, are a few of the demands that are made upon my patience and purse, not to speak of the inroads upon my stationery and stamps. Then, too, I am favored by affectionate fathers with epistles announcing that their eldest-born has been named after me, a calamity that costs me a letter of profound gratefulness, the correspondence usually terminating with a gentle hint that the illustrious poet's namesake's parents would greatly prize a copy of his poetical writings, with the dear child's name inscribed in the book, etc., etc. Fathers and daughters, mothers and brothers, nieces and nephews, of defunct individuals, of whose existence I never had the slightest knowledge, send me pages descriptive of the dear departed, with requests that I will write a poem about them, similar to the one beginning 'Green be the turf above thee,' etc. The other day a daugh-

ter of ——— sent me five closely-written quarto pages, descriptive of her departed dad, whom I never saw, with the information that, on the receipt of such a piece as I had written on Dr. Drake, my bill for the same should be paid, an instance of liberality rarely indulged in by those who made similar modest and cool applications. Another source of annoyance to me are the constant appeals that are made by the editors and publishers of periodicals in all parts of the land for contributions. Announcements from trustees of female seminaries that I have been selected as a member of a committee to award a gold medal or some other prize to the writer of the best essay in their highest department, and applications from histrionic friends that I would act with others in awarding a prize to the writer of the best theatrical address, are two of the torments that were inflicted upon me in bygone days, when such things were in fashion."

So many years have passed since the summer evening that we sat together under Mr. Halleck's favorite tree, and the poet related half in jest and half in earnest his many and manifold trials, that I cannot pretend to give his exact words. His inimitable serio-comic manner, of course, cannot be described; but I am confident that the substance of his remarks has been faithfully retained in my memory.

Mr. Halleck took great pleasure in encouraging young authors and artists, and was always ready to aid

them with advice, as well as pecuniary assistance from his slender purse. Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Kirkland often sought his opinion on literary points; Mrs. Sigourney more than once submitted poems to him for his revision before their publication; and Mrs. Ellet informs me that the poet arranged at the Park Theatre for the production of her first tragedy, "Teresa Contarini." Drake, Morris, and Samuel Woodworth had the benefit of his almost faultless judgment in poetry; and some of our younger singers speak most gratefully of Mr. Halleck for the advice as well as the pecuniary assistance received from him in the hour of trouble, when a "damp" had fallen around their paths. A gifted writer, who published a volume of poems a few years since, was indebted to the *maestro* for touching with a master's hand at least a score of his compositions, and almost the last of the poet's acts before the shadow of death fell upon him was to render the poem of a friend more complete by a few alterations and the addition of a verse. The mad poet, McDonald Clarke, often received "aids" and "benevolences" from the kind-hearted Halleck; and, upon more than one occasion, said, "I would rather have a kind word from that noble man, Fitz-Greene Halleck, than from any emperor."

One of the younger poets who received substantial assistance from Mr. Halleck was Edgar A. Poe, to whom he loaned, in answer to the following appeal,

one hundred dollars, a sum which the gifted but unfortunate young singer, like many others of the rhyming fraternity, who received aid from the generous Halleck, was never able to repay:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 1, 1845.

MY DEAR MR. HALLECK: On the part of one or two persons who are much imbittered against me, there is a deliberate attempt now being made to involve me in ruin, by destroying *The Broadway Journal.* I could easily frustrate them, but for my total want of money, and of the necessary time in which to procure it: the knowledge of this has given my enemies the opportunities desired.

In this emergency—without leisure to think whether I am acting improperly—I venture to appeal to you. The sum I need is $100. If you could loan me for three months any portion of it, I will not be ungrateful.

Truly yours,

EDGAR A. POE.

Another instance of Mr. Halleck's liberality may be mentioned *en passant.* When the old church on the Guilford Green, beneath whose shadows the poet's mother and infant brother were buried, and in which he was baptized and at the age of eighteen confirmed, was taken down and a new and finer fane was erected

in 1838, on the opposite side of the street, Fitz-Greene Halleck gave out of his limited income the sum of one hundred dollars toward its erection. It was in this edifice, known as Christ Church, that the poet's funeral services were celebrated in November, 1867, a sufficient refutation, I should consider, to the often-repeated but groundless statement that he was a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Apropos to this charge, I will introduce here an incident furnished to me by William Gowans, the antiquarian bookseller, whose store was a favorite place of resort with the poet for upward of a quarter of a century: "One Sunday morning," says Mr. Gowans, "as I was passing a Roman Catholic church in the city of New York, seeing the doors open and throngs of people pressing in, I stepped inside to see what I could see, hear what I could hear, and learn what I could learn. I had not well got inside till I beheld Fitz-Greene Halleck standing uncovered, with reverential attitude, among the crowd, kneeling and standing, of unshorn and unwashed worshippers which can always be seen on Sundays both inside and out of these houses of worship, in irregular confusion, with little or no respect paid to them by the functionaries of the church or those who are wealthy enough to pay for comfortable pews. I remained till I saw him leave. In doing so he made a courteous bow, as is the polite custom by the humblest of these people on taking their departure. I immediately followed, and, on

coming up, took the liberty to ask him if he was a member of this church. In reply, he said, '*I am not.* I presume you are a member of this church, or one of the same?' I replied in the negative. 'I had supposed,' said he, 'that all Irishmen were Roman Catholics.' I said that there was a twofold mistake in this conclusion, for, in the first place, all Irishmen are not Roman Catholics, any more than all Scotchmen are Calvinists; and, in the second place, I am not a native of the Green Isle. Said he, 'I have always supposed you to be such; where, then, are you from?' I said from that land that he had aided in rendering still more immortal by one of his noblest effusions. 'Scotland,' exclaimed he, 'bonny Scotland.' 'That,' said I, 'is the land of my nativity, but,' I continued, 'we derive neither glory nor shame from the place of our birth. It is an event of our life over which we have no control.' 'That,' he replied, 'is very true.' How he came to have any predilections for the Roman Catholic Church I never could exactly learn, but guessed. This affinity was the more remarkable, inasmuch as he was descended from one of the sternest of Puritan ancestors, John Eliot, the famous apostle of the North-American Indians, and translator of the Bible into their language, as well as the author of a grammar of the same. And, further, I have understood that he took pleasure in letting it be known that he was so descended."

Among the distinguished authors who sat down to dinner with Charles Dickens at the City Hotel, in New York, on the occasion of his first visit to this country, was Fitz-Greene Halleck, who recorded his impressions of the great novelist in a letter sent with some verses to Mrs. Rush, of Philadelphia, March 8, 1842: "I am highly flattered by the compliment paid me by yourself and the lady you do not name in your letter of February 26th. Your wishes have always been commands with me, and so I send you the enclosed such as they are. I fear they are far from good, for I am grievously out of practice. Luckily, as the postage, you say, costs you *nothing*, you will have them at their full *value*. I have, as in duty bound, presumed the lady to be young, and pretty, and unmarried.

"You ask about Mr. Boz. I am quite delighted with him. He is a thorough good fellow, with nothing of the author about him but the reputation, and goes through his task as Lion with exemplary grace, patience, and good-nature. He has the brilliant face of a man of genius, and a pretty Scottish lassie for a wife, with roses on her cheeks, and 'een sae bonny blue.' His writings you know. I wish you had listened to his eloquence at the dinner here. It was the only specimen of eloquence I have ever witnessed. Its charm was not in its words, but in the manner of saying them." The verses referred to in Mr. Halleck's letter are the following:

Lady, I thank you for your letter;
Would that these rhymes it asks were better
  Worthy of her who taught
My song, when life was in its June,
To mingle heart with word and tune,
  And melody with thought.

Gone are the days of sunny weather
  (I quote remembered words), when we
"Revelled in poetry" together;
  And frightened leaves from off their tree,
With declamation loud and long,
From epic sage and merry song,
  And odes, and madrigals, and sonnets,
Till all the birds within the wood,
And people of the neighborhood,
  Said we'd "a bee in both our bonnets."
And he[1] sat listening, he the most
Honored and loved, and early lost—
He in whose mind's brief boyhood hour
Was blended, by the marvellous power
  That Heaven-sent genius gave,
The green blade with the golden grain;
Alas! to bloom and beard in vain,
Sheafed round a sick-room's bed of pain,
  And garnered in the grave.

They are far away, those sunny days,
And, since we watched their setting rays,

[1] Joseph Rodman Drake.

The music of the voice of praise
From many a land, and many a clime,
Has greeted my astonished rhyme;
Till half in doubt, half pleased, it curled
Its queerest lip upon the world,
But never heard I flattery's tone
Sounding around me, "Bard, well done!"
Without a blessing on the One
Who flattered first—the bonnie nurse
Whose young hand rocked my cradled verse.

Long may her voice, as now, be near
To prompt, to pardon, and to cheer;
And long be smiles, for goodness' sake,
Upon her best of happy faces,
Like Spenser's Una's given to make
A sunshine in the shadiest places!

ON BEING REQUESTED BY MRS. RUSH TO SEND HER MY AUTOGRAPH FOR A YOUNG LADY.

There wanted but this drop to fill
The wifeless poet's cup of fame.
Hurrah! there lives a lady still,
Willing to take his name.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

It will be observed by the above letter, that Halleck was delighted with Dickens, because he "had nothing of the author about him;" fully sympathizing with the well-known sentiment of Byron on this point:

"One hates an author that's *all author*—fellows
In foolscap uniform turned up with ink;
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think—
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcomb, e'en the pink
Are preferable to those of paper—
Those unquenched snuffings of the midnight taper."

On the occasion of his last visit but one to New York, in June, 1867, I asked Mr. Halleck about the Dickens dinner, when he gave me a pleasant description of the entertainment, including an amusing account of Washington Irving's speech, which was going off finely, until their mutual friend, Charles Augustus Davis, *alias* Major Jack Downing,[1] who sat near Irving, most unfortunately interrupted him with, "Admirable! excellent!" and other exclamations of approbation, which so disconcerted the timid speaker, that he completely broke down; and, after uttering some incoherent words, ended with the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation." "There," said Irving as he resumed his seat, "I told you I should break down, and I've done it!" "He reminded me," added Halleck, "of a certain Connecticut orator who, while addressing a public assembly, unfortunately lost the thread of his

[1] In addition to the poet's authority for the statement that Davis was the original Jack Downing, Henry Delafield has a volume of the Letters, inscribed in the handwriting of Mr. Davis, "From the Author."

discourse, and, hesitating to recover his lost ideas, was addressed from the gallery by a country lad, with the words: '*I say, mister, I guess you're stuck!*'" Another Dickens dinner, which Halleck described to me, was given at the Astor House, by the Novelties Club, composed of New-York actors, artists, and editors, and was presided over by his friend, the late Judge William Kent, a son of the Chancellor.

The renowned novelist and the genial poet became warm friends, meeting often at social entertainments, and exchanging various courtesies. The following is one of several notes received by Mr. Halleck from Dickens during his sojourn in New York:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

CARLETON HOUSE, *Fourteenth February*, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: Will you come and breakfast with me on Tuesday, the twenty-second, at half-past ten? Say yes. I should have been truly delighted to have a talk with you to-night (being quite alone), but the doctor says that if I talk to man, woman, or child, this evening, I shall be dumb to-morrow.

Believe me, with true regard,

Faithfully your friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Halleck's reply to an invitation to meet Boz at a private dinner given by Louis Gaylord Clark, at which

Irving, Bryant, and several lesser literary lights were to be present, was characteristically felicitous. It began :

> " The bridegroom may forget the bride
> Was made his wedded wife yestreen,
> The monarch may forget the crown
> Which on his head an hour hath been,

but *I'll* not forget that I am to have the pleasure of dining with you on Thursday evening, to meet that rare painter of human character, Mr. Dickens."

" The time when I saw most of Mr. Irving," said Professor C. C. Felton, afterward President of Harvard College, " was the winter of 1842, during the visit of Charles Dickens in New York. I had known this already distinguished writer in Boston and Cambridge, and, while passing some weeks with my dear and lamented friend, Albert Sumner. I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, often meeting him in the brilliant society which then made New York a most agreeable resort. Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Davis, and others scarcely less attractive by their genius, wit, and social graces, constituted a circle not to be surpassed anywhere in the world." [1]

Only a fortnight before Dickens arrived at Boston on his second visit to the United States, Halleck spoke with pleasure of the great gratification he anticipated in again meeting the distinguished author, and of his

[1] Address on Irving, before the Massachusetts Historical Society.

intention of visiting New York for that purpose. We were, he proposed, to have a quiet dinner together, with the novelist and H. T. Tuckerman, and I was, if possible, to secure front seats for one of his readings, in order that Mr. Halleck might hear him distinctly. That Dickens entertained an equal desire to meet the poet, is shown by the following note to the author, who had sent Mr. Dickens a copy of the poet's letter of March 8, 1842, to Mrs. Rush, in which he spoke of his eloquence at the public dinner given at the City Hotel:

[TO JAMES GRANT WILSON.]

WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
Saturday, 11th January, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR: I thank you cordially for your considerate kindness in sending me the enclosed note.[1] I have read it with the greatest interest, and have always retained a delightful recollection of its amiable and accomplished writer.

I too had hoped to see *him*.' My dear Irving being dead, there was scarcely any one in America whom I so looked forward to seeing again as our old friend often thought of. Dear sir,

Yours faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DICKENS.

[1] Halleck's epistle to Mrs. Rush, on page 434.

It is melancholy to contemplate the number of eminent American authors who had since the first visit of Charles Dickens, only a quarter of a century ago, "gone hence, to be no more seen." The sturdy Cooper; the gentle Irving; his friend and kinsman Paulding; Prescott, the historian, and Percival, the poet; the eloquent Everett; Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar A. Poe, N. P. Willis, and the genial Halleck —nearly all the great names of our early American literature—had passed away in twenty-five short years, leaving a new generation to extend the hand of friendship to him on his second coming in eighteen hundred and sixty-seven. Many lesser literary lights, including Halleck's attached friends Catherine M. Sedgwick, Caroline M. Kirkland, Charles A. Davis, and George P. Morris, had also passed away forever.

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

PHILADELPHIA, *25th July*, 1843.

DEAR SIR: You will have seen by a proof sent you several weeks ago that Mr. Parker has succeeded remarkably well in copying Mr. Inman's portrait of you for *Graham's Magazine*. Mr. Inman expressed to me his perfect satisfaction with the execution of the plate, and I think it will generally be deemed better even than that of the *Mirror*. It will be published in the magazine for September, and you will very much gratify me if you will send a poem to appear in the same number.

Any thing by you will, of course, be gladly received and promptly paid for at the highest rates ever paid for contributions to periodicals in America. Mr. Bryant, Mr. Dana, and Mr. Longfellow receive from Mr. Graham fifty dollars an article, and that sum, or one yet larger, will be paid to you.

Instead of attempting an illustrative sketch myself, I employed Mr. Edgar A. Poe to write an essay on your poetry and a sketch of your history. I have just read his manuscript, and think that your friends will be gratified with the article. I will send you an early copy of it.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

In reference to the concluding portion of the first paragraph of the above letter, I may state, singular as it may appear in these days, when poets are paid a guinea a line for contributions by enterprising publishers of periodicals, Mr. Halleck never received any compensation for the poems he contributed to the *Evening Post*, *National Advocate*, and other journals and magazines, extending over a period of nearly twenty years—years during which his most admired productions were published. Halleck appears to have written with the most unselfish indifference to fame or pecuniary reward, for, up to the year 1839, neither on

the title-pages of his published volumes, nor with his single contributions to the press, did his name appear. For "The Croakers" neither he nor Dr. Drake ever received the slightest pecuniary reward, nor did they desire any. They were at the time both young men, the one in affluent circumstances by marriage with the daughter of an opulent merchant; the other in the receipt of a good salary, and with but few and modest wants. Those were not the days, at least in New York, when authorship was a profitable profession, as is the case at present with many of its members—days when a popular preacher is paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a novel—a larger sum than the poet received for the literary labors of a lifetime.

Truly the world is somewhat changed since John Milton sold the lines of "Paradise Lost" at something less than a farthing apiece, taking his substantial pay in a draft on posterity, payable after death, with interest; since Samuel Johnson ate his dinners behind the screen in Cave's parlor, back of the shop, because he was too much out at the elbows to be presentable at a tradesman's table; since Oliver Goldsmith was penning an animated romance on "Animated Nature," at just shillings enough per sheet to keep the bailiffs from his door; and since the tragic termination of poor Chatterton's too brief career. Certainly the leading authors of to-day—or, as they may be termed, the real autocrats of literature—have no longer occasion to for-

give Napoleon his misdeeds, as Tom Campbell did, on the ground that he shot a bookseller. They are now masters of the situation and lords in the ascendant; and no longer, as of old, retainers of the bookseller, but the bookseller must wait, hat in hand, on the bookmaker. Authors, even of the second class, may now most truly say, "*Nous avons changé tout cela.*"

From the article referred to by Mr. Griswold in the foregoing letter, I extract a single paragraph: "His usual pursuits," writes Mr. Poe, "have been commercial; but, for many years, he has been the principal superintendent of John Jacob Astor's monetary and general business affairs. Of late days, consequently, he has nearly abandoned the Muses—much to the regret of his friends and to the neglect of his reputation. He is now in the maturity of his powers, and might redeem America from an imputation to which she has been too frequently subjected—the imputation of inability to produce a *great* poem. A few brief translations, at rare intervals, and chiefly from vapid German or Spanish originals, are now all that remind us of 'Marco Bozzaris,' or that, as a poet, its author still lives."

The following song, written probably in 1844, first appeared in the *Evening Mirror*, as I learn by a note from George P. Morris, requesting Mr. Halleck to favor him with a copy of the lines for publication. It was a very great favorite with General Morris, who for

many years published this song of the unmarried annually in the *Home Journal:*

The winds of March are humming
Their parting song, their parting song,
And summer skies are coming,
And days grow long, and days grow long.
I watch, but not in gladness,
Our garden-tree, our garden-tree;
It buds, in sober sadness,
Too soon for me, too soon for me.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have no accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

Tis not asleep or idle
That Love has been, that Love has been,
For many a happy bridal
The year has seen, the year has seen;
I've done a bridemaid's duty,
At three or four, at three or four;
My best bouquet had beauty,
Its donor more, its donor more.
My scond winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have no accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

His flowers my bosom shaded
One sunny day, one sunny day;

The next they fled and faded,
Beau and bouquet, beau and bouquet.
In vain, at balls and parties,
I've thrown my net, I've thrown my net;
This waltzing, watching heart is
Unchosen yet, unchosen yet.
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have no accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

They tell me there's no hurry
For Hymen's ring, for Hymen's ring;
And I'm too young to marry:
'Tis no such thing, 'tis no such thing.
The next spring-tides will dash on
My eighteenth year, my eighteenth year;
It puts me in a passion,
Oh, dear, oh dear! oh dear, oh dear!
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have no accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why.

The following amusing letter from Mr. Davis, written on a sheet of note-paper, at the top of which is seen a fine view of Alloway Kirk, contains some pleasant allusions to classic ground. I must here express my regret that Mr. Halleck's letters to his facetious friend, with whom he maintained a correspondence for so many years, have not been recovered.

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

2d July, 1845.

MY DEAR HALLECK: Do you see that ☞?[1] Well, though I am now in Glasgow, I was last evening and all this morning *just there*, and in a beautiful little cottage, called "Doonbrae Cottage." Near the kirk on Doon side lives one David Auld, and didn't he and I crack away about Burns and that "wild rose of Alloway, my thanks!" He was quite charmed at learning that I knew you. I went so far as to tell him that most of the farms and places about New York you and I held equal titles to, and that was no untruth. I write this mainly to say that he has made me the bearer of a tin case, containing a very excellent engraving of an admirable picture of the entire scenery around. I believe the monument has been erected since you were there. I have been now over most of the scenes consecrated by Scott, but none of them touched me so closely as this of Burns, to which your genius seems to come in as a *clincher*, "a real hug-me-tight" (but that is not "a merry thought"). The fact is, you are about as well known "hereabouts" as Burns. I can't tell you how many agreeable things David Auld says of you. He kens all about you, and regards your lay, though on "a rose," the best since Burns. I told him you did that with your left hand, and when

[1] This index [☞] refers to the engraved view of Alloway Kirk.

he came to read other matter, done with t'other hand, he would go into a fit. I could not wait for him to pack the parcel, so he brought it to Ayr after me, and I'll bring it home to you. It is a clumsy companion, but I put it to the debit side of the account, the only chance I have had in return for the pleasure your pen has given me.

I have been for the last few days amid scenes of magic, and how I shall get driven again to pig iron, etc., in Broad Street, it is hard for me to tell. I have not room or time to dilate, but, when I take you by *the hand* (a dangerous thing coming from Scotland), I'll tell you all. I am quite sure I have seen much more than any other "living critter," and what I have not seen I can *talk* of quite as well as others.

Your friend,

CH. AG. DAVIS.

"The name of Halleck," wrote Edgar A. Poe in 1846, "is at least as well established in the poetical world as that of any American. Our principal poets are, perhaps, more frequently named in this order—Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Sprague, Longfellow, Willis, and so on, Halleck coming second in the series, but holding, in fact, a rank in the public opinion quite equal to that of Bryant. * * * I mean to say, of course, that Mr. Halleck, in the apparent public estimate, maintains a somewhat better position than that

to which, on absolute grounds, he is entitled. There is something, too, in the *bonhommie* of certain of his compositions—something altogether distinct from poetic merit—which has aided to establish him; and much also must be admitted on the score of his personal popularity, which is deservedly great. With all these allowances, however, there will still be found a large amount of poetical fame, to which he is fairly entitled." Elsewhere the same writer says of Halleck: "Personally, he is a man to be admired, respected, but more especially *beloved*. His address has all the captivating *bonhommie* which is the leading feature of his poetry, and, indeed, of his whole moral nature. With his friends he is all ardor, enthusiasm, and cordiality; but to the world at large he is reserved, shunning society, into which he is seduced only with difficulty, and upon rare occasions. The love of solitude seems to have become with him a passion.

"He is a good modern linguist, and an excellent *belles-lettres* scholar in general; he has read a good deal, although very discursively. He is what the world calls *ultra* in most of his opinions, more particularly about literature and politics, and is fond of broaching and supporting paradoxes. He converses fluently, with animation and zeal; is choice and accurate in his language, exceedingly quick at repartee, and apt at anecdotes. His manners are courteous, with dignity, and a little tincture of Gallicism. His age is about

fifty. In height he is about five feet seven. He *has been* stout, but may now be called well proportioned. His forehead is a noble one, broad, massive, and intellectual, a little bald about the temples; eyes dark and brilliant, but not large; nose Grecian; chin prominent; mouth finely chiselled and full of expression, although the lips are thin. His smile is peculiarly sweet."

The following communication is from one of America's most admired female writers, and a lady who numbered among her many most deeply-attached friends Fitz-Greene Halleck:

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 14, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR: Seeing all the young folks busy with valentines, I took it into my head to send you these verses, which I found among the papers of my mother, one of your warmest admirers. I sent them to the *Knickerbocker*, but thought it likely you had never seen them. You see I take it for granted you are in a good valentining humor, or I should not venture to send you a trifle like this.

Yours sincerely,

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

TO A CERTAIN POET, ON READING CERTAIN VERSES.

"I turned away in sadness, and passed on."

And had that luckless sapphic blue,
Her power to neutralize "Love's proper hue?"

Henceforth each nymph the fatal color shun,
That lost the heart a rainbow cestus won.

Say, gifted one, is this the lordly reason
Why, singly blest, we're told, you still remain?
Ah! we declare, and that our bended knees on,
With any of *our* set your fears were vain.
There's Lilla, with her lips of glossy coral,
Floranthe, smiling through her amber locks;
Blanc-manged-faced Eve, with whom you cannot quarrel,
Though ten times every day her ears you box;

There's fairest Anne, the oil without the mustard;
Helen, whose foot fits Cinderella's shoe;
And thrifty Grace, that made the premium custard,
And Thyrza, softer than the morning dew.

These, whom some kindling lip the strain rehearses,
That tells of Hotspur and his gentle one,
Or how that glorious Greek the victory won,
Shall lisp applause, and call them "pretty verses!"
Shall mend thy faulty hose, though ne'er so blue,
And from her own exclude the obnoxious hue;
Keep bakers' scores, and "chronicle small beer,"
While every second word will be "My dear!"

It was during the year 1846 that Halleck was called to mourn the death of his devoted friend Henry Inman, a gifted artist and a genial friend, emphatically one of nature's noblemen. In youth, much against his father's wishes, he studied portrait-painting with John

Wesley Jarvis, and before his lamented death had attained a degree of excellence in portraiture not surpassed by any American artist. His portraits of Macaulay, Chalmers, and Wordsworth, are highly prized in Great Britain, as are his paintings of Bishops Doane, Hobart, Moore, and many other distinguished Americans. His portrait of Fitz-Greene Halleck is incomparably the best ever made of the poet, who was painted by four generations of artists—Jarvis, Inman, Elliott, and Hicks.

A place of occasional resort with Halleck and his artist-friend Inman was at No. 5 Barclay Street, a hostelrie presided over by an Italian named Francis Monteverde, but christened by the title of "Frank's." To this establishment, in its palmy days, came many celebrities well known in the artistic, literary, fashionable, and theatrical circles of the city. Colonels Coster and Pride; Barclay, the British consul, Harry Hone, Frank Waddell, and Walter Livingston, "the last of the white cravats," who adhered with pertinacity to his ruffled shirt, buff waistcoat, and blue dress-coat; Brougham, Burton, Mitchell, and the Placides, among actors; Elliott, Inman, Bob Clark, the animal painter, and poor Gwilt Mapleson, among artists; Paterson of the *Anglo-American*, Dr. Bartlett of the *Albion*, Clark of the *Knickerbocker*, "York's tall son," Porter of the *Spirit of the Times*, and his four brothers, and Kendall of the *New-Orleans Picayune*, among editors; and the

authors and poets Halleck, William Henry Herbert, Morris, Poe, and Albert Pike, were among the *habitués* at Frank's. From an account of Monteverde's, in the "Life of William T. Porter," I take the following passage: "The other disciple of the Muses is a fine-looking, elderly gentleman, reminding one strongly of that which an Englishman, rather than an American, is expected to be, as much from the style of his peculiar habiliments, as the polite heartiness of his manner. Mr. Fitz-Greene Halleck, the contemporary of John Targee and the other worthies of Tammany Hall, his pen has localically immortalized, still survives the ravages of time, and converses as agreeably as in those days when Dickey Riker judged and Croaker sung, above the turmoil of mercantile life."

Another of the poet's resorts is described in the following sketch by Henry T. Tuckerman: "Twenty years ago there was a French *café* in Warren Street, the appointments and aspect of which closely resembled similar places of rendezvous and refreshment in the provincial old towns, where retired officers, village notaries, and political quidnuncs, year in and year out, hold impromptu *soirées* over snuff, dominoes, and their *demi-tasse*. The old marble tables, and antique cordial-bottles behind the counter, the garrulous and courteous host in a faded velvet jacket, and his buxom wife with cap and pen in alternate motion, with the somewhat anomalous fact that nothing garish or gaudy

was resorted to to attract custom, and that the *café* had its regular *habitués*, and was rarely the least crowded or noisy, increased the European provincial air to which we have alluded. In the more or less fashionable boarding-houses of the vicinity, smoking was deemed objectionable, and, therefore, many gentlemen visited the *café* with diurnal regularity, to puff, prose, or prophesy, according to the mood. Among them was a Canadian who had been a great traveller; a lawyer whose ambition was to illustrate jurisprudence by belles-lettres; an old native of Holland who wrote Dutch verses and had been decorated by his king; Fenno Hoffman, the stanchest of literary Knickerbockers, fond of descanting, by the hour, upon the scenery, the old society, the bivalves, beauties, and legendary lore of his native State; Henry Inman, fresh from his easel, and the most genial of speculative *raconteurs*. More unconventional, vivacious, and suggestive colloquies than found vent among these and other comrades of the *café* it would be difficult to imagine; there was an *abandon* on the one hand, and a self-respect on the other, a divergence of opinion and a hearty personal appreciation, great contrasts of taste and temperament, with genuine sympathy of tone and sentiment, which combined to create and maintain the essential conditions of *conversation* in the best sense of the word. Hither it was Halleck's 'custom of an afternoon' to adjourn, when his daily clerical duties were over, and

here I first knew and often met him: it was exactly the kind of neutral ground whereon most favorably to encounter his special wit and worth; for he had then, in a great measure, cut loose from general society, and, though scrupulous in his *devoirs* to fashionable friends, there was a certain formality in his fulfilment thereof, which precluded much of the old familiar zest; partly, indeed, from want of opportunity, but in a measure, also, because, as the era of New-York society had widened, and new and strange elements mingled therewith, like many others whose hair had begun to silver, the 'favored guest' of the mothers was too much in relation with the past, and too little in personal sympathy with the present, to find satisfaction in the sphere of their daughters, where his own presence and prestige had become a tradition. Not, however, that there was a lack of interest or recognition. At 'the bridal and the bier,' and not infrequently at the baptismal font, the poet-friend was often seen; summoned, for 'auld lang syne,' to the family fete or funeral, a most welcome presence there; and coming thence with a fresh vein of cordial or pensive reminiscence, awakened by such crises of domestic life; yet invariably declining any intimate renewal of an intercourse which changed circumstances and associations rendered no longer practicable, though none the less 'honored in the breach' and dear in the retrospect. Accordingly it was in such casual and cosy social nooks as our *café*,

and among genial companions, that Halleck then sought and gave social entertainment. There, when the mood was on him, he would give free vent to his enthusiasm and his satire, discuss the English poets with rare acumen and infinite relish, quote them with melodious emphasis and a voice tremulous with sympathetic admiration, so that many a couplet and stanza were thus set to music in my memory forever. At other times, character was the theme of delineation and criticism, and here came forth, with marvellous force and freshness, his store of literary and historical anecdote, applied, with singular tact and original interpretation, to whatever tendency or trait happened to be under consideration. From a very wide and desultory range of reading, and a social experience rendered vivid by quickness of sensibility and alacrity of insight—fused, as it were, in the alembic of a mind of active intuitions —these gleanings from life and lore had with him a certain vitality and significance, which made them impressive. There was no display or pedantry in the process; the effect was exactly the reverse of that we so often experience at a so-called literary dinner, when 'cut-and-dried' quotations and illustrations are produced like patterns from a shelf—suggestive of college cramming. Halleck's mind, at such times, was like a bubbling spring, when the crystal water played forth spontaneously, bringing now grains of gold, and now a flower's leaf to the surface. It was this natural richness and

spontaneity that made his talk so charming: he did not play the oracle; he had no 'Orphic sayings;' his words were not measured and meted by aphoristic limitations; he did not give you the idea of a man who desired to impress you or assert himself, whose consciousness never slept, who, intrenched in self-esteem, sent forth bullets to stun or rockets to dazzle you; but the prevailing feeling you had was a fellow-feeling, a sense of human as well as intellectual communion—of a *man* first, a *poet* afterward, a *brother* always; not discourse, disputation, or dictation, but *conversation*, was his function and delight—the mutual coalescing of ideas and feeling until they gushed in refreshing inspiration or exultant reciprocity.

"And yet, when it came to questions, not of taste and personalities, but of principles and opinions, you found yourself suddenly far away from this congenial comrade—that is, your creed, whether political or religious, may have received such an absolute defiance, as to seemingly preclude all chance of assimilation; while the human magnetism of the man, the laughter in his eye, the sympathetic ring of his voice, made you, to your own subsequent astonishment, not only tolerant of, but half acquiescent in, dogmas and doctrines wholly antagonistic to your normal professions and practice; and you realized the fact that total conformity in a prig is not so tolerable as entire opposition in a poet; that is, that the pedantic dictum of a selfish

thinker, however logical, seems barren, compared to the paradoxical overflow of a candid and soulful nature. Halleck would not allow himself to be 'dragged along' in the procession of modern progress, like Lamb; he left it, and stood, in silent protest, a spectator thereof; not without recognition of the good sought and achieved, or sympathy with the humane aspirations and scientific triumphs thereof, but planted firmly on the original instinctive and essential needs and traits of humanity, which he deemed too often overlaid, ignored, and profaned in the rush and presumption bred of material success and arrogant intellectual pretension. He pleaded for the sanctions and the safety of Authority as an element indispensable to the peace and prosperity of the world; of Reverence as a sentiment without which the beauty of human life was desecrated; of Individuality—as to rights, development, and self-respect—constantly invaded by encroachments of what are called popular principles, but which are too often social despotisms. In his isolation, as the champion of such conservative convictions, he would, with a kind of grim jest, overshoot the mark, and startle by extreme statement. 'I believe,' he once said to me, in the heat of such discussions, 'in what is called Providence in History; but twice, since the world began, that benign vigilance has slept on its post—once when printing was invented, and again at the Reformation.' He was wont to declare himself a Romanist,

though not, we believe, a member of that communion; for he worshipped and was buried according to the rites of the Episcopal Church; it was not any ritualistic prejudice that induced this declaration of faith, but a way of embodying his conviction of the need and the auspicious influence of a church in the old sense of the term—a *Spiritual Power* organized and established on fixed canons for the conversion, the solace, discipline, guidance, and repose of erring, afflicted, wayward, and weary Humanity. And so of the press: one who was so largely indebted for the most innocent delights of his youth and the most reliable consolations of his age, to books, would naturally be the last person in the world to underrate the benefactions of the great civilizer; but his own high sense of honor and humanity made him recoil, with disgust and dismay, at the license of the press. 'Tell me not,' he would indignantly exclaim, 'of the blessings of a free country, where any unprincipled blackguard, with money enough to buy types and paper, can blacken my reputation and ruin my fortune, and I have no redress or adequate remedy!' In like manner Halleck has been called a monarchist; and naturally so, as he used eloquently to descant on the solecisms in manners, the vulgar assumptions, the official ignorance, and social incongruities born of, or identified with, democratic rule: hundreds of blatant republicans feel and think the same. Halleck uttered, without reserve, his keen perception

of, and protest against, the disgusting and degrading aspects of our American civilization: but, withal, a more fervent lover of his country never breathed: and a better specimen of a democrat—in the sense of a citizen who honors our common nature, respects the rights of others, and cordially fraternizes with his fellow-creatures on human grounds and without reference to conventional distinctions—it is impossible to find."

Dr. Thomas L. Nichols, a native of New England, who fled from the United States at the commencement of the Rebellion, in a work published in London in 1864, entitled "Forty Years of American Life," makes the following allusion to Halleck and his favorite *café*, which he frequented for so many years: "One of the oldest and most esteemed of the poets of America is Fitz-Greene Halleck. When I knew him for some years in New York, he was a kind of confidential secretary to the richest man in America, John Jacob Astor, who also, at one period, gave employment to another and most distinguished and most genial American writer, Washington Irving. Irving and Halleck began the world as literary Americans nearly half a century ago, when New York was but a small village compared with its present dimensions. Irving pursued a literary career to the end of his life: Halleck wrote but little, but that little was full of fire, wit, and humor. I used to meet him almost every day at a quiet little French *café* in Warren Street, opposite the City Hall. He came

there to take his *demi tasse* and *petit verre*, and read the evening papers. On the walls hung pictures of the barricades of Paris, surmounted by the tricolor. In the rear were billiards clicking from morning till midnight. At the marble-top tables Frenchmen, Germans, and a few English and Americans who had got into Continental habits, played chess and dominoes, and sipped absinthe, or, in warmer weather, iced claret punch and orgeat. It was the stillest public-house, I believe, in New York. You might sit for hours and hear nothing but the click of the billiard balls, the rattle of dominoes, and the 'check!' of the chess-players. The landlord was silence personified. He seldom got beyond a grunt. His face beamed with good-nature, but it never got further expression than some obscure mutterings. But Halleck was too thorough an American not to talk, and was full of anecdote and fun. He had stories of Napoleon and Wellington, both of whom were his favorites. He knew the present emperor when he was in New York, and thought him 'rather a dull fellow,' as, in fact, he seemed to many persons who did not know what he was up to. Halleck was a bachelor, living in modest lodgings, and avoiding society, regular in his habits, even, it is said, to the stated number of glasses of brandy-and-water; but I have met few men who talked better, or who lighted up in conversation with a finer enthusiasm. A wit and a *bon vivant*, he was also deeply religious, and, though edu-

cated a Connecticut Puritan, was a zealous Roman Catholic, and maintained that every man who really thought upon the matter must come to the same conviction. 'You must allow, then,' I said, 'that there are very few men who really think about it.'

"'Of course,' he replied, 'we know that. The great masses of the people of all countries believe as their fathers believed before them. Not one in a thousand ever chooses his religious faith.'"

"While on this savory theme of the poet's haunts, when yet a citizen of Manhattan, we may draw upon Mr. Mount's pleasant memoranda for another glimpse of the social bard. 'About fifteen years ago, an eccentric but learned and estimable physician from London, Doctor Banks, who had roamed the world with more heart than purse, settled in this city, lived a few years, and died. Him Halleck knew and loved to meet. He imported directly from the London Docks wine, in his estimation not to be bought here, also various edible dainties. His sherry was a favorite with our poet, and often have we three met at the old doctor's office to sip and talk—there were no coarse bacchanalian bumpers there. This same old Banks was also a peripatetic, and I recollect his discovery of an ale-house in Brooklyn, where the English mistress was superior in her choice of barn-yards and their cooking. Halleck appreciated this, and told me that he often went there. Turning my steps thither one day, I met

Halleck returning from the spot, redolent of its cheer. Anticipating my movement, he hailed me with some rollicking intimation of the crisping duck. I often endeavored to get him to dine with a few friends at the Union Club and elsewhere; but he invariably declined. This, however, was in late years. I fancied that he was afraid of being "called out"—for of this American propensity he had a horror—or that expectation would be aroused, and the company disappointed.'"[1]

The poet, conversing with me on this subject, said that there were two reasons why he declined invitations: first, because he could not sit down and enjoy himself like other men, but must submit to be lionized; secondly, owing to his defective hearing, which of late years rendered it almost impossible for him to understand any thing that was said where there were a number of persons carrying on conversation.

Early in the year 1847 there appeared in Philadelphia an anonymous *brochure*, bearing the title, "The Poets and Poetry of America, a Satire," in which I find the following lines:

"Shall HALLECK not one passing moment claim?
Blest bard! immortal in Bozzaris' name!
No dream of Hope, so sacred and divine,
No theme didactic, toilsome, weary, thine;
Too much thy native fire that thought to bear,
As that might sink the hopeless in despair;

[1] E. A. Duyckinck, in *Putnam's Magazine.*

But those who bled and fell in freedom's cause
Thy worthier theme—attest it our applause!
Nay—though thy hero bravely fought and fell,
Though thy own music fall like magic spell;
Grant that thy palm of praise is fairly won,
Is all achieved that mortal might have done?
Call not beneath thee song so just and great,
Which mightier bards in loftier verse relate!
Scorn the vile throng, as if in vengeance set
To write for each vile monthly and gazette;
Extend thy sphere, thy native powers expand,
And, as confess'd, immortal poet stand."

The following interesting reminiscences of Fitz-Greene Halleck are from the pen of Horace H. Moore, for many years a bookseller in New York, and in almost daily intercourse with him, now connected with the press of San Francisco: "About the year 1840 Bartlett & Welford kept a bookstore at 7 Astor House, which was at that time a resort for literary men. I was then a youth of nineteen, learning the business of them. Among our most constant visitors were Mr. Halleck and S. E. Dwight, LL.D., grandson and author of the life of Jonathan Edwards, and son of President Timothy Dwight. Having just then lost his wife and only child, and being lonely, Dr. Dwight proposed to me that, as the store was closed at dark, he and myself should occupy it and ourselves in reading each evening. Mr. Halleck and Aaron H. Palmer, as in-

timates both with ourselves and with one another, were invited to join us, and did so with more or less regularity for a period of nearly ten years. Palmer, Dwight, and myself were the more constant readers; Mr. Halleck usually arrived later in the evening, when, by common consent, our books were closed for conversation. Although Dr. Dwight was distinguished for learning and conversational abilities, and Mr. Palmer possessed a great fund of information and experience, the conversational powers and good-fellowship of Mr. Halleck even surpassed them both. Mr. Halleck was in the almost daily habit of stopping in at the store in the afternoon and discussing the affairs of the day, which habit he continued also in my store, under the Merchants' Exchange, Hanover Street, with less regularity, until I closed my business and came to this State. Mr. Halleck was not at that time a very constant reader, but was in the habit of making references to authorities, either to refresh or test his memory (of the accuracy of which I have seen many instances), or for information upon such subjects as might interest him, or to point out some beauty in some favorite author, such as Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Burns, Campbell, etc., with all of whom and many others he was very familiar.

"This habit of Mr. Halleck, of making friendly and frequent visits to the bookshops, was extended also to those of the Appletons, Mr. Putnam, and others. His

kindness to his contemporary authors was constant, especially when they stood in need, one of which, somewhat ludicrous, concerning the mad poet McDonald Clarke, I remember. Clarke awoke one morning, about the year 1840, feeling keenly the sensation of hunger, but with no cash in his pocket. He determined very promptly to call upon Mr. Halleck at his lodgings in Warren Street, and state the case to his brother-poet before he had left his house for the day, which being done, he received a two-and-a-half-dollar piece to relieve his necessities; but before getting to a restaurant he met a wandering minstrel, and gave him the gold as a reward for playing some favorite song for him. A few minutes after, Clarke came into the store under the Astor House, and requested to be allowed to conceal himself from Mr. Halleck, whom he had seen coming, and who had witnessed the whole transaction. Clarke said that the organ-grinder ran one way (supposing he had got the gold by mistake), while he ran another, to avoid Mr. Halleck. I know of other generous acts of his, but doubt if he would, if living, approve of any special mention of them. It is sufficient to say that his kindness and brotherly love extended to every one of the human family. The young, however, were always especially favored by him, and his kindness to all inferiors in age and intellect was of such a nature as to place them immediately at ease in his presence. This, however, sometimes subjected

him to impertinences from conceited upstarts, one of whom, I remember, he promptly informed that 'he had forgotten more than the smart young gentleman ever knew,' which we all applauded, well knowing it to be an assertion of the truth, in which he was fully justified. It was very rarely that he lost his patience, and it was his common habit, while engaged in talking, to acknowledge any interruption, or the expression of a *bon-mot* or clever jest, by a characteristic bow—to the others less worthy of notice he philosophically turned a deaf ear, and continued his conversation as if nothing had been said to interrupt him.

"Of his deportment and general manners, all of his friends will agree with Earl Carlisle, that 'they have never met with a finer gentleman,' for in him was combined an easy dignity with a graceful familiarity. We often remarked that he rarely or never went out without an umbrella in his hand, which he used as a cane in clear weather. He was a frequent attendant at the old Park Theatre, until it was destroyed by fire about 1846, and usually occupied a seat in the orchestra boxes, upon account of a defect in his hearing. There his quick eye and applauding voice often gave notice that he had detected in advance of the dress-circle the symptoms of rising genius in many who have since become public favorites. He was rarely absent when his friends Hackett, Tyrone Power, Simpson, Blake, or Miss Cushman played. Notwithstanding his pre-

dilection for the theatre and other amusements of the town, he was an early riser; and, while in the service of Mr. Astor, posted himself in the morning news before going to business in Prince Street. Although in one of the episodes in 'Fanny' he jestingly recommends a cigar as an antidote to *ennui*, I have never known him to use tobacco in any way. As he was not opposed to the moderate use of stimulants, and always neat in his dress, it may be that he avoided its use as inconsistent with perfect cleanliness of person. I remember that, on the morning after the publication of the 'American Melodies,' edited by General George P. Morris, which contains his celebrated apostrophe to Dr. Drake, next to the poem is a steel plate not very well engraved. It represents a man standing near a new-made grave, in a pensive attitude. Halleck, seeing that the mourner was intended to represent him, objected in a most whimsical but decided manner to the 'shocking bad hat' that he wore on the occasion. There is in one of the late notices an account of an illustrated copy of the poems. I know of another—one of the Appleton editions—a large-paper copy of which was secured and illustrated by the late Edwin B. Corwin, then (1850) paying-teller in the Chemical Bank. He was a wag, as well as a zealous collector of prints, etc., and had succeeded in illustrating 'his Halleck' most profusely. Among other engravings, he found an old note of Jacob Barker's Exchange Bank, signed by Mr. Halleck

as cashier. This he placed opposite to the passage which reads 'Bank-notes to a poet's eyes are rarities,' etc. Corwin invited Mr. Halleck one evening to examine the work, after it was completed. I was also invited to enjoy the scene, but did not go. Mr. Corwin, however, informed me that the effect of the juxtaposition of the bank-note and the disclaimer fully equalled his anticipations. Mr. Halleck could always be amused, and would frequently laugh heartily at a good joke even at his own expense, while for the feelings of others he always was most considerate. A delicate instance, illustrating this sensibility on his part, occurred, I think, in the winter of 1844, upon the return of Edwin Forrest from England, where he had failed to received that appreciation that he considered due to him. His friends gave him a complimentary dinner at the New-York Hotel. In the after-dinner speech, in which Mr. Forrest recited his wrongs most boisterously, I, who had the pleasure of being seated next to Mr. Halleck, soon became tired of the performance, and proposed to Mr. Halleck to accompany me out of the dining-hall, but his fine sense of courtesy would not allow him to do so, though I made a pretty prompt exit.

"His poetical admiration for chivalry, its days and ways, may be illustrated by the account that he gave me of the ceremony on the occasion of his becoming a Freemason. He said that when touched upon the

head and knighted by the Grand-Master, who saluted him with these words, 'Arise, Sir Fitz-Greene,' he felt like a knight of old time newly anointed by his sovereign. I have always attributed his admiration for the regal splendor of kings and courts, and the impressive and unvarying ceremonies of the Church of Rome, to the same sentiment. I regret not being able to give you any facts of importance concerning his visit to Europe. He was not, like the hero at the commencement of the 'Sentimental Journey,' in the habit of asserting that 'they do things differently in France.'

"Mr. Halleck once told me that when Mr. Astor engaged him in the capacity of confidential clerk, he cautioned him not to talk of his (Mr. Astor's) wealth, as a former clerk had been in the habit of doing, to which caution Mr. Halleck replied that 'it could not be important, for, if he told inquirers the truth, those who considered Mr. Astor very rich would think he was under-estimating his wealth, and those who thought otherwise that he was exaggerating it.' Mr. Halleck said that Mr. Astor remarked that he believed he was right, and it would make no difference what he might say.

"Though among his more intimate friends his geniality was only equalled by his modesty, once, upon my expressing admiration for his poetry, he asserted that he had never written any thing worth being print-

ed. I immediately quoted 'Marco Bozzaris' as an evidence to the contrary, and was about to continue the list, with arguments, when he gracefully admitted that readers must be the judges of what pleases them best in literature."

Saint Valentine's Day, 1847, brought, among other offerings, the following tributes from two of the fairest and sweetest of American singers. The first is from the pen of Mrs. Botta, then Miss Anne C. Lynch:

I see the sons of Genius rise,
The nobles of our land,
And foremost in the gathering ranks
I see the poet-band.

That priesthood of the Beautiful,
To whom alone 'tis given
To lift our spirits from the dust,
Back to their native heaven.

But there is one amid the throng
Not passed his manhood's prime,
The laurel-wreath upon his brow,
Has greener grown with time.

And in his eye yet glows the light
Of the celestial fire,
But cast beside him on the earth
Is his neglected lyre.

The lyre whose high heroic notes
A thousand hearts have stirred
Lies mute—the skilful hand no more
Awakes one slumbering chord.

O poet, rouse thee from thy dreams!
Wake from thy voiceless slumbers,
And once again give to the breeze
The music of thy numbers.

Sing! for our country claims her bards,
She listens for *thy* strains;
Sing! for upon our jarring earth
Too much of discord reigns.

The following verses, a fair correspondent informs me, were written by Mrs. Lippincott, better known to the public by her *nom de plume* of "Grace Greenwood:"

Must silence rest upon thy lyre—
And will thy hand awake it never?
And must the great deeps of thy soul
Remain becalmed forever?

Oh, for a midnight storm of song!
The peal of arms, the blaze of glory—
Like that which once aroused a world—
Thy Grecian hero's story!

Oh, for a generous burst of song!
Like that which once new splendor shed
Round the "pilgrim shrine" of a poet's grave,
And deified the dead!

Oh, for a mirth-born "Fanny," sent
That troubled lives, half unawares,
Might take in dancing shapes of joy,
And banish spectre cares!

Oh, for a lay to crown the brave,
Or rosy wreaths of love to twine,
To ring joy's bells, or start grief's tear,
If only it be *thine!*

Be hero-bard—be minstrel gay—
Thy song, if of thy soul a part,
Must bear a charmed life, and live
Within thy country's heart.

On the subject, says Mr. Gowans, of compliments paid to Mr. Halleck for poetical talent, he remarked "that they were made by those who were ignorant, or who had a desire to please or flatter, or perhaps, a combination of all these motives; they were a sad penalty which every one had to pay who thrust themselves upon public notice. As a general thing they are devoid of sincerity, and rather offensive than pleasing. The practice brings to my mind the condition of one who has had the misfortune to have lost a

limb or an eye. When he meets with old acquaintances, they immediately commence condoling with him and discussing the nature of his loss, and not unfrequently demanding a history of the whole catastrophe, and thus by the kindness of his friends suffers a double punishment by being constantly brought in mind of his dilapidated condition. In a like manner does an author suffer. All who desire the ear of the public must pay a penalty more or less: there is no sweet without a bitter, no excessive joy but some sorrow; the day of adversity is set over against the day of prosperity; but there is no general rule without exception; and, in my bagful of compliments, I cherish one which comes under that rule, which, when I reflect upon it, affords me real pleasure, as it did then. One warm summer's day, a young man came into the office in Prince Street, with a countenance glowing with ardor, innocence, and honesty, and his eyes beaming with enthusiastic sincerity, he said, 'Is Mr. Halleck to be found here?' I answered in the affirmative, when he continued, with evident increased emotion, 'Could I see him?' 'You see him now,' I replied. He grasped me by the hand with a hearty vigorousness, that added to my conviction of his sincerity. Said he: 'I am happy, most happy, in having had the pleasure at last of seeing one whose poems have afforded me no ordinary gratification and delight. I have wished, I have longed, I have sighed

to see you, and I have dreamt that I have seen you, but now I behold you with mine own eyes. God bless you forever and ever. I have come eleven hundred miles—all the way from the banks of the Miami, in Ohio—for that purpose, and I have been compensated for my pains.' "

CHAPTER VIII.

1848–1857.

Death of Astor.—Illustrated Edition of Poems.—Halleck's Acquaintances.—Retires to Guilford.—Notice of the Poet.—Halleck on Laughter.—Anecdote.—Mrs. Sigourney to the Poet.—A New Poem.—The Cooper Monument.—Dinner at the Century Club.—Lines to Clark.—Portrait for Mr. Winthrop.—Breakfast with the Poet.—Thackeray.—An amusing Letter.—St. Paul's and Trinity Churchyards.

THE rich merchant, John Jacob Astor, died March 29, 1848, and, when his will was published in a New-York paper a few days after, it appeared that he had left a small legacy to the poet, making him "passing rich with forty pounds a year." Astor says in his will: "I give to my friend Fitz-Greene Halleck an annuity of two hundred dollars, commencing at my decease, and payable half-yearly for his life, to be secured by setting apart so much of my personal estate as may be necessary; which I intend as a mark of regard for Mr. Halleck." He was also named in the will as one of the trustees of the Astor Library, a position which the poet subsequently resigned, recommending his friend the late Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church,

as his successor. To the moderate sum bequeathed to Halleck by the rich merchant, a gift of ten thousand dollars was subsequently added by his son, William B. Astor.

When a friend asked the poet's fellow-clerk, the late Daniel Embury, why it was that Mr. Astor had left him so small a bequest, he replied: "Halleck often used to joke Mr. Astor about his accumulating income, and perhaps rather rashly said, 'Mr. Astor, of what use is all this money to you? I would be content to live upon a couple of hundreds a year for the rest of my life if I were only sure of it.' The old man remembered that," said Mr. Embury, "and, with a bitter satire, reminded Halleck of it in his will." One of the daily journals, commenting on the smallness of the sum, indicated the scale of generosity appropriate on the part of a Crœsus toward a bard, which aroused the poet's indignation, and he said: "Mr. Astor treated me like a gentleman. For years he remunerated me handsomely for my services, and now he pays me the compliment of remembering me as a friend in his will by a trusteeship and a bequest. I have only feelings of gratitude."

Apropos of John Jacob Astor, the late Henry H. Elliot told me a story of a gentleman with whom the poet was well acquainted, who applied to the rich merchant for a subscription to some charitable object. Mr. Astor, who was probably continually appealed to,

made a remark to the effect that he approved of the object, but at present had no money, when Halleck jestingly said, "Well, Mr. Astor, if you are out of money, I'll indorse your note for a few hundred dollars!"

In the year 1848 there was published by the Appletons a superb edition of Halleck's poems, with numerous elegant steel illustrations from paintings by Durand, Edmonds, Huntington, and Leutze, and an admirable likeness of the author, engraved by Cheney, after a portrait painted the year previous for the publishers by the late Charles Loring Elliott. This beautiful picture is, with the exception of Henry Inman's, the best likeness we have of the poet. Elliott told me that Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Kirkland would call at his studio and chat with Halleck while he was sitting for his portrait, and that he had rarely, if ever, enjoyed a greater intellectual treat than in listening to the conversation of these gifted friends.

In the spring of 1849, Mr. Halleck retired from the office of Mr. Astor in Prince Street, where he had been employed for seventeen years, and took up his residence in Guilford, a quiet, snug place for a poet's retreat—about midway between New London and New Haven, and in close proximity to Long-Island Sound. Mr. Astor informs me that "Halleck was an excellent man of business—rapid, and always reliable in figures, with an excellent memory for all transactions that came

under his notice. He was a favorite with all who were employed in the office, and was regular in his attendance—reaching the counting-room at eight o'clock, or very soon after, and always leaving precisely at two o'clock." During the years that he was in Prince Street, his desk stood near the east front window, and to certain huge folios, recording the transactions of the largest real-estate owner in the land, Halleck might have referred an inquirer for his "writings," as Charles Lamb did, when he said, "My works are certain ledgers in the India House." As the poet left Guilford in the month of May, 1811, so, after a residence of thirty-eight years, he departed from New York, without leaving an enemy behind him.

Notwithstanding Halleck's innate modesty, and his unwillingness to be lionized, he had, long before the date of the publication, in 1827, of the first editions of his poems, become one of the literary notabilities of the day, and his charming manners and sprightly conversation, interspersed with lively sallies of wit and anecdote, made him much sought after by the most intellectual society of New York. The poet was really worshipped by many superior women of the finest qualities, over whom he exercised a singular and irresistible fascination. A lady, who by birth and education had few if any superiors in the city, said: "If I were on my way to church to be married, yes, even if I were walking up the aisle, and Halleck were to offer himself, *I'd leave*

the man I had promised to marry, and take him!" He was never, however, what is known as a society man. He could rarely be prevailed upon to go to evening parties, and it was always considered an achievement to obtain the poet's promise to be one of the company on such occasions. When he did appear, his presence never failed to afford lively satisfaction to those who were present. He was always the lion of the evening, unless some distinguished stranger chanced to be among the company, and he usually retired at an early hour, disappearing, to quote a friend's words, "in a blaze of glory." No eminent visitor came to New York that Mr. Halleck was not asked to meet at the dinners and other entertainments prepared for him. He was invited to all such dinners as Dr. Johnson would have thought "worth being asked to." Halleck was well acquainted with Napoleon's brother Joseph, ex-King of Spain, who resided at Bordentown, New Jersey; with Lafayette, who revisited this country in 1824, and with the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, who came a year later; with the authoresses Miss Mitford, Miss Martineau, and Mrs. Jamieson; with Lord Stanley and Lord Morpeth, now the Earl of Carlisle, who considered him one of the most agreeable men he had ever met. Thackeray, when in this country, requested as a particular favor, that he might be seated next to him at a dinner to which they were invited. Among the distinguished actors who visited the United States during

his residence in New York, he was a universal favorite. The Keans, father and son, the elder and younger Matthews, Macready, the elder Booth, James W. Wallack Senior, Burton, Mitchell, Cooper, and Tyrone Power, all knew and loved the man. Halleck's reminiscences of these distinguished members of the histrionic profession, and of many other less eminent actors, such as his friends Miss Ellen Tree, Mrs. Kemble, and Miss Cushman, Barnes, Bass, Price, and Simpson, would have made a most charming volume, if the poet could have been persuaded to put them on record.

During the seventeen years that Mr. Halleck was with the Astors, he was never absent from business for many days at a time, contenting himself with brief visits to the country, in lieu of taking a fortnight's vacation, as was the case with the other clerks.

The spacious and elegant country-seat of John R. Livingston, where Washington Irving, the Prince of Saxe-Weimar, and many other notabilities were entertained, was one of Halleck's Hudson River resorts. It is this gentleman who figures in "The Dinner-Party," —one of the "Croakers"—as Johnny R——. The magnificent estate of Dr. Hosack, at Hyde Park, the summer residence of Jacob Harvey, near that pretty village —a most gay and hospitable neighborhood in by-gone days—and the country-seat of Mr. Holbrook, a few miles above Poughkeepsie, were also honored by occa-

sional visits from the poet. To Rokeby, the residence of William B. Astor, Mr. Halleck would often go during the summer months for a few days' recreation. Another of his numerous resorts was the residence of Van Brugh Livingston, at Greenburg, in Westchester County.

Before returning to his native town to spend the closing years of his life, he meditated another visit to Europe, and even went so far as to procure a passport, which was the last document signed by James Buchanan as Secretary of State, before retiring from office, March 7, 1849. Abandoning his proposed tour abroad, the poet was for a time undecided between his fondly-loved Fort Lee and Guilford, as his future home, but eventually decided upon the latter place, and in June took up his residence with Miss Halleck, in the ancient house represented on the vignette title-page to this volume. It is one of the oldest wooden houses in the town, and is surrounded by a spacious veranda, overlooking the elm-environed public square. With the visitors at "Hunt's Point" and "Sachem's Head," two fashionable summer resorts near Guilford, as well as with his fellow-townsmen, Halleck became a great favorite, always having a kind word of salutation for every one he met, and a capital story to tell to those who, like himself, had leisure and taste to appreciate it.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, in a long article upon the poets and poetry of America, in which the

subject is treated with more than the customary civility of English criticism upon this subject in by-gone days, after alluding to the "Croakers" and "Fanny," remarks: "In Halleck's subsequent productions the influence of Campbell is more perceptible than that of Byron, and with manifest advantage. It may be said of his compositions, as it can be affirmed of few American verses, that they have a real innate harmony, something not dependent on the number of syllables in each line, or capable of being dissected out into feet, but growing in them, as it were, and created by the fine ear of the writer. Their sentiments, too, are exalted and ennobling; eminently genial and honest, they stamp the author for a good man and true—Nature's aristocracy. * * * For some unexplained reason, Halleck has not written, or, at least, not published, any thing new for several years, though frequently solicited to do so, for he is a great favorite with his countrymen, especially New-Yorkers. His time, however, has been by no means passed in idleness. Fashionable as writing is in America, it is not considered desirable, or, indeed, altogether reputable, that the poet should be *only* a poet. Halleck has been in business most of his life, and was lately head-clerk of the wealthy merchant, John Jacob Astor, who left him an annuity. This was increased by Mr. Astor's son and heir; so that between the two there is a chance of the poet's being enabled to 'meditate the muse' for

the remainder of his days, free from all distractions of business."

Halleck, on his visits to New York, made his headquarters at Bixby's Hotel, on the corner of Broadway and Park Place, a place of resort with authors, publishers, and booksellers. The proprietor had been in the trade originally, and was known to Cooper, the novelist, who always, when in New York, sojourned there, and was the means of introducing Halleck into the same comfortable inn. In 1858 Bixby's was removed to the buildings in Broadway adjoining Judge Roosevelt's residence, where the poet followed his fortunes until 1862, when Bixby abandoned the business; after which date Mr. Halleck went to the St. Denis, on the corner of Eleventh Street and Broadway, where, as he once remarked to the writer, they charged him as many dollars per day as he paid when a young man for board per week. It was at Bixby's, in 1851, that I had the honor of being first presented to the poet by the late Charles M. Leupp, and the recollection is still fresh in my mind of the mingled awe and admiration with which I gazed upon the author of lines I revered only less than those of Shakespeare and Milton, and how quickly he placed me at my ease and won my heart by his gracious and genial manner. "Are you addicted to the unprofitable art of rhyming, like my good friend your father and myself?" is the only remark made to me by the poet that I can recall at this distant day.

Halleck never affected any spurious gravity. Neither did he ever, as Hood amusingly said, "act the *Grand Seignior*. He did not exact that copy-book respect which some asinine persons would fain command on account of the mere length of their years; as if, forsooth, what is bad in itself could be the better for keeping; as if intellects already *mothery* got any thing but *grandmothery* by lapse of time!"

The poet was not of the *nil admirari* order, who allow nothing to ruffle their serenity. His animated countenance in conversation beamed with smiles; and I well remember his quoting two sentences from Sterne and Dryden. He said: "As Sterne remarks, 'I am persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more so when he laughs—it adds something to this fragment of life;' and honest old John Dryden, you will remember, gives us similar testimony when he says, 'It is a good thing to laugh, at any rate; and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.'"

Halleck was not one of those who believed that the effect of a story is increased by the narrator not joining in the laugh, but thought with Charles Lamb, who declares the axiom, "that a man must not laugh at his own joke," to be a popular fallacy, and "the severest exaction surely ever intended upon the self-denial of poor human nature. This is," Elia continues, "to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table and

commend the flavor of his venison, upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself."

Genio C. Scott, a gentleman who was for many years well acquainted with Mr. Halleck, has furnished me with the following amusing anecdote of the poet: "After Mr. Halleck made his permanent residence in the State of Connecticut he used to visit the metropolis occasionally, and stop at Bixby's Hotel, corner of Broadway and Park Place. I lodged there for several years; and, as I had been acquainted with Mr. Halleck for a considerable period, on evenings at Bixby's we reviewed old associates and circumstances, and his brilliant conversational powers soon made him the cynosure of a rare audience, among whom were many men of attainments—authors and *litérateurs*, as well as men of genius and science. Halleck's word-painting was far more vividly done in conversation than in verse; and no one of his acquaintances denied his redundancy of language and exhaustless store of aphorism, which, with his gems of original ideas, enabled him to throw off sentence after sentence, as brilliant as diamonds, surrounding opalescent ideas of a kindly sentiment for every son and daughter of Adam. It was his pleasure, while on those semi-occasional visits to New York, to see the places of his early manhood, and witness the changes which had been and were taking place in the moral physiognomy of those quarters. Like Goldsmith, he had a taste for being some-

times alone and unobserved, while evolving from the present and past the probable future of New York. This *penchant* led him sometimes to singular places; and, like Goldsmith at the place where he made acquaintance with his 'Disabled Soldier,' he did not shun the haunts of men among 'publicans and sinners.' He was, therefore, one evening passing up Chatham Street, when he heard some good music at a 'Free and Easy' over a German tavern, and a sign of invitation at the door. He therefore entered the room of the society, and quietly took a seat and called for a mug of beer, thinking that no one present knew him, and that he could unobtrusively enjoy an hour of music and German anecdote. He sat for half an hour very much interested, when the president of the society arose, and with his gavel called the house to order, stating, 'Gentlemen, please come to order. We are honored to-night by the presence of a distinguished gentleman, who is no less than Fitz-Greene Halleck, the greatest poet in America. I therefore move that he be made an honorary member of our society, and that he be invited to a seat at the right of the president for this evening. Those in favor please signify by saying ay.' The spontaneous burst of welcome took our friend quite aback, as the president named a committee of two to wait upon Mr. Halleck to the seat of honor; but, before being seated, he returned thanks in modest terms, and retired so soon as the meeting

adjourned, but he was never seen there again. Halleck shunned notoriety, loved the world for containing the small circle of friends that he loved, and to enable him to explore, unobserved, the farcical and melodramatic effects as enacted on the busy stage of real life."

It was Lord Byron's opinion that a poet is always to be ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art. "The poet who creates best," said he, "is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem." I have no doubt of the justness of that remark. It is the only principle from which sound criticism can proceed, and upon this basis the reputations of the poet have been made up. Considered in this light, Mr. Halleck must be pronounced not merely one of the chief ornaments of our literature, but one of the great masters in a language classical and immortal, for the productions of genius which have illustrated and enlarged its capacities. "There are in his compositions an essential pervading grace, a natural brilliancy of wit, a freedom, yet refinement, of sentiment, a sparkling flow of fancy, and a power of personification, combined with such high and careful finish, and such exquisite nicety of taste, that the larger part of them must be pronounced models almost faultless in the classes to which they belong. They appear to me to show a genuine insight into the principles of art and a fine use of its

resources; and, after all that has been said and written about nature, strength, and originality, the true secret of fame, the real magic of genius, is not force, not passion, not novelty, but art. Look all through Milton; look at the best passages of Shakespeare; look at the monuments, 'all Greek and glorious,' which have come down to us from ancient times, what strikes us principally, and it might almost be said only, is the wonderfully artificial character of their composition; it is the principle of *their* immortality, and without it no poem can be long-lived. It may be easy to acquire popularity, and easy to display art in writing, but he, who obtains popularity by the means and employment of careful, elaborate art, may be confident that his reputation is fixed upon a sure basis. This—for his careless playing with the muse, by which at one time he kept the town alive, is scarcely remembered now—this, it seems to me, Mr. Halleck, Mr. Bryant, and Mr. Poe have done above all our authors."[1]

In the month of March, 1852, a movement was set on foot in New York, looking to the erection, in one of the public squares, of a colossal statue of James Fenimore Cooper. An association was formed, with Washington Irving for president, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Rufus W. Griswold secretaries, and Verplanck, Paulding, Bryant, Bancroft, and other literary gentlemen as members of the committee. Halleck took a deep in-

[1] *The International Magazine*, vol. iii., 1851.

terest in the project, which, however, failed of success, and the funds collected for the statue were ultimately devoted to the erection of an appropriate monument over the distinguished author's grave at Cooperstown. Halleck was warmly attached to the gifted novelist, with whom he became acquainted in the year 1815, and at whose house, in New York, he was often entertained. The poet had many amusing anecdotes to relate of his sturdy friend, with whom he had in early life been very intimate, and on one occasion, at my solicitation, promised he would prepare some reminiscences of Cooper for publication; but, like other similar promises, it remained unfulfilled.

To the May number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for the year 1852, Mr. Halleck contributed an "Extract from an Unpublished Poem," being the second part, consisting of twenty-five stanzas of "Connecticut." His poet-friend, George Hill, tells me that Halleck composed this portion of the poem during his walks in and around Guilford, that he would repeat the lines aloud, and as he occasionally emphasized a line by swinging his umbrella (without which he never left his home for a walk) in the air, the good people of Guilford, or at least a portion of them, became perfectly satisfied in their own minds that poor Halleck had gone mad, and that he should accordingly be confined in a safe place. Racine, it will be remembered, composed his verses in a similar manner. One day, when

thus working at his play of "Mithridates," in the gardens of the Tuileries, a crowd of *ouvriers* gathered around him, attracted by his gestures and loud voice; they supposed that he was a madman bent on committing suicide by throwing himself in the Seine.

In June a new edition of Halleck's poems appeared from the press of J. S. Redfield, containing the second part of "Connecticut," and a few other pieces not included in previous editions; "Fanny" being also incorporated in the collection. Of this volume a critic in *Harper's Magazine* said: "We congratulate the admirers of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and what reader of American poetry is not his admirer, on a new edition of his poetical works recently issued by Redfield, containing the old, familiar, and cherished pieces, with some extracts from hitherto unpublished poems. The fame of Halleck is identified with the literature of his country. The least voluminous of her great poets, few have a more permanent reputation, or a more authentic claim to the sacred title of poet. Combining a profuse wealth of fancy with a strong and keen intellect, he tempers the passages in which he most freely indulges, in a sweet and tender pathos, with an elastic vigor of thought, and dries the tears which he tempts forth, by sudden flashes of gayety, making him one of the most uniformly piquant of modern poets. His expressions of sentiment never fall languidly; he opens the fountains of the heart with the master-touch of genius; his humor

is as gracious and refined as it is racy, and abounding in local allusions, he gives such a point and edge to their satire, that they outlive the occasions of their application, and may be read with as much delight at the present time as when the parties and persons whom they commemorate were in full bloom. The terseness of Mr. Halleck's language is in admirable harmony with his vivacity of thought and richness of fancy, and in this respect presents a most valuable object of study for young poets."

From Nahant, Lydia H. Sigourney sends, on a summer's day in June, 1852, to her poet-friend, the following lines :

Halleck! upon the Ocean's verge,
'Mid the rude rocks of Old Nahant,
Where wave and surge their warfare urge,
And vegetation, always scant,
Puts on a scarf of summer pride,
Like tartan of the Highland bride,
Her wardrobe's poverty to hide—
Here, by pure breezes visited,
In nook at Drew's Hotel, I've read
Aloud, from an antique edition,
Your "Fanny," and the other lays,
Those earlier promptings of ambition
That led you on to fame and praise.

All pleased me and my audience well,
And yet, methinks, I fain would tell

That first, and most especially,
The rhymes of Thomas Castaly
Provoked my merriment and glee,
For they were favorites with me,
I dare not hint how long ago,
And 'tis no matter—dates, you know,
Are inconvenient things in measure,
And to remember them too well,
More of a toil than pleasure.

They say that poets ne'er grow old,
Yet Time hath quite a sleight-of-hand
At filching charms they'd gladly hold
Longer at their command,
The lustrous locks away to shred,
And scatter snow-flakes in their stead;
But still, by some free-masonry,
I understand, they have an art
To keep the sunbeam in their heart,
And, notwithstanding years may sever,
And blight, and change, and bear away,
Lay claim to Klopstock's sobriquet,
"*The youth forever.*"

Halleck! beneath your natal sky
Still do you link in classic numbers
That humor, quiet, quaint, and fine,
Which few like you are skilled to twine?
Or, with Bozzaris' battle-cry,
Startle the mermaids from their slumbers,

Where Guilford, like a well-set pin,
Stands "*Head*" and "*Point*" the sea within?
Please solve these doubts, when inclination
And leisure blend,
And count me still, in every station,
Truly, your friend.

In a letter dated 1852, Charles Augustus Davis writes to Halleck that he is planning to put a huge bronze statue of Irving and himself in Gramercy Park, New York. "I have no idea," he says, "of waiting till folks have left us, as I see no good reason why a man should not enjoy a little of his fame before he is packed up and gone. * * * Have you," Mr. Davis asks the poet, "any special objection to an umbrella under your arm? especially as you have to stand out at all seasons, and might get wet. I am afraid, if it is not there, the likeness would not strike!"

The poet, in the following letter to James H. Hackett, alludes to the proposed statue, and also to his friend's second marriage to a lady just thirty-nine years his junior:

[TO JAMES H. HACKETT.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *August* 14, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR: I am very glad, indeed, to learn from your kind letter of remembrance that there are other sensible young women besides Mrs. Enoch (see Genesis v. 21) and the late Lady Leicester, who believe

that it takes sixty-five years to make a good husband. Mrs. Enoch became the mother of Methusalem, a millionnaire in years, and Lady Leicester the mother of five sons, each a millionnaire in money. May your marriage destiny be the long life of the one, and the long purses of the other!

For my own part, I still continue to fancy that Methusalem's resolution—not to marry until he was one hundred and eighty-one—was wise and prudent as a general rule. I am fast approaching that interesting period; and, unless Mrs. Hackett, when I have the pleasure of conversing with her, shall, by reference to her own pleasant example, persuade me into an early marriage, I shall wait patiently another century for the happy day.

Please accept my best thanks for the Shakesperian pamphlet. I have kept pace admiringly with your progress in an enterprise so honorable to you and your associates, and, well acquainted as I have so long been with your own special energy and perseverance in every species of well-doing, I have great expectation of your ultimate success. Thus far our climate and that of England do not seem congenial to such "out-of-doors" undertakings.

Our flattering and facetious friend, Chas. Augustus Davis, once promised, if I would die, to impedestal a statue of me in some one of your city's triangular parks, and when I objected, for fear of taking cold

with the park gates open, he kindly assured me that I should stand with an umbrella over my head. Whether he has found a sculptor cunning in carving stone umbrellas and has patronized his genius, I have not yet been told.

Repeating my acknowledgments of your pleasant recollections of me, I am, my dear sir, most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A few weeks after the date of the following correspondence, an entertainment was given to Mr. Halleck at the Century Club by the gentlemen whose names are appended to the letter of invitation. This was one of the few public dinners that the retiring poet could be prevailed upon to accept, preferring to sit down to a quiet family table, or to breakfast and dine with two or three friends, at the clubs, or at Delmonico's. Another occasion after his retirement to Guilford, when he succumbed to the entreaties of his friends, was in attending one of the anniversary dinners, given in New York, in commemoration of the birthday of Robert Burns.

[TO FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.]

CENTURY ROOMS, *Nov.* 22, 1853.

DEAR SIR: Desirous of offering some expression of our high estimate of that genius which has contributed so much to the literary renown of our country, and of the sincere personal respect which we, in com-

mon with all who know you, feel toward yourself, we beg to invite your presence at a dinner, to be given at the rooms of the Century, at such time, most agreeable to yourself, as you may do us the favor to name.

We are, with great respect,

Your obedient servants,

G. C. Verplanck,	A. M. Cozzens,
W. C. Bryant,	W. H. Appleton,
A. B. Durand,	E. M. Young,
Jona. Sturges,	H. L. Pierson,
F. W. Edmonds,	Josiah Lane,
Jno. H. Gourlie,	F. F. Marbury,
William Kemble,	Henry K. Brown,
J. P. Cronkhite,	Geo. B. Butler,
Charles M. Leupp,	Dr. Thomas Ward,
J. F. Kensett,	Ogden Haggerty,
G. G. Smith,	David Dudley Field,

Henry Peters Gray.

[to g. c. verplanck, w. c. bryant, etc.]

Guilford, Conn., *Nov.* 26, 1853.

Gentlemen: I have had the pleasure of receiving your favor of the 22d inst., expressing, in the most flattering manner, your kind remembrance of mine and me, and proffering me, in connection with such remembrance, the honor of a dinner at your hospitable rooms. I deeply regret that my engagements here do not allow me, at this moment, to name, as you request, a day on which to avail myself of your courtesy, and I

hope you will pardon the liberty I take in asking permission to call upon you, ere long, in New York, in order to place myself at your disposal, in conformity with such arrangements as may then suit your convenience.

Begging you, gentlemen, each and all of you, to accept my most grateful acknowledgments of the high compliment you have paid me, and wishing that my humble writings and the writer were less unworthy of your good opinion, I have the honor to be,

With the utmost regard and respect,

Your friend and faithful servant,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Wm. C. Bryant, who presided at the dinner, says, in a note to the writer: "I recollect that, in my introduction to the principal toast, I spoke of Halleck occupying the same place in our literature that Horace did in Latin poetry, with the same gayety and grace in his satire and the same 'curious felicity,' if that be a correct translation of *curioso felicitas*, of his lyrical writings. Mr. Halleck, claiming the privilege of sitting while he spoke, answered, I do not remember what, but I well remember how, and that was very happily, and in a manner which pleased us all." Gulian C. Verplanck, who was also present, acting on the occasion as vice-president, recalls the circumstance of Halleck begging to be excused from standing, for then

"the brains ran to his heels," and of his speaking very wittily and to the purpose, sitting in his chair.

The *Journal of Commerce* of January 19, 1854, alludes in the following words to this entertainment: "The members of the Century Club—a club composed of the artists and literary men of the city—gave a dinner last evening to Fitz-Greene Halleck, at their establishment in Clinton Place. Mr. Wm. C. Bryant presided; Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck was vice-president. Many eminent gentlemen were present on the occasion. Mr. Bryant made one of the elegant speeches for which he is distinguished, and called out Mr. Halleck, who delighted the audience with a brilliant response, but retained his chair, giving as a reason for it that Mr. Gardiner, who was spoken of by John Randolph as a great orator, was completely overwhelmed by attempting to express his sentiments without rising, and stating that Mr. Gardiner could only regain his self-possession by getting on his feet, and that he, on the contrary, did not dare to rise. Mr. Verplanck responded in a most delightful manner to a toast offered by Mr. Bryant to the Bucktail Bards. The dinner will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant and elegant ever given in the city. We publish the correspondence, but we dare not trespass by referring more particularly to the speeches by which the occasion was enlivened."

The late Charles M. Leupp, in a letter to the poet,

referring to the entertainment, says: "Troubles never come singly, and I have been assailed so frequently since, by gentlemen inquiring why they are not permitted to be parties to the dinner, that I have had my hands full in that direction. It may be gratifying to you to know that the table was filled by those who *solicited* the honor of a seat. There was but one unoccupied, Mr. Gray's. He did not receive his note informing him that the dinner would take place until the morning after. Your 'unspoken speech' has been received with unanimous applause, 'not *loud* but *deep*,' and I don't know how to appease the malcontents who were not present, except to do it all over again, and if you don't forgive me all my trespasses and sins, I shall, with the aid of some of the dissatisfied, set the ball in motion."

Halleck's tribute to Lewis Gaylord Clark, a contribution to the "Knickerbocker Gallery," was written at his "favorite country-seat at Fort Lee," July, 1854. It is gracefully pensive, rather than melancholy, and closes with the sweetest of sweet lines, which neither Burns nor Moore could have surpassed:

"I hope thou wilt not banish hence
These few and fading flowers of mine,
But let their theme be their defence,
The love, the joy, and frankincense,
And fragrance o' LANG SYNE."

Mr. Clark, in a letter to Halleck, acknowledging his profound gratitude, says: "My heart is in my mouth, and most grateful tears are in my wife's eyes, and I don't know how to express to you my fervent thanks, my most deep gratitude, for the noble, the *proud* lines you have been so good as to address to my humble name. To have had your world-known Muse represented in the testimonial to me was of itself an honor, and a high one; but to have me and mine personally remembered in words of such exquisite beauty and power—to know and feel what a legacy this will be to our children when we have 'gone hence'—*this* overflows my cup of gratitude, of pride, and of joy. If it be happiness to make others supremely happy, that happiness should be yours this blessed night."

In 1855, at the request of his friend and former colleague at Jacob Barker's, Benjamin R. Winthrop, the poet sat to Thomas Hicks for his portrait, which was afterward engraved for the Bradford Club edition of "The Croakers." Mr. Halleck's letter, giving his consent, was as follows:

[TO BENJAMIN R. WINTHROP.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Jan.* 13, 1855.

MY DEAR WINTHROP: Your letter has made me very proud. Such requests have always been among the most flattering tokens of regard from man and woman, and this, coming from one who has known me

personally for so many years, many of them years that tried the tempers of both of us, is indeed a compliment paid me of the highest value. Before I again visit New York I will write you, in time to enable me to conform to Mr. Hicks's arrangements.

Believe me, my dear Winthrop,

Gratefully yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Soon after my return from Europe in the autumn of 1855, I met Mr. Halleck in New York, and gratified him by delivering some rosebuds and ivy-leaves, sent by the sister of Robert Burns. On this occasion we had what he called a "twa-handed crack together," which continued for several hours, the conversation being for the most part in relation to our mutual experiences in the Old World. The following morning we met again at a breakfast given by our mutual friend, Dr. Edward G. Ludlow, at the Astor House. The poet was in high spirits; and under the charm of his conversation our medical host forgot his patients, and the others forgot their business engagements of the morning. We sat three hours, and I think Halleck gave us at least a score of *bon-mots* and good stories, which, alas! passed away with the pleasant occasion that called them up.

The late William Wilson, of Poughkeepsie, in forwarding to Mr. Halleck a copy of his friend Hew

Ainslie's "Scottish Songs and Ballads," which he had assisted the author in editing, said that a certain wise newspaper-critic had pronounced them to be fine specimens of pure *Gaelic* poetry. The following letter is in answer to Mr. Wilson's note:

[TO WILLIAM WILSON.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Jan.* 12, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: I have had the pleasure of receiving your very welcome letter, and am most grateful for the kind present it promises. The volume has not been sent me from Mr. Bixby's, but I intend visiting New York in the course of a few days, and shall doubtless find it with him. I look forward to a world of enjoyment in its perusal. Its theme is, as you know, a theme I love, and is worthy of all love and honor; and, in charity to the learned critic you mention, I would fondly presume that the potent *spell* of the book charmed, for a moment, his senses into forgetfulness of *spelling*.

Please present to that thorough-bred son of his father, the younger Mr. Wilson, my best good wishes. From his full and freshly-stored mind Doctor Ludlow and myself derived, during our interviews with him at the Astor House, much pleasant and profitable information. Believe me, my dear sir,

Gratefully yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Halleck, like Sydney Smith, was fond of a sly hit at the lawyers. In the following letter he refers to the death of his friend Ogden Hoffman, who, it will be remembered, abandoned the navy, in which he served with gallantry during the war of 1812–'14, for the profession of the law, gaining great distinction as an eloquent advocate:

[TO WILLIAM W. BRUCE.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *May* 12, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: Your kind favor of the 8th has to-day reached me by the way of *Milford*. The post-office people transform your G's into M's. This is the third time of their blunders. Pray give them hereafter a longer tail to the G. I am very grateful for your continued remembrance of my wish as to the city loan. For the present, however, I am content with my present investments; still I shall be glad to hear from you from time to time on the subject, particularly as I thereby learn that you yourself are well and doing well.

I most sincerely join with you in deep grief for the loss of our friend Hoffman, a loss, I fear, not to be supplied in our time. Commodore Decatur loudly expressed his sad regret when the navy lost his services, and lamented that he should have exchanged an *honorable* profession for that of a lawyer!

I thank you for your compliment in supposing that

I could do aught to make his memory more lasting; but it needs not our eulogiums, and will outlast us all.

When can I do any thing for you in return for all your kindnesses? When I can, do not forget me.

Yours most truly,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The poet begins another note to his friend and associate in Astor's office as follows: "It is nearly five months (save a few stormy days in the first week of February too stormy to be counted) since I have been in New York, and you may have become a member of Congress or a foreign ambassador during that time; still I hope my letter will find you, wherever you are, healthy and wealthy, and ever disposed to do me kindnesses as of old."

While Thackeray was in the United States, Halleck and the English humorist met several times. They first saw each other at the residence of Charles M. Leupp, who, in inviting Halleck to a dinner, says: "Thackeray had an engagement for Monday, but cancelled it for the pleasure of meeting you." The poet was pleased with his conversation, but was not an admirer of his prose writings. He, however, admitted that Thackeray had the trick of writing good Irish songs and ballads, and repeated with evident enjoyment some lines of the "Battle of Limerick," of which I remember but three:

"They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies)
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore."

At the same time he quoted a verse from one of Thackeray's early Irish songs, called "Barry Lindon:"

"On Brady's tower there grows a flower,
It is the loveliest flower that blows—
At Castle Brady there lives a lady
(And how I love her no one knows):
Her name is Nora, and the goddess Flora
Presints her with this blooming rose."

Halleck went with his friend Dr. Ludlow to hear one of Thackeray's lectures—that on George the Fourth—and was so much displeased with what he considered a caricature of the man, for whom, with all his faults, he entertained a regard as "the first gentleman of Europe," that, after sitting for a few minutes, he said to his companion, "I am going. I can't listen any longer to his abuse of a better man than himself," and the friends accordingly rose and left the hall.

In January, 1857, the poet writes to T. W. C. Moore, one paragraph of the letter referring to his portrait in the possession of Charles A. Davis, and, since the poet's death, presented to the New-York His-

torical Society by Mrs. Davis: "How could you have the heart to induce our estimable Mr. Davis to remove that frightening caricature from the gracious shade that had so long half-concealed it? In the sunshine of its new fame it will look as ugly as the Witch of Endor in white satin and Honiton lace. Its kind proprietor has always assured me, with the amiable frankness of friendship, that it is a *flattering* likeness; and now, it seems, you do me the honor to 'aid and abet' him in that his most facetious joke!! I refrain from alluding to the comforters of Job, and 'the damned good-natured friend' of Sir Fretful Plagiary, until I have once more the pleasure of seeing you."

In answer to a request that he would become a contributor to a new periodical to be established at Chicago, of which I had the editorial charge, Mr. Halleck sent me the following characteristic letter:

[TO JAMES GRANT WILSON.]

GUILFORD, *Feb.* 28, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: At the moment your letter was handed me I was smiling over a story in Tom Moore's diary. An Irishman, who had been employed as a guide by a stranger in Dublin, was asked, "Didn't you know him? It is Sir Walter Scott, the great poet." "No, no," he answered; "the divil a bit of a poet he is, BUT a *real gentleman*, for he gave me half

a crown." I opened your letter, and found myself addressed, not as a *real* gentleman, although I have spent a sufficient number of half-crowns during the last seven years to entitle me to the distinction, but as a poor *divil* of a poet, and offered a place as piper in a regiment of "*penny-a-liners*," stationed somewhere on the frontiers of civilization, among the Chicago Indians. Pray, my dear sir, have you no sympathy with repentant sinners? Do you wish Mrs. W., if there is or is to be such a fortunate woman, to remind you of your early flirtations, of the time when you used, as Milton says:

> "To sport with Amyrillis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair"?

Have you not, yourself, nursed as you were in song, written as boy more rhymes than you have ever sold as publisher? And shall I tell it to "*the trade*," and jeopardize the credit of your firm at the next sale? Are not seven years of good behavior—years that, according to Wordsworth, "bring the philosophic mind"—to justify an unlimited *ticket of leave?* Or do you hope to make your magazine so profitable as to enable you to pay prices princely enough to change a poet's proverbial character into that of a *real* gentleman? or what is still more respectable, as times go, into a shrewd Fifth-Avenue business man, praised and envied for successful energy and enterprise until

he is dead, and then declared by the surrogate to have been incapable of making a will, by reason of his mental imbecility?

To be serious—I am very happy to hear that you have placed yourself in business in a manner so satisfactory to you, and I wish you a pleasant and prosperous career. I have so often violated my promise to write for magazines, etc., that my word is at a large discount per month in the book-market; but if you will have the kindness to send me your first number I will certainly read it through every line, which is all that I will ask of your readers concerning the first article that I shall send you for their perusal.

Believe me, my dear sir,

Very truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Few men could pay a prettier compliment than Mr. Halleck, as the following letter to a friend, who had sent him a volume of essays, will illustrate:

[TO WILLIAM A. JONES.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *June* 15, 1857.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of (no date, but post-marked 2d inst.) has but now reached me, having been addressed to New Haven in place of the old town whose looks you once told me you so much liked. It is so long since you have been here, that I do not wonder

that you have forgotten it, and I am the more grateful for the certainty that you have not forgotten *me*, as your very welcome present, which I only received from Mr. Redfield's a few days since, so flatteringly assured me. Please accept herewith another instalment of my heart's thanks for your courtesies, and place it to the credit of the long-standing account between us, whose only credits are of a similar nature. If I should ever publish another book, the excuse for its deficiencies will be my earnest desire to attempt to pay you and a few like you the debts I owe in *kind* as well as in *kindness*.

I am happy to find that you have enlarged your collection, and enriched it still more with new nuggets from the original vein, all true in the old worth and weight. Don't be too proud when I tell you that a young lady here, who honors me by borrowing all the books in my little library, assured me, on returning your former volume, that it had given her more delight and instruction blended, than any book she had ever read; and when I hinted at the possible equality of Addison's, Goldsmith's, etc., she told me I was no judge. There's fame for you! She (the lady, not Fame) is only eighteen, and as lovely as morning.

Do you ever see our old and estimable acquaintances, the Elliots? They are now at home in New York, and have, I fear, forgotten, like you, in their metropolitan "pride, pomp, and circumstance," all

villages under fifty thousand inhabitants. When your college, like our "Lady of Loretto," has found a resting-place for a few years, please let me know, and I will look it up in the hope of finding you there wealthy and healthy. Believe me, dear sir,

Most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

It was during the month of September, 1857, that I met the poet in New York, and we went together to the Broadway Theatre to see his friend Charles Matthews, in a new and amusing comedy entitled "Married for Money." "Have you ever looked through St. Paul's and Trinity churchyards?" asked the poet of the writer, as we rose from the breakfast-table on the following morning; and, receiving a reply in the negative, he said, "If you are at leisure, let us go now;" and we accordingly crossed over from the Astor House, and, finding the entrance open, walked in. After pointing out the graves of some of the "old familiar faces," friends of his early and later years, he led me to the last resting-place of the celebrated actor, George Frederick Cooke, and pointed out the tomb erected by the liberality of Edmund Kean in 1821, and restored by his son Charles in 1846. With all these eminent tragedians' theatrical representations, Halleck was familiar, and with the Keans he was intimately acquainted. Among other interesting recollections con-

nected with St. Paul's Church, the poet told me that, nine years after his father was born, the block on which the church now stands was ploughed and sowed with wheat; and that he witnessed the reinterment, under the present monument, of the remains of the gallant Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, in 1775, which were removed to New York, July 8, 1818. It was through the instrumentality of John Pintard, who died in 1844, said the poet, that General Montgomery's remains were recovered. Dr. John Pintard, the founder of the New-York Historical Society, and the friend of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, King, Jay, Fish, and other Revolutionary worthies, was fully conversant with the horrors of the Jersey prison-ship, the scenes in the old Sugar-House, and the hospital practice on the American prisoners in the old Dutch Church in Nassau Street (now the Post-office), then appropriated for medical and other purposes by the British army. From St. Paul's we proceeded to Trinity, the poet entertaining me by the way with his recollections of Dr. Pintard. Soon after entering, he led me to the south side of the churchyard, and pointed out the monument of Alexander Hamilton (which, as was the case with Cooke's tablet, I had never seen), entertaining me with eulogistic remarks on that eminent statesman. Many years afterward, we went together to see the grave of Mrs. Hamilton, with whom Mr. Halleck was well acquainted, and who was, probably, the last survivor among those

who, during the Revolutionary days, was on terms of intimacy with General and Mrs. Washington. It was on the occasion of our second visit, in 1866, that he also pointed out to me the vaults of the Livingston and Watts families, containing the remains of his friends Robert Fulton and General Philip Kearney.

CHAPTER IX.

1858–1866.

New Editions of Poems.—Fourth of July in New York.—Reminiscences.—Birthday Lines.—Anecdotes of Joseph Bonaparte, Marshal Grouchy, etc.—French Translations.—Mr. Bryant visits Halleck.—Letters to Mrs. Rush.—Browning and Tennyson.—Capture of John Slidell.—War-Odes.—Picture of Irving and his Friends.—Halleck's Opinion of Jackson.—A Visit to the Poet.—Anecdotes.—Young America.—Willis on Halleck.—Letter to a Clergyman.—Reminiscences.

IN 1858 new and complete editions of Mr. Halleck's poems were published by the Appletons in one 12mo volume, and in the small and popular blue and gold series. These were the last issued during his career on earth. The poet appears to have been a literary *fainéant* after leaving New York, for but two poems, written during a period of nine years—if, indeed, he wrote any others—were deemed worthy of a place in the editions of 1858. Of the 12mo volumes, which enjoyed a wide circulation, a single Western State purchased a thousand copies for the use of their school-district libraries.

Mr. Halleck's visits to New York on the 4th of

July were continued almost to the last. He did not care for the display—the military parades of the day and the exhibitions of fireworks at night—but greatly enjoyed wandering about the city alone, watching the country people, and looking with pleasure upon the happy groups of girls and boys, and occasionally distributing a few coppers or fire-crackers among some of the poorer and most ragged specimens of Young America to be found in and around the City-Hall Park. In a letter dated October 2, 1858, the poet says: "I am gradually lessening the number of my visits to your city, and becoming more and more a 'stranger and sojourner' there. I was there, as usual, to see my old favorite day, the 'Fourth of July,' which I found as noisy and as merry as ever. I had too much regard for you to call upon you at the same time. The weather was quite too hot for your hospitality."

The following letter, addressed to General Sandford, refers to an amusing parody on "Marco Bozzaris," entitled "John McKeon," and written, not by his son, but by Miss Sandford, and also contains a facetious reference to their service together in the famous Iron Grays:

[TO GENERAL SANDFORD.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *July* 19, 1858.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I regret that my absence from home has caused your letter of the 10th instant

to remain so long unanswered. I have been most pleasantly amused by your son's very clever burlesque. That I have Falstaff's wit will continue to be doubted; but that, like him, I have been "the cause of wit in others," is now quite certain. Sir Walter Scott always insisted upon claiming the imitation of him, in the "Rejected Addresses," as his own lines, written like Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," in a dream, and used to boast of them as the best he had written. I am half inclined, in the present case, to follow his example, and rob our young poet of his laurels. Pray say to him, with my grateful compliments, that since he can do so well in jest, we hope that he will frequently let us know how much better he can do in earnest.

I intended to have availed myself of your always so kindly proffered hospitality on the 5th instant, but I was detained at the critical moment by a young Greek, who called on me with a letter of introduction. I had, however, the pleasure of seeing him delighted while gazing with me from Bixby's windows upon the "pomp and circumstance" of your military display, and he spoke of the discipline and the brilliant appearance of the troops, and of their leader, in such flattering terms, that I could not refrain from telling him that but for the wound that I received while fighting by your side, in one of our battles, during our last war, on the day when you were decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, I should myself have remained in the army!

That young man now knows something of American history, which is more than I can say of any other European of my acquaintance.

Please do me the kindness to present my best wishes and regards to your good lady and to your family, and to believe me, my dear General,

Faithfully yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

The young Greek traveller referred to in the foregoing letter is Professor Canale, the translator of "Marco Bozzaris," and the author of the following lines, addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck, on the sixty-ninth anniversary of his birth:

"How Nature blushes on this lovely shore;
How sweet the roses scattered by the morn!
On such a day, ere sixty years and four
Their ashes left in classic glory's urn,
A child, in whom we wit and grace adore,
At Guilford, in Connecticut, was born;
The Muse of song proclaimed that infant's goal:
'Go, sing the beauties of thy lovely land,
Embalming in thy verse the maiden's soul
Together with the patriot-hero's brand!'

"Her he obeyed, and sang, like Chio's bard,
The brilliant exploits of our Souli's son,
Who, aided by three hundred comrades, warred
On soil where erst the Persians were undone.

In tent of Scodra's satrap entered he,
And bravely fought against the savage horde,
Determined that his country should be free,
Or he would perish by the foeman's sword.
Thy beautiful and spirit-stirring lay,
With which thou hast immortalized his name,
Shall live as long as Hellas' arm doth sway,
Long as her Muse shall sing of patriot fame.

"Botzaris' laurels shall with Halleck's blend,
And send their fragrance to all states oppressed,
And pilgrims from afar shall thither wend,
To pay their homage where their glories rest.
Let glory ever gild thy day of birth,
More as the tide of time rolls over thee;
And, when thou hast beheld 'the last of earth,'
Mayst thou enjoy thy immortality!"

I had the good fortune to meet the poet in New York in October, 1859, when we had several "sessions" together. From a memorandum made at the time I extract a few paragraphs: "At breakfast to-day, Halleck had, as usual, about a hundred anecdotes. He is in the matter of stories what Hudibras was in figures of speech—'his mouth he cannot ope, but out there flew a trope.' So with the poet; he cannot open his mouth without uttering or recalling something worth hearing. He conversed on twenty different topics in the course of two hours. To-morrow we are to go to Weehawken, and dine together on our return. * * *

"In the course of our dinner to-day, Halleck related numerous stories to illustrate various topics, among which was an anecdote of the *Grand Monarque* and one of his veterans. Louis, being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of the old soldier for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard, 'That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my army.' 'That is precisely the charge,' said the *vieux sabreur*, 'which your majesty's enemies bring against me.' He was advanced, his wit having won the promotion which his gallant record failed to obtain for him.

"This story was followed by an account of the wedding-party of a member of the Bonaparte family at Villegrand's, in Warren Street, New York. Halleck was the only American present, all the others being French. Among the company was Count Survilliers, the title assumed in this country by Joseph Bonaparte; Marshal Grouchy, who, according to the ex-king's testimony, said Halleck, 'was not a traitor to Napoleon;' Generals Renaud, St. Jean d'Angely, Van Dam, Desnouettes, Lallemand, and other expatriated followers of the emperor, who sought a refuge in the United States. The count talked to Halleck on this and other occasions without reserve, referring to his former situation as 'Quand j'étais roi d'Espagne,' or 'Dans mes belles affaires.' In the course of the evening the party became quite hilarious, and enjoyed themselves

as no other men on the face of the earth but Frenchmen could have done under similar circumstances. The ex-king made a trumpet of a newspaper, and blew it vigorously; the marshal sang songs, all present joining in the chorus; the famous cavalry leader, Lallemand, jumped about on all fours, with a four-year-old boy on his back; while another Waterloo general gave laughable imitations of a stuttering French soldier, and other comicalities. They romped and played like children, and although some of the party were old, others elderly, they were all full of youthful spirit. Halleck modestly refrained from stating in what manner he contributed to the enjoyment of the evening, which he characterized as the 'raciest and most amusing night I ever passed.'

"Among the other entertaining stories which the poet related of the French marshals, was one of Junot, who, when made governor of the Illyrian provinces, one morning surprised the whole population by appearing in the Great Square before his palace on a pedestal, mounted on his horse, *à la Mazeppa*, with a single *fillet*, himself naked as he was born, as personifying an equestrian statue. The police advanced to stop the scandalous exhibition, and, to their utter astonishment, found that it was the general-in-chief. This anecdote does not, of course, appear in the admirable memoirs of his wife, the Duchess d'Abrantes, a work often quoted and referred to by Mr. Halleck."

During a visit made by Mr. Halleck to New York, in April, 1860, he was for some time confined to his hotel by a severe cold. One morning, when a very intimate friend called to see the poet, he said that, if he should die then or hereafter in New York, he wished his friend Dr. Taylor, of Grace (Episcopal) Church, to conduct the funeral services, and that his remains should be taken to Greenwood Cemetery. Among his numerous visitors, while he was compelled to remain in-doors, was William C. Bryant, to whom he makes allusion in the following amusing letter to John Bigelow, that gentleman, while honorably representing this country in France, having forwarded to Mr. Halleck translations of several of his poems, made by M. de C——, an estimable French gentleman of letters and leisure, who had requested Mr. Bigelow to forward them to the poet:

[TO JOHN BIGELOW.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *May* 24, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR: A "hoarsen cold," wanting the dignity of that of Justice Shallow's conscript, "Peter Bullcalf, of the Green," which was "caught by ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day," has, to my exceeding regret, compelled me to postpone from time to time my answer to your kind letter. With my returning strength I hasten to thank you for your continued remembrance of me, preserved as it so flatter-

ingly has been, amid the million distractions of your active life, and with a distance so wide between us, alike of time and space, of years and miles.

Much of "wild and wonderful" you have doubtless met with in your "sight-seeing" pilgrimages abroad; pilgrimages which, I hope, have proved pleasant and profitable to you; but pray tell me, candidly, if, in all the sights detailed in Murray's hand-books, those you have seen, and those you have wisely refrained from seeing, in all the museums you have visited, from the British to Barnum's, have you met a greater curiosity than the document which, to my infinite instruction and delight, you have done me the kindness to forward with your letter.

Instructive, for it enables me to appreciate most feelingly the force of Burns's lines:

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!"

And admonishes me (reversing the medal of Falstaff's expression) of the heinousness of my twofold guilt, that of uttering nonsense myself, and causing the utterance of nonsense by others.

And delight, by irresistibly reminding me of the hearty laugh with which I greeted the appearance of Liston some years ago in London, when he came upon the stage mounted upon a donkey, and repeated George Colman's lines, "Behold a pair of us!" and by bring-

ing home to my own "business and bosom" the scene in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Enter Bottom with an ass's head," and Quince's exclamation, "Oh Bottom, thou art TRANSLATED!" and thereby placing me, in all the pride of authorship, upon the top step of the ladder of literary ambition.

During my recent illness in New York, Mr. Bryant did me the honor to make my sick-room a pleasant one, by frequently calling upon me. I wish you had been present when he read the translation. His appreciation of the fun of the thing was visible in his eyes. They sparkled like stars in a frosty sky, in the absence of moon or cloud; a study for an artist.

Allow me to hope to learn very soon from your pen that this letter has reached you, and tell us when we are to have the pleasure of welcoming you back among us. I take your expressed leave to enclose a letter for M. de C——. Will you, after perusing it, have the goodness to forward it to him, and greatly oblige,

My dear sir,

Yours very gratefully,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

[TO MRS. RUSH.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Nov.* 21, 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. RUSH: I am very grateful for your continued kind remembrance of me, and for the courtesy of your promise to like my next war-song,

notwithstanding the rejection of my last as one of the unlucky twelve hundred, and I think it my bounden duty, while generously declining to put your good-nature to so severe a test, to tell you frankly a melancholy truth. Sir Walter Scott once said to a clerical friend of his: "I am afraid that I am fast losing my memory, for I listened attentively to your yesterday's sermon, and to-day I have forgotten every word of it." So in my case, I owe a like compliment to the poetry of Mrs. Browning and Mr. Tennyson; I have read many of them over and over, and have been told that they are all exceedingly beautiful, and yet I have not at this moment a single line of them by heart! I am certain, therefore, that you, whose endurance of my intoning of remembered rhymes won for you of old the reputation of being the most lady-like of listeners, will agree with me in admitting that my memory is gone, and that I cannot conscientiously hereafter ask others to remember my rhymes while confessing my inability to remember theirs. Moreover, sadly and seriously, is this Southern, this sin-born war of ours, worthy of a poet's consecration? a poet, whose art, whose attribute it is to make the dead on fields of battle, alike the victors and the vanquished, look beautiful in the sunbeams of his song. On the contrary, it is but a mutiny, a monster mutiny, whose ring-leaders are a dozen crime-worn politicians, determined to keep themselves in power, and will sooner or later

find its Nemesis in the blood and tears of a servile insurrection.

If, however (to end my letter cheerfully), the recent entrapping of my old acquaintance, John Slidell, should bring us a war with England, a foe "worthy of our steel" and stanzas, I will make the attempt you so flatteringly request; and, as Homer won his laurels by singing the wrath of Achilles for the loss of his sweetheart, I will strive to win mine by singing the wrath of John Bull for the captivity of John Slidell.

[TO THE SAME.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Dec.* 7, 1861.

There is a saying often, nowadays, attributed to Talleyrand, but which you can find in one of Goldsmith's essays, and might have found in some book in Noah's library, had you been that gentleman's fellow-passenger in the ark, "that one true use of language is, not to express, but to conceal our thoughts." I must have made just such a use of it in the letter you so promptly and cheeringly answer; for, what I really meant, you seem quite to have misunderstood. I was not one of the "Rejected," I merely feigned to believe that you thought that I was, and deservedly, one of them, and wished slyly to console me by asking me to try again. And, as to Sir Walter Scott and myself, we but meant very courteously to say, he with reference to the sermon, and I to the poems, that neither of them

were worth remembering—high-treason, I grant you, against the lady and the laureate on my part, and exemptions from "benefit of clergy" on his.

Hereafter I must be more cautious in my pleasant use of "irony and raillery," but the fact is that, being the owner of railroad bonds which (deuce take them) pay no interest, I strive to make the two unlucky words as amusingly available as I can, and gather honey from the hive of the bee that stung me.

To convince you that my memory is still, as of old, "wax to receive and marble to retain," when she likes and what she likes, I assure you that I have recently got the enclosed lines and many others like them, from time to time, by heart at a *first reading*—an infallible proof of a good memory of good things. Perhaps they are old acquaintances of yours, but my reading of new works has of late years been so very limited, that they are strangers to me. Please enlighten me as to their authorship.

I take great pleasure in congratulating you on having such a delightful companion as young grandmother Janet, in your visit to the fortress and the camp. Pray did your passports describe you, the one as *Fille du Régiment* and the other as Florence Nightingale? If so, which was which? Should the old lady, as the commodore used to call her when she was fifteen, be near you still, will you do me the kindness to present to her my very best good wishes, and say that I hope the

next time I come to town, for almost the single purpose of seeing her and hers, I shall find her in her nest, and no longer on the wing.

[TO THE SAME.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *January* 31, 1862.

I owe you an apology for my long delay in answering your last letter, but I have been waiting from hour to hour for news from abroad, enabling me to determine whether my contemplated epic and your kind acceptance of its dedication were things "to be or not to be."

At length the agony is over. After reading the enclosed, I unstring my harp in despair. No verse of mine can rival the prose of *The Times* in viperous vituperation. What a delightful "bank of violets" the article is "for the sweet South to breathe upon!" What a "belle alliance" is hers likely to be after such a reception of her "proud Dukes of Somerset" and her peerless "Sir Philip Sidneys!"

I am gratefully sensible of the compliment paid me by the persons you mention, but I must crave their pardon for bashfully and becomingly declining to appear in print as that "grand personage" of the press, a "reliable authority." I do not recollect the portion of my letter you allude to, but, if in it I spoke well and wisely, it was not the first time in my life that I have anticipated, in conversation with you, what

you were about to say, and how well you were about to say it.

It seems quite probable that England, in her anxious desire to do us wrong somehow, will soon find, "in fresh fields and pastures new," a fitting theme for her wrath and my rhyme. If so, you will hear of us. Her present pretence for grief and growling, the "sinking of the stone fleet," is alliterally alluring, but that ominous word "sinking" is, unluckily, applicable to a "song" as well as a ship.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Rush,

Truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

In 1862, there was exhibited in New York a painting by F. O. C. Darley, representing a group of prominent American authors at Sunnyside, including Irving, Cooper, Halleck, Prescott, Bancroft, Bryant, Longfellow, and other literary celebrities. Of this picture, the poet says, in a letter to Pierre M. Irving: "It is now nearly a year since I visited New York, and I, thus far, have not yet had the pleasure of seeing the painting of your uncle's friends, in which I am honored with a place; but I understand that its artist has considerately made me the ugliest-looking fellow of the group. Remembering, as I do, the boast of the backwoodsman that he had the swiftest horse, the surest rifle, the prettiest sister, and the ugliest dog in all Kentucky,

meaning a compliment to each, I feel highly flattered in being portrayed as 'Poor Tray,' who, you know, is renowned as the ugliest, the fondest, and the most faithful of all dogs in song and story."

Halleck always entertained a high opinion of General Jackson's military abilities, which was illustrated in the darkest days of the rebellion, *i. e.*, in the spring of 1863. Meeting a venerable man of nearly ninety, who was extremely feeble, he said: "Well, my friend, if you are soon taken from us, as you anticipate, I wish, when you reach the other world, that you would do me the favor to ask General Jackson if he won't return and take command of the Army of the Potomac for a few weeks?" About the same time the poet writes: "I refrain from alluding to this deplorable and never-to-be-ended war. Would to God we could have my old friend Jackson back again to put down this accursed rebellion, and restore the blessings of peace to our bleeding country! * * * While regretting the death of your gallant colonel,[1] I cannot but rejoice to see you advanced to the head of your regiment. Were I fifty years younger, I should like to follow you and your flag. You must find striking sabres with the Southerners as warm work as did your Scottish ancestors and mine, when they crossed swords with the English borderers. Come and see me when the siege is ended, and fight your battles o'er again."

[1] Warren Stewart, Colonel Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry.

A month after the fall of Vicksburg, I obtained a furlough, and during my sojourn in the North visited Guilford. I found the poet much changed in appearance. Alluding to his white beard, which he had allowed to grow very long, he jestingly remarked: "I was afraid I should be taken for twenty-five, and so I have whitewashed my beard *to avoid the draft.*" In introducing me it was usually—"My friend Colonel ——, who captured Vicksburg," adding after a pause; "with the assistance of General Grant and fifty thousand others." He alluded hopefully and cheerfully to the speedy termination of the war, remarking that it was a "mutiny which must be put down." We wandered together among the woods musical with birds, through the fields brilliant with wild-flowers, among them the great white and purple lilies, and that old Puritan flower Jack-in-the-pulpit; and visited many places of historic interest, among the number the old stone house, built in 1639, by the first settlers of Guilford, and first occupied by that godly man, Henry Whitfield, of whom it has been said, that "he could on urgent occasions be as liberal with the heads of his enemies as he was ordinarily with the heads of his sermons;" and the cellar where, during colonial days, the regicides Goff and Whalley remained secreted for several months, daily supplied with provisions by Governor Leete, who publicly manifested an excessive zeal for their capture, at the very time that he availed himself

of the common belief in witchcraft to throw their pursuers off the track. Of the many stories, of his jokes and repartees, and of his conversations "in boyish jest or manly earnest," I have only *couleur de rose* recollections, having made no memoranda at the time. One capital story I do, however, recollect, as I distinctly remember the delight and enjoyment with which the poet related it: "In one of the barbarous fights between the natives of Caithness and Sutherland, the latter were on the point of being routed, when a party of the clan Mackay very opportunely came to their assistance, and the unfortunate Caithnessians were, with a solitary exception, literally butchered. The greatest havoc was committed by a powerful Highlander, belonging to the aforesaid clan, who wielded a huge Lochaber axe. He took up his position in a narrow pass through which the fugitives attempted to escape, and cut down every one of them as they came up, with the exception of this one individual, who managed to evade the merciless weapon and got safe home, like one of Job's messengers, to tell the mournful tale. Many years after this, when the Strathnaver warrior was on his deathbed, he was visited by the priest, who earnestly advised him to confess his sins, and 'make a clean breast of it,' now that he was about to leave the world and appear in the presence of the great Judge. 'Is there any thing, Donald,' inquired the priest, 'that lies particularly heavy on your conscience?' 'No,'

said the dying Highlander, raising himself up with a great effort from his pillow, and striking the bed with his clinched fist, 'no, nothing, *but that I allowed that vagabond of a Caithnessman to escape!*'"

In January, 1864, Halleck broke his long poetical silence by a poem of about three hundred lines, entitled "Young America," for which he was paid five hundred dollars. The whole sum received by Mr. Halleck for the various editions of his poems, including his poetical contributions to periodicals, was sixteen thousand dollars. If to this are added one thousand for editing Byron's works, and half that amount for making his selections from the British poets, we have a total of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars as the amount received by the poet for the literary labors of a lifetime. An English writer has just been paid fifty thousand dollars for a new novel! "Young America," originally written for the *New-York Ledger*, was afterward published in a small volume, with illustrations. It is rather a series of lyrics, connected by a thread of description, than a poem, and a considerable portion of it is devoted to war, the topic uppermost in all American minds at that time. The aspirations, follies, and precocity of Young America are satirized in a pleasing manner, if not with all the poet's early strength and vigor. Many critics as well as admirers pronounced these beautiful *immortelles* of his Indian summer equal to those of his best days—as characterized by the same

grace and fervor, and destined to meet with the same popularity accorded to the happiest efforts of his younger Muse. But the prediction has not been fulfilled. Of "Young America," the poet says, in a note to the writer, dated February, 1864: "I took the liberty, some time since, of shipping by mail to New Orleans a package of weak rhymes. Had they sufficient strength to reach you alive?" To Mrs. Rush he writes a year later on the same subject:

"I am very grateful to the two pre-Raphaelite pictures which embellish my 'Young America,' partly because they have uplifted its price from five cents to fifty, and particularly because they have upwaked your friendly recollections of me, and have added one more to your always-wished-for and welcome letters.

"I was not disappointed by your silence on the subject of the verses when I sent them to you a year ago. In these 'sensation' times I cannot expect them to be liked, or even tolerated. There is, I am aware, nothing in them resembling Miss Braddon's exciting themes in prose, or Enoch Arden's story of polygamy (so decent, delicate, and decorous) in verse.

"Yet there is 'balm in Gilead,' for, to soothe and strengthen me against your so deeply-lamented disapproval of them, your neighbor, Mr. Allibone, the author of the best book of its kind in any language, and with whom, although I have never yet met him, I have the honor of corresponding, has sent me a notice

of them, written by a relation of his, and published in your *City Item* newspaper of 31st December last. Pray borrow a copy, and you will learn how much of all that is good and graceful, etc., etc., you have missed finding in them, and (he blushes as he writes it) in their ingenious and ingenuous author!

"With regard to the 'War-Odes' you so flatteringly solicit, I can only remind you of my remarks, and of my reasons to the contrary, expressed in a letter some four years ago. Out of this 'monster mutiny,' as I then called it, no poetry destined to live long can ever, in my opinion, be wrought. The 'Great Rebellion' in England produced nothing in the way of poetry except Butler's 'Hudibras,' and our terrible war does not, thus far, present any themes for pleasantry. If rebellion could prompt immortal 'War-Odes,' why did not Milton give us one? In prose he mingled in its strife most earnestly and ardently, but, rather than desecrate his genius by so doing in verse, he wisely preferred 'going to the devil' for a subject."

[TO MRS. VINCENZO BOTTA.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *March* 30, 1864.

DEAR MRS. BOTTA: The reason for the brevity of your note of the 28th grieves me sadly. Now that you are about to become one of Milton's

> "Store of ladies whose bright eyes
> Rain influence, and judge the prize," etc.,

those bright eyes ought not to be doing penance for the mischief they have done to young hearts in their girlhood. Pray take quick and good care of them, for your own sake and for all our sakes.

I hope that their "influence" may be "rained" over all sorts of "*porte-monnaies*" at the "Fair," to its exceeding advantage; and am quite vexed (reprobate and immoral as I am) at our friend Dr. Bellows and his brother Dissenters (especial favorites, you recollect, of the reverend joker, Sydney Smith), for their denunciation of lotteries, thereby depriving you of the pleasure of awarding the prizes Milton names.

My old-fashioned reverence for things sacred was shocked some time since by hearing a "Maine-law" man, when reminded that our Saviour had sanctioned wine-drinking by a miracle, say, "I admit the fact; but were He now on earth He would not dare to outrage public opinion to such a degree;" and now it seems that clergymen, claiming to be successors of the eleven apostles, pronounce their conduct in choosing a twelfth by lottery (see Acts i. 26) an outrage upon the purity and piety of the party-members of the New-York Legislature! "Truly," as Horace Greeley often says, quoting from Galileo, "the world moves!" For your again kindly repeated proffer of a home to me, I am more and more grateful; but I fear that my visit to town next week will be but a flying visit, and that I shall find no time to rest my wings in such a comfort-

able nest. You must pardon me, therefore, for begging you not to reserve a room or make any other preparation for me. When I have the pleasure of calling upon you we can discourse fully upon all hospitable topics.

I have made this letter so much longer than it ought to be, to make up for the shortness of yours. The two together make one of the regulation length. With my best regards to Mr. Botta, believe me, dear lady, Most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

In one of his "Letters from Idlewild," addressed to his younger partner of the *Home Journal*, in June, 1864, N. P. Willis writes: "I shook hands with an old friend in Broadway a few days ago, and I admired once more the truthful and frank mould of his manly features, and heard once more the music of his well-toned voice. I could not but think what personal authority, what natural empire, as it were, had been—by the entire seclusion from the public—needlessly foregone! With such advantages of physiognomy and manners, so winning a look and voice, how is it that Fitz-Greene Halleck has never let himself be known to audiences? With his well-won fame as the poet whom everybody is ready to admire, he retires to his remote home in Connecticut, coming to New York only as the most retiring of visitors to the most secluded of hotels—thus

'biding his time,' while hundreds upon hundreds of those who appreciate and fervently admire him do not even know him by sight! Halleck's genial countenance, and, still more, his full and genial cadences of voice, suited him especially for a lecturer. What a pity that so admirably-formed a creature should die (as he is likely to) without the eye-and-ear homage for which Nature gifted him!"

[TO REV. SOLYMAN BROWN.]

GUILFORD, CONN., *Aug.* 25, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR: I am very grateful for your continued remembrance of me, and for the kind interest in my present and future welfare evinced in your pleasant letter of the 22d instant; and, although my distance from large libraries and collections of books has prevented me from profiting to the extent I wish by the perusal of the works you mention, I agree with you most earnestly in highly prizing them and their venerated author. Still, I must crave your pardon for reminding you of the preference given to the home of her youth and its teachings by the English lady, who, after a long journey over our growing and still unsettled Western States, said, "Oh dear, how I do wish to find a town that is *finished!*"

My own case, in connection with religious reading, is somewhat similar to hers, and the more I strive to find, in new books on sacred subjects, food for the

soul's health, in the beauty of their prairies, and their lakes and mountains, the more gladly do I return to the old pastures amid which my youth was nurtured, and to the One Book, now many, many centuries old. I am happy to learn from your so touchingly eloquent allusion to the family and parsonage, blessings of your present position in life, that you have learned from that Book, "in whatsoever state you are, therewith to be content;" and hoping to hear often from you, and to congratulate you upon your constant continuation in well-doing and in well-being, I beg you to believe me, my dear sir,

Most truly yours,

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

William A. Jones, who enjoyed the poet's friendship for many years, has favored me with the following reminiscences: "I did not personally become acquainted with Mr. Halleck till the summer of 1849, when on a visit to Mr. H. N. Elliot, of Guilford. Mr. Halleck did me the honor to call upon me, having known my father, which call I returned, and had a very pleasant visit. From time to time, up to July, 1866, it was my good fortune to meet him occasionally on his periodical visits to New York, in a casual way, and enjoyed a number of short conversations with him.

"During this interval, also, I received a few of his sparkling notes and letters, two of which, I am sorry

to say, I was foolish enough to give away as autographs and relics of the poet. July, 1866, my wife and self passed at Guilford, and saw Mr. Halleck almost daily. He called, and made good long calls, enlivened by his charming vivacity, anecdote, ready illustration, and brilliant fancy; by his ever apt and agreeable reminiscences; by his playful satire and wit; by his fine sense and admirable taste and temper. I regret that I did not note down a variety of good things he uttered or recalled.

"I returned his visits, and found him always most cordial and conversable. It was a most grateful sight to me to witness the fond pride of his affectionate sister in him and in his conversational powers. She seemed to enjoy his jests, and stories, and quotations, as if for the first time, and with an original relish. He was a great walker for a man of seventy-six, and took his daily stroll to the hotel at the Point, chatted with the visitors, his old and new acquaintances. He was regularly at the post-office when the New-York mail came in, and almost always had a budget. His New-York friends kept him supplied with magazines, papers, pamphlets, etc., etc. I often accompanied him in these walks, and became more his admirer than ever. He had a fine, quaint nature, evinced in many ways; always had a kind word for children, and sometimes for his favorite canine acquaintances; nodded, or bowed, or smiled, saluting every one most appropriately, accord-

ing to his degree and station—a truly courteous, gallant, and chivalric gentleman, in the best sense of that abused word. Earlier, when a stage-struck boy, about 1833–'34–'35, I used to see Mr. Halleck at the theatre sometimes, with (I suppose) his sister. As a youth (1837–'38), I often encountered him at his then barber-shop, southeast corner of Broadway and Prince Street; saw him going into and coming out of Mr. Astor's office, and met him in stages and in the street. Early in the day he looked the man of business, but in the afternoon and evening he was radiant with wit and fine spirits.

"I can add nothing to what every critic worth the name says of his choice poetical works. He is the only American poet read and beloved by all classes. Bryant is more especially the scholar's and philosopher's poet, and Longfellow the Apollo of the young ladies.

"As a talker, his resources, his readiness, his gayety, his good-nature, his hatred of cant and love of simplicity, his affectionate disposition, and his love of society, made him a delightful companion. As a man, he realized Burns's ideal—independent, yet most considerate; manly, yet courteous; kind, yet detesting sentimentality; honorable in all things; faithful to his friends, and generous he would have been to any enemy, if such a frank, genial nature ever had or could have had an enemy. I believe he was a pure man 'in the last recesses' of his heart and mind.

"To a pretentious professor, who proposed a course of lectures on architecture, and who asked his aid and countenance, and especially in reference to authorities on the art, Mr. Halleck replied that he never had read but one work on architecture in all his life, '*The House that Jack built.*' In this pleasant, satirical way he pricked the bubbles of conceit and vanity.

"He was a good French scholar; and of modern writers I heard him speak at length and with high encomium of George Sand (Madame Dudevant) and of Bérenger. He read Italian, and loved the literature. One evening, in his sitting-room, he repeated the opening lines of the 'Jerusalem,' and dwelt on the music and beauty of the language. He was a wide reader, and of catholic liberality of taste and appreciation, ranging from 'Tasso' to the *New-Englander*, and from French novels to works of devotion. He enjoyed all, each in its place and at the proper season. Yet he was sometimes a partly-prejudiced critic, and fond of broaching and sustaining literary and historical heresies, for the sake, as I always thought, of intellectual exercise and to promote lively discussion.

"I was under the impression that he was a Roman Catholic; but, perhaps, it was but an heretical taste, a piece of poetical paradox. That he was a genuine, practical Christian man, 'without knowing it,' as Pope said of Dr. Arbuthnot, I have not the shadow of a doubt."

The venerable poet, Richard H. Dana, writes to his friend Mr. Jones in August, 1866: "Your account of Mr. Halleck put new life in me, or, rather, renewed my old. What a blessing to be in full possession of such a cheerful old age, with all the faculties wide awake, and so many too, as his! I have seen him but twice, and that years back—oh, dear, how many!—the first a mere call; the second, at dinner at Bryant's. After dinner, he and I talked monarchism, with nobility, and a third order, enough to prevent despotism—nothing more. Bryant sat by, hearing us. 'Why,' said he, 'you are not in earnest?' 'Never more so,' was our answer. Bryant still holds to simple democracy, I believe. How far Mr. Halleck may have modified his creed, I know not. For myself, I am only better than ever satisfied what an incorrigible creature man is to govern under the wisest adapted forms. But man will have to come to orders and degrees at least."

CHAPTER X.

1867.

William Gilmore Simms's Recollections of Halleck.—The Poet visits New York.—His Stories.—Letters to the Author.—Halleck on Junius.—Second Visit to New York.—Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.—Halleck's Marvellous Memory.—Repeating "Fanny" and "Pleasures of Hope."—Dr. Channing and Miss Sedgwick.—Halleck at Home.—The Last Rose of Summer.—A Political Letter.—Last Visit to New York.—Confined to his Hotel.—Conversation.—Returns to Guilford.—His Last Letter and Verses.—Illness.—Death.—Funeral.—Tributes to his Memory.

MR. HALLECK'S friend and brother-poet, William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, in a letter to the author, says: "I am sorry that I can yield you nothing which could in any degree assist you in your undertaking, for, though I had the pleasure to make the acquaintance of Halleck some thirty years ago, I do not now remember that any correspondence passed between us. We met occasionally during my summer visits annually to the North, and I always found him a pleasant companion, genial and sparkling with humor, quick at repartee, and inclining to the sarcastic when speaking of pretension and pretenders.

There were parties any reference to whom always provoked him to scornful or cynical remarks. Poetasters, of whom New York always had its large proportion, were discussed with a quiet contempt and dismissed with some biting sarcasm. I remember that Halleck seemed to feel a special dislike to publishers, of very few of whom did he entertain a favorable opinion. When the copyright law (international) was a subject of first discussion, I remember well the biting scorn with which he expressed himself in reference to the action of the members of a certain publishing-house, some of whom had, on a previous occasion, avowed themselves friendly to the proposed bill of international copyright; and one of the company assumed from this, that, for the sake of mere consistency, the house would not oppose it. 'Consistency!' said Halleck, with a scornful laugh; 'these fellows are consistent in nothing but pursuit of gain. They have no dread of inconsistency, having long since survived all sense of shame.'

"With the few whom Fitz-Greene Halleck liked, and with whom he associated on equal terms, he was genial, graceful, never wanton of speech, and always full of chat and pleasant humor; apt always and prompt at reply; with that spirit of repartee and easy wit which makes so much of the charm and spirit of the 'Croaker' epistles. His geniality, with such a circle, was always active; and he relished nothing better than a snug and select party, 'fit though few.' He

was both socially and politically a natural aristocrat, and did not cheapen himself by any too easy entrance into society. He required to respect men, *mentally*, before associating with them, and seemed to me to revolt from all associations of trade, in spite of all his life-long connection with it, and, perhaps, because of that connection. I may add that he seemed very careless of authorship, and, though he did not undervalue the credit which he had himself derived from it, he made no ambitious or feverish struggles after fame or public favor. He was above all meanness, and never forgot the gentleman in the poet. You will note that, in his satire, the weapon he uses is the small sword, not the bludgeon. It is a polished blade, and, however mortal the thrust, it did not mangle the victim. The grace and dexterity of his satire were habitual to him in society, and the wit and humor of his ordinary conversation are admirably illustrated by his satirical poetry, such as 'Fanny' and the 'Croakers.' That he wrote too little is a subject of popular complaint: had he esteemed the popular judgment, he would probably have shown himself more voluminous. But for this, as I have every reason to think, he entertained a most sovereign contempt, which was even extended somewhat to those who showed themselves more solicitous of popular favor, especially the class of politicians."

During the long period of Mr. Halleck's residence at Guilford, after abandoning business pursuits, it was

his habit to make two or three visits each year to the city where he had spent more than one-half of his long life. On these occasions he would usually remain about a week, revisiting many of the old familiar faces and scenes, but avoiding any thing like lionizing. He loved to loiter along Broadway and the Bowery, to drop in at the book-stores, the Mercantile Library, the studios of his artist acquaintances, the sanctums of some of his literary friends, and to spend an evening at the opera or the theatre.

Mr. Halleck visited New York in April, 1867, and while in the city I had the honor of spending several evenings in his company. Many of his delightful conversations, his anecdotes, and *jeux d'esprit* I can distinctly recall, but I cannot convey to the reader his animated gestures, his expressive and genial countenance, nor "the frank lifting of his cordial eyes"—the indescribable charm of his whole manner. If by any accident the poet told an anecdote that the listeners had read or heard before, it was so much improved by his manner and additions, that it possessed all the interest of a novelty. In this respect he resembled Scott, who, upon one occasion, was addressed by Lord Eldon with "Why, Sir Walter, that's a story of mine you've been telling, but you have so decorated it that I scarcely know it again." "Do you think," replied Scott, "I'd tell one of your stories, or of anybody's, and not put a laced coat and cocked hat upon it?" The con-

versation turning one evening to the subject of duelling, Halleck mentioned Mr. Luttrell relating at Holland House the case of an Irish clergyman, who was much offended at being called a "*pluralist*," and said, "If you don't take care, you may discover that I am a *duellist*." Sydney Smith, who was present, took this up and said, "I suppose there is scarcely a clergyman in Ireland who has not *been out*. I am told they settle these matters when the afternoon's service is over. I have seen a parson's challenge, 'Sir, meet me on the first Sunday after the Epiphany.'" Another story on the same subject, was of a well-known and distinguished notary at Paris, who, while breakfasting at the Café de Foy, indulged in some loud animadversions upon Marshal Marmont's conduct at Essonne. "Sir, you shall give me satisfaction," said, suddenly, another *consommateur* present, and who hastily approached the table with his mustaches erect in anger. "Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly inquired the notary. "I have not that honor, but I am his chief aide-de-camp." "Give me your card then, sir; I will send you my head clerk."

A *bon-mot* of which Fox was the subject was related on the same occasion by the poet. The great rival of Pitt rarely opened his lips in the presence of Dr. Johnson, for fear of provoking one of his murderous retorts; and on somebody remarking, in allusion, I presume, to the inequality of the great debater's speeches, that

he was "*aut Cæsar, aut nihil*," Johnson replied, "Whenever I have met him he has been *nihil*." Equally good was another of a French actor, who, being too poor to provide the necessary funds for stage-dresses, or even clean linen, was playing the part of Arbate in Racine's "Mithridates:" when Mithridates appears in the third scene of the second act, and says to his confidant:

"Enfin, après un an, je te revois, Arbate,"

instantly a witty spectator in the pit stood up and continued the speech:

"Avec les mêmes bas et la même cravate,"

which, of course, in newspaper parlance, "brought down the house."

Halleck had a remarkably sensitive ear for errors of speech, and I remember with what glee he alluded to several blunders committed by a pretentious professor in the course of a half-hour's conversation with the poet, when the writer was in their company during the poet's spring visit. "Professor ——— has been speaking," said Halleck, after his departure, "of the 'plastic mind' of Shakespeare, as if it meant the capability of being moulded, instead of power to mould. In addition to this misapprehension of the meaning of the word 'plastic,' he made use of 'suppositious.'

There is, as you are aware, no such word in the English language. What he meant was 'supposititious.'"

The poet, on more than one joyous occasion when he had been in a particularly happy mood, and had enriched his conversation with jests and laughter, merry anecdotes, with "quibble, quirk, and quiddet," has, in justification, as if it required any defence, quoted to me the words of Bolingbroke: "I have observed that, in comedy, the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So, in this farce of life, wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious."

From Guilford the poet writes in the first week of May: "An acquaintance of mine here some days since, forwarded, at my request, a letter to Thurlow Weed, on the subject of the authorship of 'Junius.' Will you do me the kindness to look over his paper—the *Commercial Advertiser?* I presume it is on file at the Athenæum Club; and if any notice is taken of the letter, inform me under what date, that I may send to the printers for a copy. Mr. Weed has recently said that he knows from infallible sources in England, made known to him there personally, that Sir Philip Francis *is the man.* I should like much to see his proofs. If ninety-nine witnesses, in the absence of the hundredth, would hang a gentleman, Lord George Sackville might claim the honor of martyrdom. In the absence of the hundredth, the old mystery is still unsolved.

"Talking of mystery—do I violate the proprieties of good-breeding by asking whether the name of the lady to whom you have so graciously and gracefully dedicated your volume is a secret which, as Junius said of his, will die with you?"

A few weeks later, Mr. Halleck returns to the subject of "Junius," enclosing in his letter to me an anonymous communication, addressed to Thurlow Weed, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*: "I have your kind favor of the 28th of May. The notices it encloses of the good and gallant men,[1] notices so feelingly and so eloquently written, have affected me even to tears. That our unbrotherly 'strife of swords' has made known and made dear to us characters worthy of such eulogies, is one of the few drops of balm in the Gilead of the war.

"I can now cordially appreciate the truth and beauty of your dedication, having had the honor of a brief but most delightful interview with the lady you name some years since, and having long been aware of her excellences of mind and manner. I am happy to learn that she still at times remembers the joy of her early poetic worship, and does not on her present busy eminence wholly 'give up to party' and to parties 'what was meant for mankind.'

[1] Warren Stewart, Colonel of the Fifteenth Illinois Cavalry, killed near Vicksburg; Lieutenant George Sibbald Wilson, Adjutant Seventeenth New-York Infantry, mortally wounded at Fredericksburg.

"I enclose a copy of the letter on the subject of 'Junius,' in which you appear to join me in feeling interested, and would like much to know your opinion as to the fact of Woodfall's knowledge of his man. I think it an important feature in the controversy. I, myself, cannot but believe that he knew, and, if he did, Francis could not be the man. Among all the hitherto suspected names, those of Lord Chatham and Lord George Sackville are highest in social and political rank, and they are, indeed, the only two men from whom the aristocratic letter of protection, etc., could, with propriety come, and upon whom Woodfall could rely implicitly for immunity from punishment, and compensation for damages, etc., in the libel-suit. The argument connected with handwriting I consider of no force. If perpetual concealment was contemplated, the fiction of handwriting was comprised in the fiction of a name, and would be carefully kept as far different from the true hand of the author as possible. Craving your pardon for supposing that you, busy (and profitably busy, I hope) as you daily and hourly are, should care about so idle a subject, fit only for idlers like me, drones in the social hive, I beg you to believe me," etc.

[TO THURLOW WEED.]

DEAR SIR: The recent publication of a letter of yours having revived the interest so long felt by idle readers, in the question, Who was Junius? I venture

to hope that you will pardon the liberty I take in asking your opinion whether or not Mr. Woodfall and "Junius," the one as printer, the other as author of the "Letters," personally and confidently knew each other?

That Mr. Woodfall did not, at any period, know his man, it is exceedingly difficult to believe. I am quite sure that had the letters appeared originally, some years since, in the *Albany Evening Journal*, the secret of their authorship would not have been long hidden from Mr. Thurlow Weed, and can it be possible that the English printer, in a matter of business, involving the risk of a penal prosecution, should have refrained from mastering, in spite of the writer's utmost care, a secret to all appearances easily attained by obvious, and honest, and honorable means?

Mr. Francis, as a frequent and open contributor to Mr. Woodfall's paper, was in daily intercourse with him, and assuming him to be, and known by Mr. Woodfall to be, "Junius," where (allow me to ask) were his manuscripts of the letters so mysteriously conveyed, at the risk of discovery? What need was there of the private notes? and what value could Mr. Woodfall attach to that peculiarly arrogant and aristocratic letter which assures him powerful protection in the libel-suit, when he knew that its writer was but a young and, comparatively, an obscure clerk in the war-office, with apparently no personal, political, or family influence?

The expression of your opinion in the matter, in some vacant column of your paper, will make me,

Dear sir, gratefully yours,

Y. H. S.

Halleck was fond of talking about "Junius," that "mighty boar of the forest," as Burke called him, and, at one of our last interviews, gave a new version of the old anecdote of Sir Philip Francis, who was impetuous and abrupt in manner, interrupting George IV. in the midst of a tedious story with a "Well, sir, well!" His new and greatly improved anecdote was as follows: "Sir Philip Francis being excessively tired, not only with the story in question, but with other twice-told tales which he was in the habit of hearing at the king's table, interrupted the royal narration with the politer, but not less significant words: 'Well, and the result, sir, if you please?'" The result was as might have been expected, that Francis never dined with his majesty again; and it is highly probable, having been so insufferably bored by "the first gentleman of Europe," that the penalty was deliberately incurred. With old Polonius, he believed that—

"Brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes."

He then quoted Seneca's account of the total destruction of Lyons by fire, as the best illustration of brevity

with which he had ever met: "*Inter magnam urbem et nullam nox una interfuit*"—between a great city and none, only a single night intervened.

In June Mr. Halleck spent a few days in New York, and on one evening we sat until past midnight. Of this meeting he might have said, as he once remarked of a conversation he held with Hawthorne, "We happened to sit together at a dinner-table, and I assure you that for an hour we talked incessantly, although *Hawthorne said nothing*." Halleck could keep up a torrent of conversation for hours, and it may be said of his continuous monologues, as was written by De Quincey, of Coleridge's conversation, that it was not *colloquium* but *alloquium*.

Having mentioned to Halleck that a certain person had recently applied to Mr. Seward for the Austrian mission, and, being refused this modest request, expressed a desire to go to Mexico, then vacant, or, if he could not have that place, a position as consul somewhere, or a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship in the State Department, and finally concluded by requesting the loan of five dollars! he matched it with the case of a gentleman who applied to the Duke of Ormond, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, for some preferment, adding that he was by no means particular, and was willing to accept a bishopric, or a regiment of horse, or to be made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. "However," added Halleck, "both requests were surpassed

in modesty by that of the humane English jailer, who made the following application to one of his condemned prisoners: 'My good friend, I have a little favor to ask of you, which, from your exceedingly obliging disposition, I feel quite sure you will grant. You are ordered to be hanged on Friday week. I have a dinner-engagement on that day: if it makes no difference to you, would you, *would* you say next Friday instead?'"

Halleck told a story of Samuel Johnson that I have never seen in print. He went on board a seventy-four, and spent a week with the commander of the ship. When the great moralist was sent on shore, the young lieutenant who accompanied him asked if he had any further commands. "Sir," said Johnson, "have the goodness to thank the commodore and all the officers for their kindness to me, and tell Mr. ——— (the first lieutenant) that I beg he will leave off the practice of swearing." The young man, willing to justify, or, at least, excuse his senior officer, answered that it was impossible to make the sailors obey orders without making use of strong language, and that the king's service required it. "Then pray, sir," replied Johnson, tell Mr. ——— that I beseech him not to use one more oath than is absolutely required for the good of his Majesty's service."

Among numerous amusing Irish bulls, he gave an illustration, and a most capital one, of a Gallic Hiber-

nicism. A French nobleman had been reproaching his son with ingratitude. "I owe you nothing," said the unfilial youth; "so far from having served me, you have always stood in my way; for, if you had never been born, I should at this moment be the next heir of my rich grandfather." Equally good was the reply of an Irish lad, when, in the course of an examination as a witness, he was asked his age. "I'm just twenty, your honor, but I would have been twenty-one only my mother miscarried the year before I was born." This was followed by a clever repartee made to Abernethy, the celebrated surgeon, who, finding a large pile of paving-stones opposite to his door, on returning in his carriage from a visit to a patient, swore hastily at the Hibernian, and ordered him to remove them. "Where shall I take them to?" said the pavior. "To hell!" cried the choleric surgeon. Pat leaned forward upon his rammer, and, looking up archly and smilingly, said, "Sure, an' hadn't I better take them to heaven? they'll be more out of your honor's way there."

Conversing on the subject of memory, I remarked that there was an instance recorded of a person who had learned to repeat the whole of Tasso's "Jerusalem," whereupon he replied that he had himself met with a more remarkable exhibition of the height to which the memory may be cultivated. "At Stirling," said the poet, "I saw an uneducated man, known as

Blind Jamie, who could actually repeat *verbatim* any chapter of the Bible required. I tried him, book in hand, with several, all of which he gave with perfect correctness. I then and still consider it to be the most wonderful exhibition of the extent to which the memory may be cultivated of which there is any record."

Halleck's memory for poetry was the most marvellous I ever met with. He repeated the whole of "Fanny" to an intimate lady-friend before its publication, and to another lady every line of the "Pleasures of Hope." Seated together, in August, 1867, at "The Point," Guilford, Halleck repeated to me Mr. Bryant's poem, "The Planting of the Apple-tree," adding, upon its conclusion, "I knew those lines after a single reading, an infallible test with me of true poetry. Since then I have fixed them indelibly on my memory, which is 'wax to receive and marble to retain,' by copying them from the *Evening Post*, where I first saw them several years since."

The poet had a habit, during his retirement at Guilford, of copying any poem or passage of prose that particularly pleased him, and, among the extracts made in the course of his readings, I have met with several passages from Chaucer and Spenser; Cowley's lines on the death of Mr. Crashaw, who died at Loretto, when newly-chosen canon of that church; quotations from Dr. Johnson's and Addison's prose writings, from

Pope's verse, from Tasso and Béranger, in the original Italian and French; and one of Bryant's later poems, already referred to.

Passing Brady's during a walk on Broadway, I urged him to go in and sit for a large photograph, but he declined, saying, "I much prefer that you should remember me as I have been, not as I am," adding, "Permit me to suggest your commissioning one of your artist-friends to copy Inman's picture." Mr. Halleck had the same feeling about portraits in his later years that Irving expressed to Elliott when he declined giving the artist a sitting, and said: "No; I shall not perpetuate such a libel on myself as to have a picture of an old man made, and then hear it said, 'Is that the old fellow who has written all those tender love-stories?' Oh no; that won't do!"

His portrait by Elliott, from having hung for a long period directly over the fireplace, in the private office of the Messrs. Appleton, in Broadway, had become very dingy; observing which, the poet remarked to one of the firm, making a slight movement with his head toward the portrait, "Getting used up, I see, like myself." It was recently cleaned and restored by Mr. Elliott—among the last things done by him—and may now be seen in all its original beauty in the office of the publishers of this volume, for whom it was painted.

Having an appointment with the poet one morning

to accompany him to the lower part of the city, he proposed that we should proceed from the St. Denis Hotel, not by entering an omnibus, a car, or carriage, nor yet by walking, but by taking the Christopher-Street Ferry to Hoboken, and then returning to New York by the Barclay-Street boat. "My usual mode," said Halleck, "of going down town!" We accordingly adopted that roundabout, but very agreeable—it was a lovely June morning, and the Weehawken hills never looked more beautiful—and economical route to the lower portion of the city. The poet's novel system of city travel I considered at the time as being as new to him as to myself, but I have since been informed by Andrew Warner that he assured George P. Morris it was his usual mode of getting up and down town during the summer months. However, Halleck was so much of a *farceur*, that I imagine he was humbugging the General.

A few weeks after the poet's June visit to New York, he writes: "In order to convince you that I have read your book[1] thoroughly, through and through, allow me to play Sir Fretful Plagiary's 'damned good-natured friend' for a moment, and point out the only 'needle' that I have thus far found in the haystack of your pages. It is in the quotation, on page 250, from Dr. Johnson's compliment to Garrick—'his death eclipsed the gayety of *nations*,' not of '*mankind*.' So

[1] "Mr. Secretary Pepys, with Extracts from his Diary."

much alike as the two words seem, your musical ear must, I think, feel the distinction. I quote from memory, having no library near me. If I am wrong, please rebuke me.

"By the way, let me ask you to pardon a little egotistical story, expressing my sensitiveness as a lover of genius, characterized by peculiarity of expression—expression being, in my opinion, the *attribute* of genius, especially in poetry, 'the vision and the faculty divine.' 'If the cap fits you' in the present case, you must thank me for the compliment, for the hero of my story is one of the noblest in his way in our home literature.[1] He had quoted on one of his pages Milton's line,

'Those thoughts that wander through eternity,'

and inserted the word '*which*' in place of '*that*,' thereby robbing us of the music of the alliteration. Soon after having read his book I received an invitation, from one of the most charming young ladies[2] of the time, to meet him at her evening party; and I wrote her, declining, with the utmost regret, to avail myself of her courtesy, on the ground of my unwillingness to connect her memory thereafter with that of a person who was daily seen walking in the streets with a misquotation from Milton upon his conscience!"

In the month of August I spent a few days with the poet at Guilford. Since my previous visit he had

[1] Dr. William E. Channing. [2] Miss Sedgwick.

changed his place of residence from the venerable mansion facing the Green, represented on the vignette title, to a smaller house on a side street. Mr. Halleck was then in excellent health, and in our rambles around Guilford he entertained me with much pleasant gossip about his native town, asserting that there were none but gentlemen born there —albeit they were somewhat poor gentlemen—all their mechanics being imported from New Haven ; also, that any single man who spent more than five hundred dollars a year would be drummed out of the town.

Of Connecticut he spoke as a State where they fined a man for smoking, or for *kissing his wife on Sunday*.' He then alluded to her numerous poets: Trumbull, Hopkins, Humphreys, and Barlow, among the early bards ; Pierpont, Hillhouse, Sigourney, Percival, Brainard, Prentice, and George Hill, like himself, a native of Guilford, may be mentioned among the modern poets of Connecticut, of which one of her earliest singers, said Halleck, wrote some seventy years since :

"Connecticut! thy name,
Uncouth in song, too long concealed from fame,
If yet thy filial bards the gloom can pierce,
Shall rise and flourish in immortal verse.
Inventive genius, imitative powers,
And still more precious, common sense, is ours ;
While knowledge useful, more than science grand,
In rivulets still o'erspreads the smiling land!"

Halleck was born and lived an Episcopalian, and according to the ritual of that Church he was buried, but he entertained no prejudices in religious matters. Catholic, Quaker, Protestant, were alike to him. He charitably acknowledged every one's right to his own peculiar belief, and I remember his quoting, during one of our August rambles, a verse from Moore:

"Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

In later years, when attending service, his unlistening ear often prevented his hearing the sermon, except when the preacher, like his friend Dr. Hawks, spoke loud and distinctly. In these cases his habit was to repeat—inaudibly, of course—poems or favorite chapters of the Bible, which he had committed to memory. In his younger days, he very often, when he could hear distinctly, preferred recalling some of his favorite poems, in lieu of listening to a dull sermon. Few persons were as familiar with the Bible as the poet, which fact may be explained when it is stated that in 1860 he informed one of his most intimate friends that it was his habit to read the whole of the sacred volume once every year. His familiarity with the Bible is exhibited in his letters, as it was in his conversation; nor was he less familiar with the Book

of Common Prayer. During my acquaintance with the poet I frequently had the pleasure of hearing him read and recite from the Prayer-Book, including the Benediction, which he deemed one of the most beautiful passages in English literature.

Few persons have had such an extended acquaintance as Fitz-Greene Halleck, his reminiscences extending back almost to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and including nearly all the great names in the early history of American literature. Audubon, Cooper, Drake, Irving, Morris, Poe, Prescott, Paulding, Willis, are a few of the authors and poets of our own land who have passed away, with whom Halleck was acquainted, and of whom he might have left behind most entertaining reminiscences. Such a collection, written by such a person, could not have failed to have made a most attractive and valuable volume. During our rambles he related many anecdotes of his literary contemporaries, which I may hereafter, in another volume, share with the public.

As the western horizon began to glow with that which one of our poets has so beautifully termed

"The pomp that brings and shuts the day,"

I shook hands with my venerable friend, whom I was never again to see in his own loved home, and stepped on the platform of the rear car of the train, Halleck

waving an adieu with his hat, and calling out in his cheery manner, "Come up again soon!"

The last lines composed by the poet were to render a little song from the pen of Benjamin H. Field, entitled "Floy Van Cortlandt," more complete. They were written in August; and, in forwarding the stanza, he expresses the hope that it would be accepted and considered no injury to a song whose "music is perfect, and its style, like the single-leafed simplicity of our wild wayside rose, is quite charming." Mr. Halleck's verse is as follows:

"And that I am all the world to her,
It joys my breath to say,
For her beating heart has told me so
For many a happy day—
For many a happy day—
And her bonny lip and eye,
Oh! my darling Floy Van Cortlandt,
'Tis for thee I'd live and die."

On the last day of August Mr. Halleck made one of his always welcome visits to "The Point," and spent an hour in chatting with several friends who were sojourning at that pleasant summer retreat. Before his departure he walked through the garden attached to the hotel, and plucked a rose, with which he returned to the house. Presenting himself to the favorite of the season, lifting his hat, and, making his best bow to

the fair lady, he said, "May I beg your gracious acceptance of the last rose of summer?"

On the 12th of September, the poet writes to his life-long friend Robert G. L. DePeyster, of Connecticut: "With regard to the political topics of your letter, it is proper I should, at the risk of becoming tiresomely egotistical, tell you that, as a Federalist in my boyhood and a monarchist in my manhood, I prefer a government representing property, and, let me add, *probity*, to a government of numbers.

"Under a democracy, a vote is of no value unless given for a candidate of an organized party or faction. To the discipline of such organizations I could not, and cannot, submit. It demands the abandonment of the voter's freedom of action and opinion, and sooner or later he degenerates into the mere tool of a few party leaders, a class whom John Randolph used to characterize as 'men of seven principles, five loaves and two small fishes.'

"At this moment, and for the next twelve months, this class of gentry, North and South, are to be our masters, fighting with each other at our expense, in aid of their several candidates, from the President downward. When the coming election is over, I hope they will allow us to look forward to a peaceable and pleasant reunion of the old Union, under I care not what administration. I have not the least objection to one composed of your favorite gentlemen of the South.

Their fathers have heretofore, in times past, been our ablest statesmen, and I doubt not that, among their sons, now and hereafter, we shall find many sons worthy the fame of their sires.

"As for the amnesty, I only regret that it is not more general. I would have no exceptions. Such exceptions, outside of the pools, will be the cry of persecution, martyrdom, etc., do more harm to our reconstruction than if inside. In one case they count but one vote each, in the other they count the votes of a multitude of sympathizing partisans.

"I ought, in justice and strict exactness, to add that, although never voting politically, I have socially voted twice, once for an assistant alderman, and once for a ten-dollar bill, both of which proved counterfeit."

The venerable poet arrived in New York on his last visit, October 7th, very unfortunately adding to a cold which he had taken before leaving Guilford. He remained in the city for a week, but was too unwell to accept any invitations, and only left his hotel twice, to visit Dr. Carnochan, and for a short stroll with the writer on Broadway and the Bowery, where he enjoyed a walk almost as much as in the more fashionable avenues. He never came to New York without taking a glimpse of "the substantial beauties of the Bowery," as he termed the rosy-cheeked damsels to be met with in that Germanized thoroughfare. Passing some chimney-sweeps, it recalled to Halleck one of George Sel-

wyn's *bon-mots*. While walking one day with Lord Pembroke, they were besieged by a number of young sweeps, who kept plaguing them for money, when at length Selwyn made a low bow. "I have often," he said, "heard of the sovereignty of the people; I suppose your highnesses are in court-mourning." This led him on to relate other anecdotes of the famous wit, the only one of which that I can now recall was of a namesake of Charles Fox, who, having been hung at Tyburn, the great Whig statesman inquired of Selwyn whether he attended the execution. "No," he answered, "I make a point of never attending *rehearsals*."

The poet was exceedingly polite to all, and particularly so to ladies, with a well-bred, high-born manner, that irresistibly recalled the formality of *la vieille cour*. Meeting a lady on Broadway, with whom he was well acquainted, he removed his hat on stopping to speak with her, nor could Mrs. ——— induce him to replace it, and so, fearing the poet would take cold, she ran off, on the plea of an engagement, that she might not, as she afterward assured me, have the sin on her conscience of having added to his illness.

During the walk he leaned heavily on my arm, which he had never in any instance done before; and when we returned to his hotel, and he sat down, feeling unwell, and greatly fatigued, he quoted the lines from Macbeth:

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour run through the roughest day."

The following day I found the poet rather worse, and not in his usually cheerful mood. He spoke despondingly of his poor health, his unlistening ear, his total loss of appetite, his sleepless nights; and said that the three sufficients described in Mrs. Piozzi's story[1] were not to be mistaken, that he felt Fate was drawing its circumvallations around him, that his earthly career was nearly ended. The poet then spoke sadly of the death of Miss Sedgwick, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Mr. Davis, and N. P. Willis, as well as some other friends of his youth, adding, "The last few years have swept away nearly all my early acquaintances, but we must expect that it should be so

'When ance life's day draws near the gloamin'.'"

He then repeated a portion of the touching and familiar lines of Elia's:

"I have had playmates, I have had companions," etc.

This was followed by allusions to his youthful days, of which, unlike Paulding, he had pleasant recollections. He spoke most beautifully

"Of life's sunny morning of hope and of youth,"

[1] "The Three Warnings," by Mrs. Piozzi, *nee* Thrale.

when he wandered, a happy school-boy, through the fields and meadows of Guilford, and pathetically alluded to the few that remained of "the old familiar faces" with whom he set out on the voyage of life, concluding with a quotation from Gray's exquisite ode:

> "Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
> Ah, fields beloved in vain!
> Where once my careless childhood strayed,
> A stranger yet to pain!"

This was the only occasion on which I ever saw the poet in other than a cheerful mood, for it was characteristic of Halleck that he said nothing of his troubles, even to his most intimate friends. His fond sister was his only confidante. Before taking my departure, he requested me to repeat Lady Nairne's exquisite poem, "The Land o' the Leal." As I did so I saw the tears in his eyes, and, when its recital was concluded, he said, "There are no poets so tender and musical as those of Scotland;" and then, a change coming over him, he recited several of the martial passages from "Marmion," while his eyes fairly blazed with enthusiasm, and the old bright, genial smile lit up his still fine features. When I again saw him he related the following story of a member of the Kemble family and a hot-blooded Georgian: The former was at a supper in Philadelphia, with several Southerners, in the good old pistol and bowie-knife days, when the

gentleman seated next to him related an adventure he had met with on the Mississippi River. A gambler having been detected by him in cheating at cards, he drew his long knife and pinned the fellow's hand to the table just as he was abstracting a card from the pack. The excited Southerner, in telling the story, had drawn out his bowie-knife, and, in illustrating how it was done, brought down the knife with such force as to drive the instrument through Kemble's hand, which he, of course, did unintentionally, not having observed the hand until his twelve-inch knife had pinned it to the table. After many apologies, the Southerner offered to give him satisfaction in the manner customary among the fire-eating gentry of the period—an offer, added the poet, which the player very respectfully declined, being perfectly satisfied with having a bowie-knife run through his right hand, without the slightest desire to afford the Southerner an opportunity of sending a bullet through his head. Kemble's nephew, added Halleck, was quite as much relieved when his fiery friend withdrew, to make way for the surgeon, as Fanny's father was when he parted company at the theatre with the broad-shouldered friend of Linnard McNally.

This was soon followed by an account of his friend General D'Angely, who suffered so much in body as well as mind on account of his banishment from France, and who, returning, with the king's permission, to his

native land, fell dead at the gates of Paris. An eloquent orator delivered a funeral oration at the grave, which began, "*Il mort d'exil!*" "Did you ever," added the poet, "hear of a Yankee dying of exile?"

Of the "Iron Duke" he related a little incident that I have not met with: "On Wellington's visits to the Marquis Wellesley, he was sometimes kept waiting, upon which he remarked one day, 'I believe my brother thinks he is still Governor-General of India, and that I am only Colonel Wellesley.' From old habit, and a grudge against military ascendency, the aristocratic elder brother did not dislike to keep up his privileges of primogeniture."

Of fame Halleck remarked: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, may be said of fame as well as of our frame; one is buried very soon after the other." Then followed an apt quotation from Byron:

"What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor.
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call 'the midnight taper,'
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

He spoke of poets paying no other debt but the debt of Nature, and quoted the reply of the shrewd

merchant who, on being asked the character of a person addicted to poetry, described him as "a man who has soarings after the indefinite, and divings after the unfathomable, *but he never pays cash.*"

Speaking of a well-known public man, he said, quoting Dr. Johnson's extraordinary compliment to Topham Beauclerk, the great-grandson of Charles the Second and Nell Gwynn, that "his body was all vice, and his mind all virtue."

"If we never meet again, come and see me laid under the sod of my native village," were the sad and prophetic words with which I parted from my honored friend on the morning of his last day's sojourn in the city he loved so well. He left New York in the forenoon of October 14th, with a presentiment that he would never again gaze upon the busy scenes of the great metropolis. He arrived at Guilford the same evening, "weak as a broken wave," but in a few days he recovered sufficiently to walk out, and make his visits to the post-office and other of his accustomed haunts. Among the few letters which he wrote after leaving New York, the following, addressed to Benjamin H. Field, was among the last, if not the very last. It is written with that finished neatness which characterizes his poetry: "The beautiful lines you send me, ennobling, as they do, the genius of the mysterious Mr. Hazard, have won my heart, as they did that of the gentle lady to whom they were addressed. They gratify me exceedingly by

proving the maxim to be false, that the love and the practice of poetry as the accomplishments of a scholar and gentleman, can prevent a boy devoted to business, from becoming a *millionnaire*, and revelling as the benefactor of his time and of his neighborhood in the 'luxury of doing good.' I am gladdened by hearing that I am to share with Mr. Hazard to the amount of a small percentage in the immortality which Mr. A. B. Durand's graceful pencil[1] will give to his pleasant song. To what percentage am I entitled?"

On Sunday, the 17th November, ten days after writing the above letter, the poet walked out for the last time. On Monday and Tuesday he complained of feeling very unwell, and during that time received several visits from his physician. He retired earlier than usual Tuesday evening, saying to his sister, "I am afraid I shall not live until morning." A few minutes before eleven Miss Halleck went to her brother's room, and found him sitting up in the bed. He spoke to her, and a moment after fell back dead—expiring without a moan or a struggle.

The poet's mental faculties were unimpaired, and his benignant and genial smile continued to the last, although his eyes, "those windows of the body and glasses of the soul," as old Boiastuan calls them,

[1] Mr. Durand painted a noble landscape, illustrating the scene of the song, "Floy Van Cortlandt."

were dimmed by increasing infirmities and loss of strength. Dr. Canfield, who attended the poet in his last illness, informs me that his death was caused by bronchial disease, terminating in effusion of the lungs.

On the afternoon of Friday, November 22d, a hearse, containing the earthly remains of the poet, followed by a long procession of mourners on foot, at the head of which walked Miss Halleck and her cousin Charles Eliot, both in their eightieth year, left his late residence and proceeded to Christ Church. The coffin, which bore the simple record, "Fitz-Greene Halleck, aged 77 years," and on which lay a floral wreath, cross, and lyre, was carried to the front of the chancel, and the service of the Episcopal Church was read by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Bennett, assisted by the Rev. C. W. Everest, of Hamden, after which his kinsmen, friends, and neighbors were gratified with a last view of the poet's fine features, to which death had added a more than earthly beauty. From the church, the poet's troops of friends, in carriages and on foot, followed his remains to the Alderbrook Cemetery, situated about a mile distant from the village-green, and heard the beautiful and impressive burial-service of the English Church read, after his remains were slowly lowered to their long home by the side of his father's grave. The fresh earth soon again filled the narrow house; kinsmen, friends, and spectators departed, and silence reigned over the

scene. To quote a few lines from Edmund Spenser, one of his favorite authors:

"Here may thy storme-belt vessell safely ryde,
This is the porte of reste from troublous toyle,
The world's sweet inn from paine and wearisome turmoyle."

From all parts of the country the death of Fitz-Greene Halleck called forth kindly and appreciative notices of the man as well as the poet. His personal friends, Cozzens, Curtis, Duyckinck, Prentice, Tuckerman, and Wilson, each paid tributes to the memory of him whose

"—— lyre told of Athenian lands;"

and numerous societies throughout the United States, of which he was an honorary or corresponding member, passed appropriate resolutions in reference to his death. The New-York Historical Society invited William Cullen Bryant to prepare a discourse on the life and genius of his brother-bard, to be delivered before the Society at a special meeting to be held for that purpose. This invitation has been accepted by the distinguished poet, who will hereafter speak appreciatively and eloquently of Halleck, as he has already spoken in past years of his literary contemporaries Cooper and Irving.

Honors to Halleck were not confined to his native land. The classic country, whose hero the poet so

eloquently celebrated, also mourned his death, and cherishes his memory. Greece, through one of her leading journals, says: "Died lately at Guilford, Connecticut, the most beloved and most wide-famed of all the poets of the New World, Fitz-Greene Halleck. An American by birth, sentiment, and education, he was entirely self-taught, self-tutored, thus resembling his master and predecessor Shakespeare and many others. Halleck was an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, to the study of which he early applied himself with the greatest assiduity; and all his descriptions thereof are at once faithful and simple, beautiful and natural. To every leaf of a tree, to every feather of a bird. to each brightly-twinkling star, did he lend a language to the praise of Him who laid the chief corner-stone of creation, 'when the stars of the morning sang together, and the sons of God thrilled with joy.' Who has ever read that magnificent poem of the American bard on 'The Waters of Babylon,' without shedding a tear? who could ever forget the heart-rending accents of his mournful lyre, as he laments the death of his friend Drake? These two, as well as several other poems of Halleck, shine as bright, sparkling diamonds in the literature of the English tongue, as well in the beauty of the style, as in the rich abundance of the figures and the sublimity of the versification. But his chief title to glory is the ode to 'Marco Bozzaris,' which he composed in the year 1823, and which has elicited

the praise and admiration of the whole civilized world."

An article on Halleck in Appletons' Annual Cyclopædia, for 1867, closes with these words: "Of his poems it has been well said, that 'their brilliancy of thought, quaintness of fancy, and polished energy of diction, have given them a rank in American literature from which they will not soon be displaced even by the many admirable productions of a later date. In spicy pungency of satire, and a certain elegance and grace of manner, without an approach to stiffness or formality, they have few parallels in modern poetry. Their tone is that of a man of the world, handling a pen caustic and tender by turns, with inimitable ease; leaving no trace of the midnight oil with which each is elaborated with exquisite skill, and entirely free from [illegible] the rust and the pretension of recluse scholarship.' Mr. Halleck was a man of a singularly social turn of mind, delighting in gay and cordial fellowship, brimming over with anecdote and whimsical conceits, with remarkable power of narration, unfeignedly fond of discussion and argument, and often carrying his ingenuity to the extreme verge of paradox. His personal bearing was in a high degree impressive and winning. His presence had a wonderful charm for almost all classes of persons. His wit, while keen and biting at times, was never ill-natured, and only severe when directed against ignorant and pompous pretension."

Of the allusions to his death contained in private letters, I can give but a single paragraph, written by the venerable poet Dana, who says: "I wrote to you to get more particulars about Halleck. Soon after came a letter from Bryant, telling me a good deal about him. It was touching to hear that they were arranging to get up a dinner for him just as the news came of his death. The intention must have been gratifying to him. Had he lived, how his genial nature would have enjoyed it, and what life and merriment he would have spread round the board! What a hush there is! I know of no other man whom I had seen so little, and liked so well. Doubtless, he was a thoughtful man, and reached in thought beyond this world."

The statements made by several prominent journals at the time of his death, in reference to Mr. Halleck's religion, are erroneous. He was born, lived, and died, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which Church he was a member, having been confirmed in his youth. "What men," says Humboldt, "believe or disbelieve is usually made a subject of discussion only *after their death*: after one has been officially buried, and a funeral sermon has been read over one by Sydow."[1] The Rev. Dr. Bennett, of Grace Church, Guilford, has fur-

[1] Von Sydow, one of the chaplains of the Prussian court, who usually preached the funeral sermons of people of distinction buried in Berlin.

nished me with an authoritative communication[1] on the subject of the poet's religious belief, which must forever put this matter at rest.

A few months after the poet's death a number of friends and admirers erected over his grave, at Guilford, an appropriate and enduring granite monument, on which is the simple inscription:

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,

1790–1867.

'ONE OF THE FEW, THE IMMORTAL NAMES
THAT WERE NOT BORN TO DIE.'"

On Wednesday morning, August 26, 1868, the remains of the poet and those of his father, Israel Halleck, were removed from their first place of burial to the new monument grounds, in the presence of several kinsmen and intimate friends. Mr. Halleck's coffin was uninjured, having been interred for so short a period; but of his father, who was buried in 1839, there remained nothing but the skeleton and skull, on which the thick, bushy gray hair was still visible. The names of the poet's mother and his only brother appear on the monument, but they are not interred underneath, their remains reposing on the spot where they were originally buried, by the side of the

[1] *Vide* APPENDIX to this volume.

old Episcopal Church, which stood on the Guilford Green.

Near the base of the monument has been placed by loving hands, and is now growing over the poet's grave, an ivy, part of the vine brought over the broad sea from Melrose Abbey and planted by Irving on the banks of the Hudson, where it clings rejoicingly around the walls of his picturesque cottage at Sunnyside. A sum of money has been securely invested in the Board of Trustees of the Alderbrook Cemetery, the income of which is to be forever applied to keeping Halleck's monument and the monument grounds in good preservation, so that when all

"— those who bless *him* now and love *him*"

shall have passed away, the wish he so tenderly and touchingly expressed in behalf of his lamented friend Drake, and, in another poem, for himself, shall be fulfilled. The income from the amount invested will keep forever

"The grass green where in death *he* sleeps."

Of the estimation in which Fitz-Greene Halleck is held, a good illustration was given at the sale by auction, in New York, of his library, in October, where volumes of little or no intrinsic value brought large sums, simply as souvenirs of the poet, whose autograph

was contained in most of the books sold. A few instances may not be without interest. Bryant's "Thirty Poems," 12mo, cloth, with the author's autograph, $11; "The Conduct of Biography," small 16mo, with J. J. Astor's autograph, $11.50; the poet's early copy of "Campbell," dated 1804, 12mo, sheep, $8.50; Goldsmith's Poems, small 16mo, with pencilled notes by Halleck, $10; presentation copy from Charles Dickens of "Nicholas Nickleby," 8vo, cloth, $18; do. "Barnaby Rudge," 8vo, cloth, $15; Halleck's "Fanny," half-dollar edition of 1819, with name left blank, filled out in the handwriting of the poet, $10; and a copy of "Young America," published at fifty cents, containing an alteration of a single word by Mr. Halleck, sold for $2.50.

In the month of November there was issued a new edition of Halleck's poetical writings, containing many hitherto unpublished poems, which are marked by the characteristic grace and melody of his most admired compositions; also several translations from the French, German, and Italian, that then appeared in print for the first time, together with "The Croakers," never before included in the collected editions of Fitz-Greene Halleck's poems. The value of the volume is enhanced by notes to "Fanny," "The Recorder," and to "The Croakers;" by a portrait of the poet from Elliott's picture, and a spirited illustration of the poem of "Marco Bozzaris."

I know not how I can more fittingly conclude this biography of "not only the sweetest, but the greatest, poet America has yet produced," and whose uneventful career—

"A gentle wafting to immortal life"—

I have endeavored to trace from the beginning to the end as far as possible in his own words and letters, than by quoting the beautiful passage with which his life-long friend William Cullen Bryant closed a discourse on the character and genius of Washington Irving, delivered at the Academy of Music, April 3, 1860. Mr. Bryant said: "If it were becoming, at this time and in this assembly, to address our departed friend as if in his immediate presence, I would say, 'Farewell, thou who hast entered into the rest prepared from the foundation of the world for serene and gentle spirits like thine. Farewell, happy in thy life, happy in thy death, happier in the reward to which that death was the assured passage; fortunate in attracting the admiration of the world to thy beautiful writings: still more fortunate in having written nothing which did not tend to promote the reign of magnanimous forbearance and generous sympathies among thy fellow-men. The brightness of that enduring fame which thou hast won on earth is but a shadowy symbol of the glory to which thou art admitted in the world beyond the grave. Thy

errand upon earth was an errand of peace and good-will to men, and thou art now in a region where hatred and strife never enter, and where the harmonious activity of those who inhabit it acknowledges no impulse less noble or less pure than that of love.' "

APPENDIX.

ΜΑΡΚΟΣ ΒΟΤΣΑΡΗΣ.

ΠΟΙΗΜΑ

ΑΛΛΕΚΟΥ (HALLECK)

Μετάφρασις Ἀλεξ. Ῥ. Πάλλη (Ραγκαβῆ).

Μεσονύκτιον εἶναι, κ' ἐντὸς τῆς σκηνῆς του,
ἀσφαλῶς φρουρουμένης, ὁ Τοῦρκος κοιμᾶται.
Θορυβοῦσι τὸν νοῦν του ὀνείρων ἀπάται.
Τὴν Ἑλλάδα πρηνῆ πῶς πιέζ' ἡ ἰσχύς του,
πῶς νικᾷ καὶ πῶς σφάζει εἰς τ' ὄνειρον βλέπει,
κ' εἰς τὸν πόλεμον ᾄδει τροπαίων πῶς δρέπει.
Καὶ εἰς τ' ὄνειρον μέλη ἀκούει παιάνων,
καὶ ἀγίλλεται δῶρα Σουλτάνου λαμβάνων,
καὶ ὑψοῦται, ὑψοῦται αὐτὸς εἰς Σουλτάνον,
καὶ ὁ νοῦς του, ἐντὸς Παραδείσου πτερόεις
πετᾷ ὅπως ὁ ὕπνος τὸν φέρει ὁ γόης.

Μεσονύκτιον εἶναι· ὁ Βότσαρης τάττει
ἐν σκιαῖς τοῦ δρυμοῦ τοῦ Σουλίου τὰ στίφη.
Ἦταν ἄνδρες χαλκέχειρ, σὰν τὰ ξίφη,
ἃ ἡ ἄδμητος χεὶρ τῶν ἡρώων ἐκράτει.
Μυριάδες Περσῶν ἐκεῖ ἄλλοτε ἦσαν,
τῆς Ἑλλάδος τὸ ἔδαφος ὅμως σκεπάσαν.
ἐποτίσθ' εἰς τὸ αἱμά των κ' ἔφυσε χλόην.
Ἐκεῖ ἵσταται ἤδη ὁ λόχος τῶν νέων,
τὸν ᾄριμβους ἠχήσαντ' ἀέρ' ἀναπνέων,

ἔχων χεῖρα στερρὰν, ἔχων στῆθος γενναῖον,
νὰ κτυπᾷ, νὰ νικᾷ, ὡς οἱ ἄνδρες οἱ πρῴην.

Μία ὥρα παρῆλθε καὶ τ' ὄναρ ἐλύθη.
οὐδὲ εἶδεν ὁ Τοῦρκος ποτ' ἄλλο πλὴν τούτων·
καὶ ἠκούσθ' ἡ φωνὴ τῶν φρουρῶν πρὸς τὰ πλήθη·
"Εἰς τὰ ὅπλα! Ὁ Ἕλλην! Ὁ Ἕλλην! Ἰδού τον!"
Καὶ ἠγέρθη, ἀλλὰ ὅπως πέσ' εἰς τὸ μέσον,
τοῦ ἐμπύρου καπνοῦ, τῶν ἀγρίων φλογῶν,
τῶν σφαιρῶν ἂς ὁ Θάνατος πέμπει ἐμέσσων,
οἰμωγῶν ἐκπνεόντων, φυγῶν καὶ πληγῶν,
καὶ φωνὴν λαμπροτέραν ἀκούσῃ σαλπίγγων,
ὡς ὁ Βότσαρης κράζει, τὸ ξίφος του σφίγγων·
"Ὅσω εἷς μόνος ἔνοπλος πνέει, κτυπᾶτε,
τὴν γῆν σώσατε, γῆ τῶν πατέρων σας ἦτο,
καὶ γενναῖοι τῆς πίστεως ἔστε προστάται.
Μεθ' ἡμῶν ὁ Θεὸς, κ' ἡ πατρὶς ἡμῶν ζήτω!"
Κ' ἐπολέμησαν ὡς ἀγαθοὶ στρατιῶται,
καὶ νεκρῶν εἰς τὸ χῶμα ἐσώρευσαν πλήθη,
καὶ ἡ νίκη τὰ ὅπλα των ἔστεφεν, ὅτε
καὶ ὁ Βότσαρης πίπτει τρωθεὶς εἰς τὰ στήθη.
Τῶν συντρόφων του ὅσοι σωθέντες, ὀλίγοι,
εἰς τὸ ἄχρουν του χεῖλος μειδίαμα εἶδον
ὅταν ἤγγειλε νίκην τὸ ᾄσμα ὃ ᾖδον,
ὅτ' ἐστράφη, καὶ εἶδε τὸν Τοῦρκον νὰ φύγῃ.
Κ' εἶτα εἶδον, κ' ἐσβέσθη τὸ λάμπον του βλέμμα,
καὶ τὸν εἶδον εἰς σκότος θανάτου νὰ κλείσῃ
τοὺς γοργοὺς ὀφθαλμοὺς, ὡς εἰς ὕπνον ἠρέμα,
ὡς τὸ ἄνθος, ὁπόταν ὁ ἥλιος δύσῃ.

Εἰς τὸν θάλαμον, θάνατ', ἐλθὲ τῶν νυμφίων,
πρὸς μητέρα ἐλθὲ, ὅταν τ' ὄμμα της δύσῃ
βλέπῃ πρῶτον ἀστέρα στοργῆς ν' ἀνατέλλῃ.
Ἐλθὲ ὅτ' ἐλευθέρα θεσμῶν ἡ πανώλης

τὴν σαπράν της πνοὴν εἰς τὴν γῆν ἀποστέλλῃ,
κ' ἐρημοῦνται χωρία καὶ κλαίουσι πόλεις·
ἢ ὡς νόσος ἐλθὲ, ὡς κοιλόφθαλμος φθίσις,
ὡς σεισμὸς ἀνατρέπων, ἢ ὡς τρικυμία,
ἢ ὁπόταν ὀργᾷ εὐτυχὴς ἡ καρδία,
ἢ εἰς πότους, εἰς ᾄσματα ἢ εἰς ὀρχήσεις·
εἶσαι φάσμα ἀπαίσιον. Σκότος ἀβύσσου,
τάφος μέλας, καὶ κώδων, καὶ μάρμαρον κρύον,
ἀγωνίαι καὶ γόοι καὶ ῥύσεις δακρύων,
γνωστοὶ, ἄγνωστοι φόβοι, εἰσὶν ὀπαδοί σου.

Ἀλλ' εἰς ἥρωα ὅστις ἡγεῖτ' ἐλευθέρων,
ἂν τὴν νίκην αὐτῶν ἀσφαλίζ' ἡ θανή του,
ἡ φωνή σου ἠχεῖ καθὼς λόγος προφήτου
εὐλογίας κ' εὐχὰς εἰς τὸν τάφον τον φέρων
τῶν παρόντων γενῶν καὶ γενῶν τῶν ὑστέρων.
Ἐλθὲ ὅταν τῆς δόξης κερδήσῃ τὸ στέμμα,
ἐλθὲ φέρων τὴν δάφνην ἣν ἔβαψεν αἷμα,
ἐλθὲ ὅτ' εὐφημῆται, καὶ ἔστιν ὁ κοῖλος,
ὁ σβεστὸς ὀφθαλμός σου τῷ θνήσκοντι φίλος,
ὡς τῷ ζῶντ' εἰς εἱρκτὴν τ' οὐρανοῦ οἱ φωστῆρες·
καὶ αἱ χεῖρές σου, ὡς τὴν ζωήν του ἐπῆρες,
ἀδελφοῦ ξεναγοὶ τῷ ἐφάνησαν χεῖρες.
Καὶ ὁπόταν τὸν ἔκραξας, ἦν ἡ κραυγή σου
οἵα ἦν εἰς τὸν μέγαν υἱὸν τῆς Γενόης
ἡ ἀγγείλασα ὅτι ἐγγὺς ἦν τῆς νήσου
τῶν Ἰνδῶν, ἀφ' ἧς, ἄρωμα φέρουσ' ἀλόης,
τῷ προσέπνευσεν αὖρα θερμὴ, ζεφυρῖτις,
καὶ διέσπειρον βάλσαμ' ἀνθῶν οἱ ταρσοί της,
ὅτ' εὐώδεις ἐκτάσεις περάσασα χλόης,
εἰς τὸ κῦμα ἐφύσ' ἁπαλῶς τῆς Λίτης.

Κεῖσο, Βότσαρη, ὅπου τοσοῦτοι μεγάλοι,
οὓς ἐγγράφ' ἡ Κλειὼ εἰς τὰς δέλτους τῆς μνήμης.

Τάφος οὔτις τὴν φήμην τοῦ σοῦ ὑπερβάλλει
οὐδ' εἰς ταύτην τὴν ἔξοχον χώραν τῆς φήμης.
Ἡ Ἑλλὰς δὲν σ' ἐκήδευσε φέρουσ' ἀνθέων
νεκρωσίμων στεφάνους πλεκτοὺς εἰς τὰς χεῖρας,
οὐδ' ἐκάλυψε σοῦ τὸν νεκρὸν εἰς πορφύρας,
ἐπιδείξεις πομπῶν τοῦ Ζανάτου ματαίων.
Πλὴν τηρεῖ σου τὴν μνήμην, υἱοῦ ὃν ἐφίλει,
οὗ πικρὰ τὴν ὠρφάνευσεν ἄωρος μοῖρα.
Διὰ σὲ τοῦ λοιποῦ τῶν υἱῶν της ἡ λύρα,
καὶ τοῦ ψάλτου τὰ μέλη, τοῦ γλύπτου ἡ σμίλη·
διὰ σὲ οἱ γεννέζλιοι ἦχοι κωδώνων,
ζὰ ψελλίζουν τὰς πράξεις τὰς σὰς τὰ παιδία,
διὰ σὲ ζὰ προσεύχηται πᾶσα καρδία
εἰς καλύβας πτωχῶν κ' εἰς αὐλὰς ἡγεμόνων.
Τοῦ ὁπλίτου, ὁρῶντος πρὸς σὲ τὸν ἀνδρεῖον,
ἀνδρειότερον ζέλει κτυπᾷ ὁ βραχίων·
καὶ ἡ κόρ' ἡ πιστή του, δειλὴ ὡς ἐρῶσα,
εἰς τὸ τέλος τὸ μέγα τὸ σὸν ἀφορῶσα,
τὴν ῥοὴν τῶν πικρῶν της ζὰ παύῃ δακρύων.
Καὶ ἡ μήτηρ τῶν τέκνων σου, ἂν καὶ ἀγγέλλει
ὁ σβεστὸς ὀφθαλμὸς καὶ τ' ὠχρὸν μέτωπόν της
τὴν ἀκοίμητον μνήμην τῶν πρὶν ἡμερῶν της
καὶ τὰς θλίψεις τὰς νῦν, ἃς νὰ κλαύσῃ δὲν ζέλει,
καὶ ἡ θρέψασα σὲ εἰς ἀγκάλην μητρίαν,
εἰς φιλόξενον παριξ καθήμεν' ἑστίαν,
περί σοῦ μετ' ἀνύγρων λαλοῦσιν ὀμμάτων,
ἐμειδὴ ἐλευθέρων ἀνδρῶν πρωτοστάτης,
τῆς πατρίδος τὸ ξίφος ἐκπνέων ἐκράτεις,
καὶ ἐτάχθης Ζανὼν εἰς χορὸν ἀθανάτων.

ΜΑΡΚΟΣ ΒΟΤΣΑΡΗΣ.

Μετάφρασις Γεωργίου Δ. Καν̀άλη.

Τὸ μεσονύκτιον ὁ Ὀθωμανὸς ἐνυπνιάζετο εἰς τὴν πεφρουρημένην αὐτοῦ σκηνὴν περὶ τὴν ὥραν ἐκείνην καθ' ἣν ἡ Ἑλλὰς κλίνουσα ἐκστατικὴν γόνυ ἔμελλε νὰ τερματίσῃ τὴν ἐνύπνισιν αὐτοῦ. Εἰς τὰ ἐνύπνιά του αὐτὸς ἔφερνε μεταξὺ τῶν πεδίων τῆς μάχης, καὶ τῶν αὐτοκρατορικῶν αὐλῶν, τὰ τρόπαια κατακτητοῦ. Εἰς τὰ ἐνύπνιά του ἠκροάσθη τὸν παιᾶνα τῆς νίκης, ... εἶτα ἔβαλεν ἐπὶ τοῦ δακτύλου τὴν σφραγίδα τοῦ ἡγεμόνος . . . . . εἶτα ἐπὶ τοῦ θρόνου τοῦ ὑγεμόνος ἐκάθητο Βασιλεὺς, ... ἡ δὲ φαντασία του, ὑψιπέτης καὶ ποικιλόπτερος, ὡμοίαζε τὸ πτηνὸν τοῦ παραδείσου.

Τὸ μεσονύκτιον ὑπὸ τὴν σκιὰν τοῦ δάσους, ὁ Βότσαρης προετοίμαζε τὸν λόχον τῶν Σουλιωτῶν του, πιστῶν ὡς ὁ σίδηρος τῶν δεδοκιμασμένων αὐτῶν μαχαιρῶν, ἡρώων ἐν καρδίᾳ καὶ χειρί. Ἐκεῖ οἱ Πέρσαι ἴσταντο χιλιάδες . . . . . ἐκεῖ χαίρουσα ἡ γῆ ἔπιεν τὸ αἷμα των, εἰς τὴν ἀρχαίαν ἡμέραν τῶν Πλαταιῶν, νῦν δὲ οἱ υἱοὶ τῶν ἐκεῖ νικησάντων προγόνων ἀναπνέουσι τὴν αὐτὴν ἡρωϊκὴν αὔραν μὲ χεῖρα ἕτοιμον νὰ κτυπᾷ καὶ καρδίαν τὰ τελμᾷ τόσον πρόθυμως καὶ ἰσχυρῶς, ὅσον ἐκεῖνοι.

Μία ὥρα διῆλθεν, καὶ ὁ Ὀθωμανὸς ἐξύπνησεν. τὸ λαμπρὸν ἐκεῖνο ὄνειρον ἦτον τὸ τελευταῖον του. Αὐτὸς ἐξύπνησεν ἵνα ἀκροασθῇ τοὺς φύλακάς του κραυγάζοντας, ... "εἰς τὰ ὅπλα, ἔρχονται οἱ Ἕλληνες . . . . . οἱ Ἕλληνες." Ἐξύπνησεν ἵνα ἀποθάνῃ ἐν μέσῳ φλογῶν καὶ καπνοῦ, ἐν μέσῳ κραυγῶν, ἀναστεναγμῶν καὶ πληγῶν . . . . . ἐν μέσῳ τῶν θανατηφόρων βολίων πιπτόντων τόσον πυκνὰ καὶ ὀγρήγορα, ὅσον αἱ ἀστραπαὶ ἀπὸ τὰ ὀρεινὰ σύννεφα, ... καὶ ἠκροάσθη ὡς σάλπιγγα τὴν φωνὴν τοῦ Βοτσάρη ἐνθαρρύνοντος τὸν λόχον του . . . . .

"Κτυπατε! μεχρισότου ὁ τελευταῖος ἔνοπλος ἐχθρὸς ἐκπνεύσῃ. Κτυπᾶτε! διὰ τὰ θυσιαστήριά σας καὶ τὰς ἑστίας σας. Κτυπᾶτε! διὰ τοὺς χλοεροὺς τάφους τῶν προγόνων σας, ... διὰ τὸν Θεὸν καὶ τὴν πατρίδα σας!"

Ἐπολέμησαν, ὡς παλλικάρια καρτερικῶς καὶ ἀνδρείως. Αὐτοὶ ἔστρωσαν τὸ ἔδαφος μὲ φονευμένους Μουσουλμάνους,—ἐνίκησαν, ἀλλ' ὁ Βότσαρης ἔπεσεν αἱματόρρυτος ἀπὸ κάθε φλέβα. Οἱ ὀλίγοι αὐτοῦ διασωθέντες σύντροφοι ἐθεώρησαν τὸ μειδιαμά του, ὡς αἱ ὑπερήφανοι αὐτῶν κραυγαὶ διεκήρυττον αὐτοὺς κυρίους τοῦ αἱματηροῦ πεδίου. . . . . Εἶτα τὸν εἶδον νὰ σφαλίσῃ διὰ παντὸς τὰ βλέφαρά του ἡσύχως, ὡς ἂν ἦτο διὰ ἑσπερινὸν ὕπνον,— ὡς τὰ ἄνθη μετὰ τὴν δύσιν τοῦ ἡλίου.

Ὦ Ϛάνατε, ἐλθὲ εἰς τὸν νυμφικὸν κοιτῶνα, ἐλθὲ εἰς τὴν μητέρα, ὅταν κατὰ τὴν γέννησιν αὐτὴ ἀνεπαύθη τὴν ἀναπαυσίν τοῦ πρωτοτόκου της· ἐλθὲ ὅταν αἱ εὐλογημέναι σφραγίδες αἱ ἐμφράττουσαι τὸν λοιμὸν ἦναι ἀνεῳγμέναι, καὶ πολύανδροι πόλεις Ϛρηνῶσι τὸ κτύπημά του, ἐλθὲ ἐν μορφῇ σκελετώδους φθίσεως, ἐν τῇ ἐκρήξει τοῦ σεισμοῦ, ἐν τῇ τρικυμίᾳ τοῦ ὠκεανοῦ. Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἡ καλὴ πολλὴ σφαῖρα καὶ χαμπύλως μὲ ὕμνους συμποσίου, μὲ χορὸν καὶ οἶνον· τότε εἶσαι φρικότατος,—τὸ δάκρυ, ὁ ἀναστεναγμὸς, τὸ νεκροσήμαμα, τὸ μαῦρο μάλλο, τὸ κυπαρίσσι[illegible] καὶ πῶν ὅτι τρομερὸν καὶ φρικτὸν γνωστοποιεῖ ἡ ἐπιμελὴς ἡ φιλόμελε εἶναι δικόν σου.

Ἀλλ' εἰς τὸν ἥρωα, ὅταν ἡ σπάθη του ἐνίκησεν τὴν μάχην διὰ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, ἡ φωνή σου, ὦ Ϛάνατε, ἠχεῖ ὡς λόγος προφήτου, καὶ εἰς τοὺς μαντείους της τόνους ἀκούονται αἱ εὐχαριστήσεις μυρίων ἐπερχομένων γενεῶν. Ἐλθὲ ὅταν τὸ ἔργον του τῆς δόξης ἐτελεσθῇ, ἐλθὲ μὲ τὸ φίλτρον τῆς δάφνης της τὸ δὶ αἵματος ἀγορασθὲν, ἐλθὲ εἰς τὴν Ϛριαμβευτικὴν αὐτῆς ὥραν, καὶ τότε τὸ μὴ ἐπίγειον φῶς τοῦ φθίνοντος ὄμματός σου εἰς αὐτὸν εἶναι εὐάρεστον ὡς ἡ ὄψις τοῦ οὐρανοῦ καὶ τῶν ἀστέρων εἰς τοὺς φυλακισμένους. Ἡ ἀφή σον εἶναι

χαροποιὰ ὡς ἡ χεὶρ ἀδελφοῦ εἰς ξένην γῆν. Ἡ κλῆσις σου εὐάρεστος, ὡς ἡ εἰποῦσα εἰς τὸν νέους κύσμους ζητοῦντα Γενουήνσιον, ὅτι αἱ Ἰνδικαὶ νῆσοι ἦσαν πλησίον, ὅταν ἡ ζεφύριος αὔρα ἀπὸ πάσαν καὶ πανακλέων τὰ εὐωδιαστικὰ ἀγρῶν, ἐφυσοῦσεν ὑπεράνω τῶν θαλασσῶν τῆς Χαϊτίας.

Βότσαρη! μετὰ τῶν περικλεῶν ἡρώων οὓς ἡ Ἑλλὰς ἀνέθρεψεν ἐν καιρῷ δόξης ἀναπαύῃ.—ὑπὲρ ὑπὲρ εἰς ξένην μνημεῖον οὔτε εἰς αὐτὴν τὴν ἔνδοξον γῆν της. Αὐτὴ δὲν ἐνεδύετο νεκρόσημα φορέματα διὰ σὲ, οὔτε διέταξεν τὸ σκοτεινὸν νεκροκράββατον νὰ κυματίσῃ τὸ πτερόν του,—ὡς μαρμάρινος κλάδος ἀπὸ τὸ ξηρὸν δένδρον τοῦ Γολγοθᾶ. εἰς πᾶσαν καὶ παράταξιν λύπης,—κενὴν ἐπίδειξιν τοῦ τάφου. Ἀλλ' αὐτὴ σὲ ἐνθυμεῖται, ὡς εἶναι ἀεὶ ἡχηρὰ ἀκόμη, ἂν καὶ ὀλίγον ἀπομακρυνθέντα, διὰ σὲ τοῦ ποιητοῦ της ἡ λύρα εἶναι ἐστεφανωμένη, τὰ μάρμαρά της γεγλυμένα, καὶ ἡ μουσική της πνέει τὴν μελῳδίαν της. Διὰ σὲ αὐτὴ κρούει τοὺς κώδωνας τὴν ἡμέραν τῆς γεννήσεώς σου. Περὶ σοῦ εἶναι οἱ πρῶτοι ψελλισμοὶ τῶν υἱπίων της, ὑπὲρ τῶν συγγενῶν σου ἡ ἐπικαιρικὴ της προσευχὴ προσφέρεται ἀπὸ τὴν μεγαλοπρεπῆ κλίνην τοῦ παλατίου, ἢ ἀπὸ τὸν καλύβατον τῆς καλύβης. Ὁ στρατιώτης συναπτόμενος μὲ τὸν ἐχθρὸν δίδει διὰ χάρι σου μάλλον ζωτηφόρον κτύπημα. Ἡ ἀγραμματισμένη παρθένος ὅταν φοβῆται περὶ ἐκείνου, ὅστις εἶναι ἡ χαρὰ τῶν νεανικῶν της χρόνων, ἀνακαλεῖ εἰς τὴν μνήμην της τὴν τέχνην σου, καὶ σταματᾷ τὰ δάκρυά της. Καὶ αὐτὴ, ἡ μήτηρ τῶν τέκνων σου, καίτοι εἰς τὸ ὄνομά της καὶ μαρμαρίνην παρειάν της ἀναγινώσκεται ἡ λύπη, ἣν δὲν θέλει νὰ ἐκφράσῃ,—ἡ μνήμη τῶν ἐνταφιασθεισῶν αὐτῆς ἡδονῶν.—καὶ ἀκόμη ἐκείνη, ἥτις σὲ ἐγέννησεν, πλησίον τῆς ἑστίας, εἰς ἣν προσελεύσονται πολλοὶ περιηγηταὶ, ζέλωσι ὁμιλεῖ περὶ τῆς τύχης σου ἄνευ ἀναστεναγμοῦ, διότι ἀνήκεις μᾶλλον εἰς τὴν φήμην καὶ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν, καὶ τὸ ὄνομά σου εἶναι ἐκ τῶν ὀλίγων καὶ ἀθανάτων, ἅτινα δὲν ἐγεντήθησαν ἵνα ἀποθάνωσι.

PORTRAITS OF FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

1. Miniature painted on ivory, in 1811, by an English artist, known as "Mysterious" Brown, in the possession of the author.

2. Miniature painted about 1820, by Nathaniel Rogers, a pupil of Brown, owned by William Loring Andrews.

3. Portrait in oil, painted about 1820, by John Wesley Jarvis, in the possession of Mrs. George C. DeKay.

4. Portrait in oil, painted about the year 1828, by Professor Samuel F. B. Morse, owned by the Astor Library.

5. A small portrait in oil, size 4×6 inches, painted about 1828, by Henry Inman, in the possession of Mr. Ward.

6. Portrait painted by Henry Inman, in 1831, and the best likeness ever made of the poet, in the possession of T. W. C. Moore, who kindly permitted it to be engraved for this volume.

7. Portrait painted about 1836, by Samuel P. Waldo, owned by the New-York Historical Society.

8. Portrait painted, in 1847, for the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., and now in their private office, by C. L. Elliott.

9. Portrait by Thomas Hicks, painted in 1855, for Benjamin R. Winthrop.

MR. HALLECK'S RELIGIOUS BELIEF.—STATEMENT OF THE REV. DR. BENNETT.

In obituary notices of this distinguished poet, in journals entitled to respect, it has been stated that, "during the latter part of his life, Mr. Halleck entered the communion of the Roman Catholic Church." I confidently affirm that this statement is erroneous.

Mr. Halleck returned to this, his native town, in 1849, quite enfeebled in health. Having been baptized and confirmed in the Protestant Episcopal Church, he became at once a constant and apparently a devout attendant on my ministra-

tions, and I regarded him as an exemplary parishioner. Soon rumors reached my ears that Mr. Halleck was a Romanist. I felt authorized to repel the imputation. Rumors, however, have continued from that time to the present period, but, viewing them as without foundation, I have always endeavored to deprive them of credibility; for, among other, the following reasons:

Mr. Halleck [illegible] ministrations of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which he here attended; and no intimation that he dissented from any sentiment in her Prayer Book, or as preached from her pulpit, ever came to my knowledge. Affected, at length, with deafness, he abstained from public worship. It is not necessary to mention in detail the arguments I used in private interviews, in reference to his becoming a communicant, and to his continued attendance on the Lord's-day services. Though I did not prevail, he thanked me warmly for regarding him as a parishioner. While he lived, I continued my visits in that relationship. On one occasion, he, referring to the former constancy of his attendance on the services of the Church, and to his conscientiously abstaining from attendance on certain other ministrations, thus decidedly expressed his convictions: "Mr. Bennett, I regard yours as the only true Church." This was about the time when a biographical article was published in a periodical, wherein he was represented as a Romanist.

At another interview, when visiting him, accompanied by a brother-clergyman (the Rev. Francis T. Russell, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Ridgefield, Conn.), who was desirous of an introduction, Mr. Halleck was, as usual, very affable and free in the expression of his views of the Christian Faith and the Christian Church. After we retired, I remarked to my brother that the rumor that Mr. Halleck was a Romanist could have no foundation, for his views, just now expressed, were utterly irreconcilable with that position. My reverend brother entirely concurred. The circumstances of the inter-

view were made the subject of continued conversation between us; and, before parting, I requested him to bear in memory what had transpired, as, not improbably, a reference thereto might be important toward biographical correctness. A letter received from the Rev. Mr. Russell assures me of his distinct remembrance of the interview, and of our conversation thereto following.

Had Mr. Halleck been a communicant in the Episcopal Church, I am confident that, notwithstanding his reasons for general absence from public worship, he would have been present on Communion days. Romish services are celebrated here at stated periods—the chapel being but a few rods from Mr. Halleck's late residence. Yet he never attended those [illegible] Rome, even did he not attend on her general ministrations, yet her altar service would not have been utterly forsaken. The fact that he never attended on any of the ministrations of that Church, though celebrated near his very door, is, by itself, to my mind, conclusive that he was not a Romanist.

That his attachment and devotion to the Protestant Episcopal Church continued unshaken to the close of his life, will further appear from the fact that, on every Lord's day, he not only made the Holy Bible the companion of his retirement, but also, habitually and regularly as each Sunday came, made the Church Prayer Book the guide of his devotional exercises—observing the full liturgical arrangement. This was his course to the closing period of his days, the very last Sunday of his life witnessing his use of his Prayer Book's cherished services.

Mr. Halleck's sister, who enjoyed his utmost confidence, with whom he resided the last eighteen years of his life, and to whom I am indebted for the information given in the last paragraph, avers that her brother was not a Romanist, but that he died in the faith of Christ, and in the bosom of the Protestant Episcopal Church. She is very desirous that I, as his pastor, make this effort to counteract erroneous state-

ments, and to rescue his memory from perhaps prevalent misapprehension. What is above written has been submitted to her, and has her entire approval.

Until facts are communicated which will more than counterbalance the arguments I have advanced, historical verity requires the record that our departed friend lived and died in the true Catholic faith. The funeral services were attended at the Protestant Episcopal Church, and her office for the Burial of the Dead was uttered over his grave.

LORENZO T. BENNETT,
Rector of Christ Church.

GUILFORD, CONN., *Nov.* 27, 1867.

THE HALLECK MONUMENT AND STATUE.

The friends and admirers of Fitz-Greene Halleck erected, in August, 1868, an appropriate monument to his memory, at Guilford, Connecticut, which was designed gratuitously by Douglas Smythe, of New York. It is of Rhode-Island granite, nearly eighteen feet high, and was made by John Ritter & Son, of New Haven. Upon the front tablet is the simple inscription, in bas-relief, "FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, 1790–1867," and upon the cornice of the pedestal the following lines from his poem of "Marco Bozzaris:"

> "One of the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die."

Above the inscription is a monogram consisting of the Greek letters Alpha and Omega—the beginning and end—and near the foot of the obelisk an oak-branch. Upon the opposite, or rear tablet, in bas-relief, is a lyre supported by two burning torches. On the east side of the monument is the inscription, "Nathaniel E. Halleck, 1792–1793," and on the west are the words, "Israel Halleck, 1754–1839," "Mary Eliot Halleck, 1762–1819." The obelisk occupies a conspicuous position near the centre of the Alderbrook Cemetery,

or, as it is more generally called, the East Burial-Ground, and stands in an oval plot, 20 x 30 feet, obtained after the poet's death, the place of his burial not being an appropriate one for the monument. Around the plot has been placed a strong and durable railing of iron, with granite posts, and a path four feet in width surrounds the poet's burial-place, and is separated from the other grounds by a neat evergreen hedge. Some of the Melrose-Abbey ivy, received from the hands of Sir Walter Scott by Irving, and which was transplanted at Sunnyside, where it clings rejoicingly to the walls of his picturesque cottage, is now growing near Halleck's monument, and its bright dark leaves mingle with the green turf that covers the poet's grave. The sum of one hundred dollars has been invested in the trustees of the cemetery, the proceeds of which are to be forever applied to keeping the monument, the railing, the grass, the path, and the hedge that surrounds the whole, in good order. I would here return my acknowledgments, for their kind aid and assistance in obtaining the necessary subscriptions, to Benjamin H. Field and Horace Greeley, of New York, and to General Henry W. Halleck and Horace H. Moore, of San Francisco, who forwarded four hundred and fifty dollars as free-will offerings from California to the memorial of the poet. The following are the names of the donors whose subscriptions varied from five dollars up to fifty: William B. Astor, D. Appleton & Co., Charles W. Sandford, Samuel B. Ruggles, J. Carson Brevoort, T. W. C. Moore, W. W. Baldwin, William T. Blodgett, Robert Bonner, S. B. Chittenden, Rev. C. W. Everest, Benj. H. Field, Christian Roselius, Wm. L. Andrews, James T. Brady, James Gordon Bennett, George W. Cass, Henry Clews, George W. Childs, Frederic De Peyster, Charles A. Peabody, W. M. Vermilye, Thurlow Weed, J. E. Williams, Henry H. Elliott, Robert G. L. De Peyster, George Griswold, John Caswell, Wm. G. Fargo, A. T. Mosher, James H. Hackett, Henry W. Longfellow, Charles P. Clinch, Charles Sumner, James Grant Wilson, Wm. Cullen

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A formal dedication of the Halleck monument will be held at the Alderbrook Cemetery, Guilford, on July 8, 1869, the next anniversary of the poet's birthday, when an address will be delivered, a poem written for the occasion will be read, and other appropriate exercises will take place.

Another most beautiful and fitting tribute is to be paid to the memory of the Philhellene, by the erection, in the Central Park, New York, of a full-length bronze statue of the poet, for which purpose it is proposed to raise the sum of twelve thousand dollars. Persons desiring to contribute to this object, may forward their subscriptions to any member of the following committee, who have the matter in charge: William C. Bryant, Samuel F. B. Morse, Hamilton Fish, Samuel B. Ruggles, William Kemble, William H. Appleton, John H. Gourlie, Benjamin H. Field, William T. Blodgett, Evart A. Duyckinck, James Grant Wilson, Andrew H. Green.

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